TAJUD DIN HASAN NIZAMI'S

TAJ UL MA'ATHIR

(THE CROWN OF GLORIOUS DEEDS)

TRANSLATED BY

BHAGWAT SAROOP

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TAJ UL MA'ATHIR

Translated by: Prof. Bhagwat Saroop

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PROLOGUE

Persian language and literature have a glorious past of more than eight centuries in the sub-continent. The treasury of Persian in the field of literature, sciences, geography, art, culture and history is preserved in the form of manuscripts in various libraries of Hindustan and is regarded as an essential part of the Indo-Iranian heritage.

Historiography is an important field that traces the political, social, cultural, economical and religious scenario of a particular period. Persian historiography flourished in Hindustan after the establishment of the Delhi Sultanate. Important books of history like *Tabaqat-e-Nasiri, Taj ul Ma'athir, Khazain-ul-Futuh, Tarikh-e-Firoz Shahi, Futuh-us-Salatin, Tarikh-e-Mubarak Shahi, Futuhat-e-Firoz Shahi* etc. are the products of this period. Among these books, *Khazain-ul-Futuh and Taj ul Ma'athir* are literary masterpieces using ornate, rhymed and often obscure language.

Taj ul Ma'athir (the crown of glorious deeds)[1] of Tajud Din Hasan bin Nizami is one of the chief original sources for the earlier part of the medieval period of the history of Hindustan and is regarded as a record of the times of the historical evidence of Qutbud Din Aibak and Iltutmish. The writer of *Taj ul Ma'athir* was born at Nishapur situated in Khorasan. Due to wars and disorderly conditions in his native land, he left for Ghazni and reached Delhi which was the realm of munificence and the *Qibla* of riches and prosperity. On the pursuasion of

1. Elliot named it "The Crown of Exploits" History of India - Elliot and Dowson Vol.II, p.204.

his close friends, he commenced this work in 602 A.H. of recording the glorious deeds of his patron Qutbud Din Aibak. Contrary to the prevalent tendency of writing historical facts of his time, he has been quite fair in his objective approach to his subject and therefore he does not hide the occasional discomfiture of the Muslims, nor does he underrate the bold and effective resistance offered by some of the valiant Rajput chiefs.

While describing the qualities of his patron he writes that the most remarkable traits of the character of the king was his anxiety about the well being of his subjects.

In the context of social conditions he says that the army was important not only for making conquests but also for maintaining peace and order in the kingdom. The king established peace and tranquillity and maintained the highways safe for travellers. Likewise the king knew that the needs of the people should be met promptly and that justice should be dispeused expeditiously. The most laudable quality of his patronage was his boundless generosity to his soldiers.

The most glaring drawback of *Taj ul Ma'athir* is its verbose, flowery and turgid style. The author does not believe in simple chaste phraseology. There is a profusion of Arabic vocabulary and unnecessary use of rhetorical devices. In short the book appears to be a mass of ornate and highly artificial prose.

It is a matter of fact that the chief merit of the book lies in devices the author's first hand knowledge of the events that he has narrated, otherwise the book would have been reduced to a panegyric in prose.

Keeping the significance of the work in mind, Prof. S.A.H. Abidi had edited the Persian text of this valuable masterpiece and he had entrusted the work of its translation into English to

his worthy colleague and friend Prof. Bhagwat Saroop.

Prof. Bhagwat Saroop my reverent and most respected teacher, from whom I learnt Persian and with whom I also got the pleasant opportunity to work as a colleague started his academic career from Dayal Singh College, Lahore. He shifted to Delhi to teach Persian at Hindu College, University of Delhi in 1938. After the establishment of the Institute of Post-Graduate (Evening) Studies in 1959, he shifted to the said Institute and worked there till his retirement in 1975.

Prof. Bhagwat Saroop is a versatile scholar of oriental studies in Hindustan. He has devoted his precious life to the service of Persian Language and Literature. Being a dynamic student of Late Prof. Mahmud Shirani, an established scholar and known critic of the sub-continent, Prof. Saroop developed an aptitude for critical writing of which we have much evidence. His major areas of specialisation are the classical historical texts produced in Hindustan, and, therefore on the persuasion and advice of his oldest colleague Prof. S.A.H. Abidi, he undertook the laborious task of translating the *Taj ul Ma'athir*. In spite of his old age he has spent a tremendous amount of time and labour in performing this difficult task. In fact, he has devoted more than four years to this work. I remember how he worked his way through the difficult stages whenever he found difficulties in deciphering the text. He was in touch with renowned scholars, wrote letters to them and consulted many dictionaries himself or deputed the job to someone else. Regarding the translation he himself says:

'In comparison to *Tarikh-e-Wassaf* and *Tarikh-e-Jahan Gusha-e-Jueni*, *Taj ul Ma'athir* is such a work, which embodies contemporary events. Other histories were written after a good gap of time. The writers of the later works had no direct witness

or relation with the Mughal invaders. It is not only a book of record of events but is also an eulogy in praise of his patron Qutbud Din Aibak. To eulogise and show his sympathy towards the king, and to arouse religious feelings, he mostly aroused the religious feelings of the king and encouraged him to wage the war of religion to give a befitting reply to the 'non-believers'.

Keeping the contemporary spirit in mind the translator has utilised his privilege in keeping out of the translation all those irrelevant passages which depict acts of extreme vandalism. In the remaining major part he has stuck to the original text so that the fidelity of the translation does not suffer. Moreover this true translation, not literal, will also provide insight into a variety of subjects which would have been diluted in a free translation.

At certain places, in the course of editing more known or present form of certain names of persons and places have been added alongwith those mentioned in the original Persian text.

The translation of *Taj ul Ma'athir* is not only an addition to the Persian Literature, is also a great contribution to the field of history writing. The scholars and researchers of medieval Indian History will undoubtedly take great advantage from this ever-lasting work of the esteemed translator.

I will fail in my duty if I do not acknowledge the assistance provided by Mr. Mohammad Asif Ali and Mr. Akram Parwaiz in computer typesetting the matter of the present work with their best endeavours.

M.A. KHAN
Head, Department of Persian
University of Delhi

ABOUT THE BOOK

It is an irony that the *Taj ul Ma'athir* (The Crown of Glorious Deeds), one of the earliest works on medieval Hindustani history and the first book on Delhi sultanate, has yet to see the light of the day. Ziyaud Din Barni, the author of the *Tarikh-i-Firoz Shahi*, has paid handsome tributes to his predecessors, writers and historians of the early Delhi Sultanate. He has especially mentioned Khawaja-i-Sadr Nizami, the author of the *Taj ul Ma'athir*, Maulana Sadrud Din Awfi, the author of the *Jami-ul-Hikayat*, Qazi Sadr-i-Jahan Minhaj Jauzjani, the author of the *Tabaqat-i-Nasiri* and Kabirud Din, son of Tajud Din Iraqi, the writer of the victory-letters (فتحنامعا) of Sultan Ala'ud Din. He calls them trustworthy and *sadrs* of their time[1]. Moreover, he regards them "creditable, great, illustrious and revered"[2]. The author of the *Tarikh-i-Firishta* has mentioned the *Taj ul Ma'athir* as a source for the study of the period.

But Storey calls the *Taj ul Ma'athir* "verbose, rhetoric and uninformative"[3], while Elliot calls it exceedingly poor in historical details[4]. Consequently Elliot does not agree with M. Hammer who compliments the author by declaring that "*Kutbud Din*

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1. *Ziaud Din Barni*, commonly called *Ziaa-i-Barni*; *Tarikh-i-Ferozshahi*, Ed. by *Saiyid Ahmad Khan*, under the superintendence of Captain W. Narrow Lees and *Maulavi Kabirud Din*, Asiatic Society of Bengal, 1962, p.14.
2. P.14
3. C.A. Storey Persian Literature, A Bio-Bibliographical Survey Section (P.494), Luzac & Co. London, 1939.
4. *H.M. Elliot & J. Dowson*. The History of Hindustan as told by its own historians, Vol. II (P. 205), Kitab Mahal, Delhi.

would probably have been enrolled among other conquerors of whom history is silent, had not Hasan Nizami.....entered into competition with *Sabi* and *Utbi*"[5].

Ishtiaq Husain Qureshi writes, "For the earlier period of the Sultanate (587-614/1191-1217) ab-Hasan an-Nizami's *Taj ul-Ma'athir* is the primary authority. The author has a most tedious and flowery style, but his facts are correct and sometimes he records matters of administrative interest"[6]. Prof. Nizami has observed correctly when he says "Hasan Nizami's approach towards history was more literary than historical... At places his information is definitely more revealing than the information... by...Minhaj..."[7].

Prof. Hasan Askari writes, "Hasan Nizami does not distort history in the sense that defeat may be turned into victory. Sometimes he ignores what was inconvenient to him, but what he says, though rhetorical, is generally correct and reliable.....of course he gives some new facts which have not been noticed by Minhaj Siraj and his reference to matter of cultural and administrative interest are very valuable. Hasan Nizami's version of certain incidents appears to be more correct than that of Minhaj Siraj[8]". He further adds, "In view of the importance of the period covered by the book which is a primary authority on the foundation of the *turkish* rule in India,

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5. Ibid., P. 205.
6. *Ishtiaq Husain Qureshi*, The Administration of the Sultanate of Delhi (P. 4), *Sh.M. Ashraf, Kashmiri Bazar*, Lahore, 1941.
7. Khalique Ahmad Nizami Some Aspects of Religion and Politics in Hindustan during the thirteenth century (P. 367), Idarah-i-Adabiyat-i-Delhi, 1947.
8. Prof. Hasan Askari, *Taj ul-Ma'athir* (pp. 56, 57), Patna University Journal, XVII, No. 3, 1963.

even the few historical facts found in it must be taken to be very precious and should be read as written by its author"[9]. But he also observes, "The really condemnatory part of his observations may be in respect of the grave fault of rhapsodical ascription of Islam, of aspects which did not belong to it"[10]

Comparing the author of *Taj ul Ma'athir* with Minhaj, he says "Hasan Nizami furnishes us with many new and essential facts and valuable information left unnoticed or only casually mentioned by *Minhaj*."[11]

Before concluding his lengthy article Prof. Askari says, "Elliot has drawn but not fully upon Hammer's *Gemaldesaal* for a classified distribution of natural phenomena, flowers, fruits, birds, beasts and animals, festivals and festivities, of war and its appurtenances, music and musical instruments, but has not referred to the habits and customs and life and conditions of the time about which one gets something amidst the verbiage and fulsome hyperbole of Hasan Nizami"[12].

A comparative study of the *Taj ul Ma'athir* and other contemporary sources like *Tabaqat-i-Nasiri* may prove the authenticity of the former in dealing with the period, as had been done by Prof. Askari.

Our medieval historians dealing with medieval period have been generally avoiding the study of original Persian sources and relying mostly on their English translations or abridgements. Moreover, they are indifferent to such Persian texts which are till date untranslated. There are a few scholars and historians

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9. Prof. Hasan Askari: *Taj ul Ma'athir* (P. 56, 57), Patna University Journal, XVII, No. 3, 1963, P. III.
10. Ibid., P. 57.
11. Ibid., p.115.
12. *Taj ul Ma'athir*, P. 119.

who have intensely studied the *Taj ul Ma'athir* and have mostly relied on later historians and the English version of Elliot and Dowsed.

Prof. Hasan Askari has made a thorough study of the *Taj ul Ma'athir* and has pointed out several historical facts, names, codes of conduct etc., not mentioned by Minhaj Siraj or Elliot. The other of *Taj ul Ma'athir* has brought to light a number of historical, social and cultural aspects of our early medieval life. He has emphasised the code of conduct laid down by Aibak and Iltutmish for the governors and administrators, which have been missed by Elliot and Dowsen. Besides, he has collected musical terms and names of weapons of war and musical instruments, precious stones, clothes and perfumes, some of which might not have been mentioned by other writers.

The historians have regarded *Taj ul Ma'athir* as an insufficient source material for the study of Hindustani history and culture, while the literary personalities have minimised its significance as a good specimen of Persian prose. Malikush-shu'ara Bahar has praised it for its valuable Selection of Arabic and Persian verses.[13]

Here it is worth mentioning that the *Taj ul Ma'athir* should not be treated as a mere book of history, but as a valuable collection of Arabic and Persian verses also, like *'Hamasa*. Innumerable Arabic and Persian writers have been thrown into oblivion, while the works of many well-known writers like Asjudi[14] have been totally or partially lost to us. Thus, Arabic and Persian scholars may trace such unknown but valuable specimens of

13. *Malikush-shu'ara Aqa Muhammad Taqi Bahar: Sabk Shinasi*, Vol. III (PP. 107-111), Chape Taban, Tehran.
14. *Abu Nazar' Abdul Aziz b. Mansur al-Marwazi* died in 432 A.H./ 1040-41 A.D.

their works in *Taj ul-Ma'athir*. It is not an easy task, as the names of the authors are generally missing. In the main text of course a few names have been inserted by the scribes on the margins of the manuscripts, however the constents do easily reveal the identity of the then authors. However, it is worth trying to further enrich our Arabic and Persian literature and add to our cultural store-house, by rewriting some of the masterpieces of great literary personalities.

Malikush-shu'ara calls the author Tajud Din Muhammad bin al-Hasan al Nizami as one of the manuscripts states:

همی‌گوید بنده و بنده زاده حسن‌نظامی.

while in another manuscript the authorship is ascribed to Hasan Bustami.

According to Bahar, *Taj ul-Ma'athir* has been written after the model of Kalila and Dimna without any addition from his own. That is why it does not abound in rhymed prose (سجع), but is full of rhythmical conformity (موازنه) of corresponding phrases, coupling (ازدواج), synonymous sentences (مترادف) and lengthy discourses (اطناب). Moreover, he feels that the author has written prose to suit his collection of Arabic and Persian verses. In addition, he thinks that the author might have created some prose contents to suit his verses, a fact which does not seem to be credible. He also asserts that though the *Taj* does not lack eloquent Persian words, it is certainly poor with regard to the combination of words (ترکیب‌کلمات), beauty of sentences and substance. He further adds that it is difficult to glean historical material from the book. However, he considers it unrivalled among the early works as a collection of excellent Arabic and Persian couplets. In his view, most of the verses belong to the high class Arabic and Persian poets especially those who lived before the end of the 6th century A.H. (12th century A.D.), like

Unsuri[15], Masud S'ad Salman[16], Sanai[17], Minuchehri[18], Khaqani[19], Fakhr Gurgani[20] and Rabia Balkhi[21].

Unfortunately Bahar has not mentioned the names of the authors of the couplets. He, perhaps, has gone only through the early portion of the book and has traced the authors of a few poetic verses. For example, when he quotes this line, given in the beginning of the book:

چو بخت سرافراز گیرد نشیبی به از صابری مرد را نیست حیلت

he thinks that apparently it belongs to the fragment of Abul Muzaffar Khazij[22] and refers to the supplements of *Lubabul-Albab* (Vol. I). Besides, after quoting چون گلوگاه نای و سینهٔ چنگ he mentions in the footnote that it is the second hemistich of a couplet in Sanai's *Hadiqatul-Haqiqat*, and is succeeded by this first hemistich:

داشت لقمان یکی کریچهٔ تنگ[23]

I wish he had gone through the whole book intensively and traced the poets whose verses have been cited. However, he has mentioned only one manuscript, which is preserved in the Danish Sarai Ali, Tehran.

In spite of its many omissions and commissions, the book deserves our serious attention for the author was a contempo-

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15. d.431 A.H./1039-40 A.D.
16. d.515 A.H./1121-22 A.D.
17. d.545 A.H./1150-51 A.D.
18. d.432 A.H./1040-41 A.D.
19. d.595 A.H./1198-99 A.D.
20. d.about 466 A.H./1073 A.D.
21. Contemporary of Raudaki, belonging to the fourth century A.H./ tenth century A.D.
22. Bahar, Vol. III, p. 108.
23. Bahar, Vol. III, p. 109.

rary of Qutbud Din Aibak, the founder of the Delhi Sultanate, and also to whom no other writer can claim such proximity. Moreover, the author had the advantage of having first hand information about the events of his life time.

The authors of *Kashf-uz-Zunun* and *Rahatus-Safa* give the name of the author as Sadrud Din Muhammad ilmul-Hasan al-Nizami. The Turkish manuscript[24] also bears the name and title as:

تاج المآثر فی التاریخ العالم الفاضل المنشی صدرالدین محمد بن الحسن النظامی.

Prof. Askari has quoted the earlier two writers but has come to the conclusion that his name was Sadrud Din Muhammad Hasan Nizami and gives the name of his father as Abul-Hasan Known as Nizami Uruzi Samarqandi[25] the author of the *Chahar Maqala*, and has got it further confirmed by the author of *Tarikh-i-Guzida*[26].

Thus, he thinks that the name of the author was Hasan and that of his father was Abul-Hasan. However, the author is called Hasan Nizami Nishapuri.

Prof. Askari has based his study on an Hindustan office manuscript loaned out to the R.K. Jayaswal Institute, Patna and the photograph copy of a London manuscript preserved in the Khuda Bakhsh Oriental Public Library, Patna. But he has not given the numbers of MSS. There are five manuscripts of *Taj ul Ma'athir* in the British Museum and photograph from Khuda Bakhsh may be from one of these manuscripts.

He gives the name of *Tarikh-i-Wassaf* as *Tajziat ul Amsar wa al Asar*, while its proper name is *Tajziyat ul Amsar wa Tazjiat ul*

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24. MS. NO. 1402, Kisini: Fezoullah Millet Genel Kotofphause.
25. d. about 560 A.D./1165 A.D.
26. *Hamdullah Mustaufi: Tarikh-i-Guzideh*, Vol. I (p. 826), edited by E.G. Brown, Luzac & co., London, 1910.

Asar. In addition, he always writes *Fakhre Mudir*, which should be *Mudabbir*.

The author of *Taj ul Ma'athir* knew astronomy and was familiar with colours, ornaments, specialities of different regions, varieties of clothes, flowers, horses, diseases, medicines, chess etc. Besides, he was well-versed in Arabic and Persian poetry and had read almost all the poets up to his time. Moreover, he seems to have been a poet in his own right. Though apparently he does not claim the authorship of any poetic line, but it looks as if a large number of verses that we come across the text have been composed by him. For example, the last lines of the Asiatic society manuscript appear to have been composed by the author himself.

Many a character of medieval history of Hindustan, who have been thrown into oblivion, may be brought to light through the study of Indo-Persian literature. Dr. Z.A. Desai has discovered one of the earliest epitaphs on the tombs of Izzud Din Bakhtiyar Khilji and Ghori, Commander General of Mamluk Sultan Shamsud Din Iltutmish.[27]

(۱) و وفات سپهسا(لار) مرحوم....
(۲) مغفور عزالدین بختیار روز د(و)شنبه.
(۳) نوزدهم ماه جماد حاضر(کذا) بود سنه ست عشر و ستمائه.

(1) The demise of the *Sipahs* [*alar*] (the Chief of the Army) taken into the mercy of Allah,
(2) Izzud Din Bakhtiyar was pardoned on Monday
(3) The nineteenth of the month of Jumada, the Second, of the six hundred sixteen and (A.H.) (19th Jumade II, 616, 2nd September 1219")[28]

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27. 1210 – 1236 A.D.
28. Epigraphia Hindustan (p. 2) Arabic and Persian Supplement (In

According to Dr. Desai, *Tabaqat* gives only the name, while Hasan Nizami gives some details also. He refers to him as one of the chiefs along with Nasirud Din Mardan Shah, Hizabrud Din Ahmad and Iftikharud Din Muhammed, who defeated Sarjandar Tatar, who had revolted against the accession of Iltutmish. Besides, he mentions him as chief along with Ruknud Din Hamza, Nasirud Din Mardan Shah, Nasirud Din Ali and Badrud Din Subuktigin against Jalar, which must have been before 616 A.H./1219 A.D. or immediately after the accession of Iltutmish.

In addition to the epitaph and the location of the tomb, Dr. Desai, on the authority of *Fawa'idul Fuwad*, has traced the construction of a mosque and hotbath (*garmabe*) by Bakhtiyar before 616 A.H./1219 A.D.

Concluding his article on the above mentioned epitaph Dr. Desai writes, "It also in a way testifies to the veracity of relevant account of Hasan Nizami, the first historian of the Muslim rule in Hindustan and also corroborates the data given by him of Iltutmish's conquest of Jalar."[29]

Prof. Nazir Ahmad has further thrown light on the life of Bakhtyar.[30] He had edited the Diwan of Siraji[31], the earliest fact of the Mamluk period with a *Diwan*. In his *Qasidas* the poet has praised a number of nobles including Izzud Din Bakhtiyar. For example, in one of the qasidas he says:

بختیار احمد آن سردفتر کل‌ملوک کو بپای قدر برد از گنبد دوار دست

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continuation of the Series Epigraphia Indo-Moslemica) 1975, edited by Dr. Z.A. Desai, Director (Epigraphy), Archaeological Survey of Hindustan, New Delhi.

29. Epigraphia Hindustan, p. 5.
30. *Sultan Shamsud Din Iltutmish ke Ahad ka ek Namwar Amir*, Danish (p. 157), Islamabad, 1366 H.S.
31. Nazir Ahmed, Aligarh Muslim University, 1972.

from the above mentioned line it appears that the name of *Bakhtiyar's* father was Ahmad.

According to Prof. Nazir Ahmed, Izzud Din Bakhtiyar was different from Izzud Din Ahmed Bakhtiyar, the conquerer of Lakhnauti. However, through *Diwan-i-Siraji* he has traced a Raja of Oudh named Hardodal[32], not mentioned anywhere else. Moreover, he thinks that Hardodal is the Bartoh mentioned in the *Tabaqat*, and who was defeated and killed by Sultan Nasirud Din Mahmud, the eldest son of Sultan Iltutmish, who was assigned Oudh in 432 A.H./1226 A.D.

The author of *Taj ul Ma'athir* used the art of *Iltizam* (taking upon oneself or subjecting oneself to avoidable conditions) in the sense that if he depicts the scene of a battle he mentions all the possible weapons and instruments, whether they were actually used in the war or not. Thus, he mentions "*Kos* (a large brass kettle drum), *Karna* (a trumpet), *Jalajil* (a kind of Arabian Drum), *Gapal* (a pondrem, club), *Gurz* (mace or Battle axe), *Tegh, Shamshir, Saif* (sword), *Khanjar* (dagger), *Charkh* (crow, bow), *Darga* (shield or coat of mail), *Zhopi* (a sort of spear or demi lance), *Navak* (a small arrow), *Khadang* (a bow or arrow made of it), *Dabus* (sceptre or iron-headed mace), *Tir* (arrow), *Khisht* (a javelin or a dart), *Sinan* (a spear or lance), *Niza* (a short spear), *Kaman* (a bow), *Kamand* (a halter or noose), *siphar* (shield), *Partab* (an arrow that flies far), *Tabarzan* (a battle axe, usually fixed to the saddle), *Shirb* (a long spear or lance), *Qarura* (a kind of weapon or missile), *Payat* (a standard flag), *Alam* (a sign or flag), *Akhtar* (insignia), *Didar* (army exposed to view), *Sarh parda* (a pavilion or tent enclosure), *Maimana*

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32. Nazir Ahmed. *Sultan Iltutmish ke Daur ka ek Hindu Raja*, Tahzibul Akhlaq (p. 18), Aligarh.

(right), *Maisara* (left Wing), *Qalb* (centre), *Tilaya* (advanced guard), *Sarqa* (rear of the army), *Zirah* (a coat of mail), *Jaushan* (armlet or coat of mail), *Khod* (helmet), *Mighfar* (network of steel worn under helmet), *Sufar* (the notch in the arrow which received the string), *Paikan* (point of a spear or arrow or dart), *Khadang-i-Chahar par* (four forked arrow), *Pilak-i-panbadi* (one ring of fatters), *Shibh-i-nakhun-i-sher* (arrow wholly made of iron and resembling tiger-claws), *Dashma* (dagger or poniard), *Katar-i-Hindi* (a dagger having a broad straight blade), *Nachakh* (a battle axe or a double pointed spear), *Rumh* (a lance), *Shill-i-Hindi* (Hindustani short sharp lance with two or three points), *Bhalla-i-Hindi* (a spear about seven cubits long), *Manjaniq* (a War like engine or sling or catapult for hurling stones or darts), *Dir-i-Daudi* (Dir, an armour or iron or coat of mail), *Khush Kanchar* (a Kind of firearms), *Niza-i-Delami* (the battle-axe of Deilam), *Mighfar-i-Chin* (the helmet of China), *Jaushan-i-Khatai* (the coat of mail of Khata), *Kaman-i-Kiyani* (royal bow) and *Ud-i-Qamari*".[33]

In the same way, when he portrays a music party, he mentions all the possible musical instruments and technical terms, whether they were actually in vogue or not. Thus, he mentions "*Arghnun* (organ-instrument of pipes supplied with wind by bellows rounded by keys), *Tanbur* (a kind of lute or guitar with a long neck), *Tabl* (Drum), *Duhul* (tabor or drum), *Chang* (wharp or lute), *Chugan* (name of a note in music and also of an instrument in the form of a short necked guitar), *Tas* (a kind of drum), *Rabab* (a rubab or a four stringed instrument in the form of a short necked guitar), *Darhat* (a harp or lute), Daff (a cymbol, also a kind of drum), *Naye* (a reed pipe, flute),

33. Askari, pp. 119-121.

Rud (bow string or the string of a musical instrument), *Jalajil* (a drum, also glubolar bells round the neck of Arabian drums), *Zarban* (a pair of small kettledrums), *Mazamir* (flutes, psalteries), *Kamancha* (a species of violin, lute or harp), *Autar* (chords, bow strings), *Karamaye* (the large brass trumpet which sounds in the brass), *Qanun* (a species of Dulcimer, harp, a psaltery, the strings of which form fifty to sixty in number rest upon two bridges and are touched with both hands, without making use of any kind of plectrum or bow), *Charm-i-Kaman* (a bow-string), *Sarod* (a song), *Zir* (the smallest string of a lute, guitar etc.), *Bam* (the brass string of a lute), *Mizrab* (an instrument for striking to be used on a string instrument, also a plectrum, a musical bow), *Zamzama* (a musical manner of reading a chant), *Zakhma* (the plectrum of a musical instrument, also a violin), *Tar* (string of musical instrument), *Mutrib, Musiqar Khunyagar* mean musicians and ministrels."[34]

Among the clothes, the author has given details whether they were in vogue during his time or not. Among the silk and cotton robes he mentions "*Diba-i-Haft Rang* (variegated brocades of seven colours), *Bisat-i-Harir* (Silken Carpets), *Bisat-i-Zamurradi* (Emerald-coloured apparel), *Jama-i-Unnabi* (carnation-coloured garment), *Libas-i-Parniyan* (a garment of a five-painted China silk cloth), *Jama-i-Zarbaft* (a robe of brocade of the cloth of gold), *Jama-i-Sanjab* (a fur dress), *Libas-i-Bahaman* (an apparel of fine silk interwoven or painted with flowers), *Niqab* and *Burqa* (veil), *Farsh-i-Qaqum* (carpet of Eruine), *Masnad* (a large cushion), *Takya* (pillow), *Khaftan-i-Qaba* (a vest worn under a close long gown or tunic), *Kulah* (cap), *Qaba-i-Fastuqi* (a tunic or a close cloak of pistaches or

34. Askari, pp. 121-122.

see green colour), *Chadar-i-Khatib* (the mantle or scarf of sermoniser), *Rida* (a cloak on mantle), *Tailasan* (the end of a turban slash hanging down behind like a lappet, also a hood), *Jama-i-Baghdadi* (the garments of Baghdad), *Zarbaft-i-Rumi* (the brocade of Rome), *Diba-i-Chini* (the silk of China), *Jama-i-Shustari* (the garments of *Shustar*), *Kiswat-i-Abbasiyan* (the Abasid robe), *Izar-i-Matam* (drawers and trousers worn in mourning), *Kiswat-i-Zangari* (rust-coloured dress), *Libas-i-Azraqi* (azure-coloured dress) and *Jama-i-Kabud* (blue robe).[35]

The author has also mentioned precious stones, jewels, utensils and perfumes like *yaqut-i-Rummani* (a precious ruby), *Lal-i-Badakhshani* (the ruby of *Badakhshan*), *Aqiq-i-Yamani* (the cordon of Yemen), *Aina-i-Chini* (the mirror of China), *Quilad* (necklace), *Goshwara* (ear-ring), *Khal Khal-i-Zarrin* (ankle-ring of gold), *Siwar* (bracelet), *Yara* (a broad ornamented bracelet), *Kafgir* (laddle), *Shaqraq* (flaggon, jug), *Kuza-i-luledar* (a jar, pan, vase or gagglet with spout), *Duk* (spring wheels of the windows)"[36], *Abgina-i-Shami* (the glass of Syria), *Jam-i-Baghdadi* (the cup of *Baghdad*), *Saghar-i-Rumi* (the goblet of *Rome*) and *Mushk-i-Tibbati* (the musk of *Tibet*).

He has also mentioned a variety of games like *Chaugan* (polo), *Shatranj* (Chess), *Qimar* (gambling) and *Baziy-i-Lailaj* (a game of hazard named after the inventor of the game resembling chess called *Lajaja* or *Lailaj*)."[37]

Among the administrative terms and titles, the author mentions "*Daruz-zarb* (the mint), *Jizya* (caption tax), *Khiraj* (tribute), *Malguzari* (land revenue), *Zakat* (alms given accord-

35. Askari, pp. 122, 127.
36. Ibid.
37. Ibid.

ing to Mohammadan Law), *Zimmis* (one tolerated by Muhammadan law, on paying an annual poll tax), *Qazi* (Judge), *Mufti* (expounder of the *Muhammadan* law), *Imam* (antistes or reader in a mosque), *Khatib* (preacher), *Sipahsalar* (Commander-in-chief), *Amir-i-Dad* (Chief Justice), *Hajib* (chamberlain), *Amir-i-Alam* (head of the police), *Kotwal* (magistrate), *Muqaddam* (the advanced quard), *Jasus* (spy), *Munshi* (secretary), *Amir-i-Khitta*, *Hakim-i-Ala* (principal officer), *Sadr-i-Kabir* (high official), *Sareer-i-Azam* (great throne), *Wazir* (minister), *Dastur-i-mamlikat* (constitution), *Dabir-i-Khas* (special secretary), *Diwan* (royal court), *Mustaufi* (auditor), *Katib* (scribe), *Sarjandar*, *Iyalat* (Government) and *wilayat dari* (administration).

From a number of sentences and paragraphs it appears that the author was well-versed in the sciences and arts of music, war, medicine, chess, astronomy, astrology, falconry, husbandry, clothing, utensils, jewellery and games especially polo.

The *Taj ul Ma'athir* was commenced in 602 A.H. (1205-06 A.D.), but the author has included events from 587 A.H. (1191 A.D.), which might have been witnessed by him. He must have died in the beginning of *Jamadiul-Akhir* 614 A.H. (1217 A.D.) as he mentions the events taking place upto that date only.

From an intensive study of *Taj ul Ma'athir* a number of new facts may be brought to light. For example, Qutbud Din Aibak was suffering from asthma (ضيق النفس).

Elliot has not mentioned many names like Muhammed Sharzi (or Shirazi), Majdul Mulk, Bakan, Shahabud Din Ghori's place of burial. Moreover, he has misread Udanda Bihar for Oudh and Bihar.

According to Prof. Askari, many things have been left out

by Elliot, such as the private assemblies of Qutbud Din Aibak, the killing of three elephants by Khusrau, conferring of the government of Kalanjar on Hizabrud Din Hasan Arnabi, framing of rules of justice and enforcing the essentials of the canon law. In addition, Elliot's versions are not borne out by the text at several places or have remained unnoticed. Besides, many important aspects have been ignored by him. His translation at several places is also not quite correct, like "hiding his head like a serpent", while at another place, *Jud* has been read by Elliot as *Jun* or *Jamuna*. A number of important passages about public administration have also been ignored.

Some of the words and constructions, found in the *Taj ul Ma'athir*, have been used, perhaps, for the first and the last time in Persian literature, while others rarely occur in other works. A list of such constructions and coinages may be given here:

جزع فام = Piebald
بوسه جا = Focus of kisses
قضا توان = Inevitable like fate
جان قدرگران = As precious as life
غلق توان = As strong as griffin
گردون توان = Mighty like the sky
هلال نگار = Making crescent like figure
آتش گهر = Spirited
قدر امکان = As powerful as a decree
الماس چنگ = As sharp as a diamond
روش دقایق = Lucid subtleties
کشورستان آفتاب = The sun that conquers the world
بادسطوت = As overpowering as wind
آتش جوش = Irrepressible like fire
برق زخم = A blow as sudden as lightning
کرگس احساس = As sensitive as a vulture

کلاہ‌گوشہ = A cap with corner
آفتاب‌شعاع = As bright as a sunbeam
رعدبانگ = As loud as a thunder-bolt
باد جنبش = Moving like wind
خاک‌آدم = As placid as the earth
جنوب‌رفتار = With the speed of South wind
آب‌خرام = of easy pace (horse)

His innumerable اضافات (constructions of one noun with another) like طراز خانۂ طبع (the embroidery of genius) are also worth noticing.

The author has used certain words which today convey altogether different shades of meaning. For example, he uses مزار in the sense of "meeting (visiting) place", while for us today it means shrine or tomb. Moreover, he has used innumerable difficult and unfamiliar words. A list of such words has been prepared with their relevant meanings, which have been taken from the Persian-English Dictionary of F. Steingass. Besides, there are innumerable words, which are not generally used in Persian and therefore, are not given by Steingass. However, they are given here along with their meanings, which have been taken from other lexicons.

The author has used صنعت‌التزام (the art of subjecting oneself to avoidable conditions). For example, he goes on mentioning from one to ten or twelve, if he mentions stars, he enumerates all the known stars in the sky. In the same way if he mentions skies, he enumerates all the skies, if he mentions flowers or colours or animals, he tries to enumerate as many as possible. If he mentions musical instruments or ornaments he mentions all the known ones. Another way of using this art is to repeat the same words in a number of ways. For example, he uses the word آیینه (mirror) or سوزن (needle) in a number of sentences in the same

paragraph.

The author has laid more emphasis on the style than on matter. That is why he has avoided historical details or has mentioned them in a vague way. For example, he writes:

یکی از خواص امرای بزرگ . . . فرستاده آمد

(One of the high nobles was sent)

but does not specifically mention the name of that great noble. Moreover, he has confined himself to the exploits of Shahabud Din Ghori, Qutbud Din Aibak and Iltutmish while skipping over a number of events not connected directly to them.

The author has praised young Turks, specially their cheeks and fresh beards.

In preparing the texts archaic writings (spellings) like

بلک - چنانک - خرشید - آنچ - اوفتاده - زخان - استخان - قفص - خرد

کچون - آنک - چنانکه - بانداخت - درخشیدن - برخواستن - هرچ

have been replaced by

بلکه - چنانکه - خورشید - آنچه - افتاده - زبان - قفس - خورد - که چون

آنکه - چنانکه - بینداخت - درخشیدن - نوشت - برخاستن - هرچه - استخوان

which are in vogue even today. Moreover, the Hindustani way of writing like کشادن - افگندن - شگافتن has been followed, while in Iran today they write: گشادن - افکندن - شکافتن

In the case of اضافت instead of همزه, ی has been used as

فضای معرکه = فضاء معرکه، دریای دمان = دریاء دمان

In earlier writings, the scribe used to delete one of the consecutive, but today both the ه have to be written. Thus, instead of

خردها - غیبها و ریزها = خردها - غیبها - ریزها

have been written. Besides, the archaic way of addicting ی after الف at the end of a word has been avoided. So instead of

وآرای - هوای - ندای - دلگشای = دلگشا - ندا - هوا - آرا

have been written. Here it may also be mentioned that some of the manuscripts have followed the principles.

The scribe of one of the best Salar Jung Manuscripts[38] always writes

سیارہگان - بتازہ گی - شیفتہ گان - بندہگان - تیرہگی - خوارہگی - بتازگی -
پیادہگان - دیدہگان - زندہگی - تازہگی - یابندہگی

etc. and does not convert ہ into گ rather it keeps both.

In the margin of the Turkish manuscript[39] the meanings of a number of words have been given or have been explained. For example, نیراعظم (the Sun) and *Turk-i-Mu'arbad* (the planet Mars)have been explained as خورشید and *Mirrikh*. Moreover, some names have been given in full. For example, *Muhammed Kufi* has been rewritten in the margin as:

شیخ محمّد کوفی ... اللہتعالی

The Hyderabad manuscript[40] of *Taj ul-Ma'athir* ends with the death of Qutbud Din Aibak[41], while others go upto 614 A.H. (1217-18 A.D.), which means that the author started writing again at the instance of Sultan Shamsud Din Iltutmish[42]. That is why he has not mentioned Aram Shah[43], the son of Qutbud Din Aibak. Elliot has referred to 'a very valuable manuscript copy in possession of Nawab Ziaud Din of Delhi, written in 779 A.H. (1377-8 A.D.). In this we have the history carried down even twelve years later or 626 A.H. (1228-9 A.D.)[44]. But such a manuscript does not exist today. Even if we accept that this manuscript was in

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38. MS no. 228
39. MS no. 402, Kisini : Ferzullah Millet Gend Kotophanse, Istanbul.
40. MS. No. 283, A.P. Govt. Oriental MSS. Library & Research Institute, Hyderabad.
41. 1210 A.D.
42. 1211-1236 A.D.
43. 1210-1211 A.D.
44. H.M. Elliot and J. Dowson: The History of Hindustan as told by its own Historians, Vol. II (P. 205), Kitab Mahal, Delhi.

possession of the Nawab and was utilized by Elliot, what is the proof that it was written by Nizamud Din himself. Someone might have added and supplemented Nizam's *Taj ul Ma'athir*. We have to compare the styles of both the manuscripts, the one written upto 614 A.H. (1217-18 A.D.) and the other written after 614 A.H. before accepting the authenticity of the manuscript dealing with subsequent events.

I agree with Hodivala that 'this supplement has the appearance of a laboured imitation of some amanuensis of verbose style of the original author[45].' Moreover, according to Major W.N. Lees, Nizam died before 624 A.H. (1226 A.D.)[46]. If this is true, the whole supplement is definitely "fake"[47]. Thus in my opinion, the whole abstract dealing with the events after 614 A.D. (1217-18 A.D.) may be deleted from the Elliot and Dowson editions.

Keeping in mind the challenges resulting from the variations in different versions I undertook the task of editing the prose section of the *Taj ul-Ma'athir*. Sifting through the various materials for chosing the logical options was indeed a trying task. However, on finishing the task I realised that it was valuable work worth translating. Prof. Bhagwat Saroop, my esteemed colleague, was very kind in acceding to my request to translate this volume. He has indeed done a marvellous job in translating the *Taj ul-Ma'athir*. The job was indeed difficult, for the extremely ornate style with its far-fetched metaphors and similes tends to defy a translators pen.

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45. S.H. Hodivala: Studies in Indo-Muslim History Supplement, Vol. II (P.46-47), The Popular Book Depot, Bombay, 1957.
46. Hodivala, P. 47
47. Ibid

For this translation of *Taj ul-Ma'athir* Prof. Bhagwat Saroop deserves full praise. I must also add that this translation is being published even before the publication of the original edited version.

14.5.97 (S.A.H. ABIDI)

In the Name of God, the Compassionate, the Merciful

INTRODUCTION

Immeasurable praise and thanks, (so many that even the cavalier of fast-moving reason has not reached the limit of its number, nor has the eye of far-seeing imagination seen its figure in the mirror of fancy), to the Almighty God (exalted be His glory and universal be His munificence), Whose self-existence is free from the mark of a beginning and Whose perfect bounty is untainted by the blemish of an ending. His matchless being is exempt from any relationship in terms of time and space, being above it; and His holy attributes are short of every simile or allegory. Neither can the hand of the architect of thought and contemplation touch the skirt of His sublimity and grandeur, nor can the ever-pursuing feet of the traveller of conjecture and surmise reach the court of His majesty and glory.

The faculty of reason has proved utterly helpless in its effort to comprehend the Eternity of God. The eye of reflection was too dazed to see the beauty of His oneness. The strong wings of the *Simurgh* of discernment were broken while soaring high to reach the Divine essence. The intensity of the heat of the sun of Divinity burnt the strong wings of the *Huma* of spirituality.

The Creator inscribed the sign of creation by joining the letter *kaf* (ک) with *Nun* (ن). He hoisted the banner of creation by his elegant and incomparable artistry. He drew the circle of the universe with his innovative pen and made an outline of the green sphere (Sky) with the compasses of His creative impulse. He fixed the variegated bead of the earth under the green casket of the skies. Then above these seven layers of

mounds he set in rotation seven suspended domes and conferred on each individual being a distinct robe from His treasure of "I gave every object a shape (gift of creation)". Subsequently each form was, adorned with the garment of body from the wardrobe of His bounty and then God by His omnipotence infused ethereal soul into the body of flesh and blood. As a result of the combination of these two gems, one heavenly and the other earthly, there came into existence the reality called a human being, referred to as the paragon of creation; and by virtue of possessing the lustre of reason, as the very essence of existence, "We conferred on him special favours above (a great part of) our creation".

He drew the face of his speaking picture with the pen of adornment and embellishment. In order to support the argument that "And I have given you a shape and your shape is the most beautiful", He shaped the beautiful human body into the frame of an elegant constitution and beautified his face like the garden of *Iram* with a variety of adornments.

He taught man's box-tree-like body to remain upright like cypress and strut like a mountain partridge.

He adorned the rose-petal of his face and the jasmine of his cheeks with the wings of the parrot of down and cast the shadow of the feather of the crow-like tresses on his sun-like face. The crescent-like arch of his eyebrows suggests as if the semi-circle of the neck of a ring dove has appeared on the surface of the moon. The seat of the *simurgh* of the soul, that is, the two corals (lips) are holding a veil before a string of pearls, or serving as an umbrella to the necklace of gems. The nightingale of the tongue has been imprisoned in the cage of the mouth so that it may sing the praises of God in the garden of paradise "And they have been commanded no more than

this that they worship God, offering Him sincere devotion", and in the rose-bed of "praise be to God, the most powerful", proclaim to the people that "it is only for God to create and command".

He took out the white falcon of reason from its nest in the brain and elevated it to the heights of self-revelation, and further raised it from the depths of imitation to the peak of the sky of truth and (gnosis) knowledge. And according to the holy text: "To some we will show our signs in the outer regions and in their souls". He exhibited before them the physical and the metaphysical aspects of the world.

With the lights of good guidance, He transformed the physical eyes of His friends (devotees) into golden springs of purity and the horizon of the sun of mystical knowledge. He made the mirror of the heart of His adorers the focus of the glance of grace and the recipient of the ideas and images of the invisible and visible worlds. To demonstrate his bounty and beneficence, he nurtured the suckling of plants in the cradle of the soil with the drops of water from rain-laden clouds. He turned a clot of congealed blood in the womb (of a woman) into the elegant form of a lovely doll. He caused antidote (honey) to trickle from the saliva of a bee and brought forth rainbow-coloured velvet from the drivel of a worm. The former stored wax and honey in its bee-hive (six way house) and the latter was taught the art of weaving silk under the dome of the sky. He converted a blood-like substance in the navel of the Chinese gazelle into pure musk and with the lustre of it transformed the oyster into a unique pearl.

When the helper of His grace came to the rescue of *Khalil (Ibrahim)* it withdrew the reins of burning from the hands of the nature of fire. When the agent of His favour rose to help Moses,

it put the bridle of restraint on the surface of the free-flowing water. The defender of His pleasure ordered the weak-bodied spider to hold a veil on the entrance to the cave of the Prophet (the master of the law). The swordsman of His fury dispatched an insignificant mosquito to rupture the brain of *Nimrod*.

God sent to the world His prophets and apostles who are the pearls of the ocean of choice and gems of the sky of selection, the solvers of the difficulties on the path of faith, and leaders of the world of true religion so that "mankind after (the coming of) the apostles, should have no plea against God." These prophets lent elegance to the region of the faiths and empires, and the people, and enriched their laws with the light of their learning and mystic knowledge.

From among the group of apostles He chose *Mohammed* (on Him be blessing and peace), the sun of the sky of prophethood, the morn of the firmament of majesty, the Jupiter of the heaven of felicity, the polestar of leadership, and the caption of the register of the chosen ones, who is, indeed, the outcome of the preliminary creation and the pick of this world, and conferred on him the additional distinction of His special grace and the honour of His proximity.

God cast the lights of His manifestation into the interior of his heart which had been already illumined by the fire of love ignited by the soft breeze of the magnet of heavenly grace and the flash of the flint of Divine aid.

The inside of his mind, which was the store-house of the secrets of God and the oyster of the pearls of the invisible world, was decorated with the lights of Divine revelation.

God bestowed the bezel of authority on the seal-ring of the prophethood by making it the vehicle of a perfect faith. By getting the honour of having been set in the signet-ring of

prophethood, the bezel of true faith bore the design of eternity. The sky with its boundless height appeared low before the sublimity of his star-touching threshold, and the vast space of the earth looked small in comparison with the expanse of his magnificent rank. On seeing the sun of his face, the moon rose like a water lily from the horizon of the blue sky. The sun struck by sorrow at the sight of his moon-like visage concealed his pallid face behind the violet-coloured curtain of the sky. Rather we can say that impelled by envy at the sight of the sun of his auspicious countenance, the moon dropped her shield, like rose, smitten by a gust of violent wind. The sun, feeling ashamed on seeing the new moon of his face, concealed his head like rose, behind the veil of the bud of the west. Or it can be said that in her eagerness to see the sun of his beauty, the moon, like a rose, revealed her face from the canopy of the firmament. The blue cradle (the sky), while the sun, jealous of the moon of his forehead, got drowned in the perspiration of shame.

His charming words and deeds amply demonstrated his superb mode of life and manners, and presented convincing evidence of his noble disposition and laudable moral virtues. On the night of ascension he set out to the paradise-like blue dome of the sky with the dignified resolve of *Huma*, and like pigeon flew up from its earthly nest to the skies of zodiacs, and in one flight, covered the distance between the depths of the terrestrial globe and the top of the battlements of the palace of heaven. He passed by the sublime assembly of the attendants of the pigeon-house of this blue cage and the dwellers of the carpet of sanctity and the pavilion of chastity. He spread the feathers and wings of his kindness and courtesy on the angelic assemblies and the spiritual gems.

His pearl-scattering nightingale began to pour out notes of glorification and praise of God in the garden house of Divine unity and on the bough of sanctity and holiness, sang "Glory to God who did take His servant".

The peacocks of angels found it difficult to stay in the air of the Prophet's proximity to God. The high soaring falcon of fancy was unable to fly. The fast flying royal hawk of intelligence dropped its wings. The *Simurgh* of freely roaming reason found its pinions clipped.

And now I send, to the bodies and souls of the prophets, particularly to the holy tomb and sacred sepulchre of *Mohammed*, the chief of the prophets, and the prince among apostles, who is the ultimate purpose of eight heavens, seven climates, five senses and the four caliphs, boundless praise and countless benedictions from the folds of which emanates the fragrance of friendship, and which gives out the scent of sincerity and also add to them blessings, the perfume of which consumes the heart of ambergris, and the aroma of which fills the air with strong scented musk, turning the air into the navel of the musk deer of China.

In the same manner, the most elegant praises and choicest blessings, more pleasing than the love-increasing and fragrance-diffusing morning breeze, blowing on the petals of fresh jasmine and narcissus, and opening a hundred pods of pure musk from the musky pockets of buds and the curly hair of violet, may be scattered on the stars of the sky of the holy laws, the pearls of the oyster of truths, the gems of the mine of illustrious deeds, the rubies of the abode of virtues, the pearl-strings of the necklace of lordship and the amulets of the ornaments of sovereignty, that is, the family members of the Prophet and His companions, who were fresh flowers blossom-

ing on the rose-tree of power and dignity in the garden of *Imamate* and were the straight cypress-trees standing on the soil of benevolence and kindness in the orchard of generosity, who, by the legal pronouncements written by their pens, and by their merits and truthfullness, lent elegance and charm to the territories of reason and law, and by the light cast by the Jupiter-like countenances of each one of them, the courtyard of the estrade of delight and garden of pleasure, looked embellished and beautiful.

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EXORDIUM

Now, after invoking the name of God, I begin the narrative and you should know that war with the enemies of faith has been considered necessary and obligatory by the decree of the Muslim law and also by the dictates of reason; and the merit of a holy war has also been set forth and expounded in the holy text. Men of reason and sagacity rightly feel and have been genuinely convinced that the stability of the faith and the empire and the maintenance of the glory of the people and their religion are the results and concomitants of a holy war, with which is also linked with the welfare of the country and its inhabitants.

Although the management of the affairs of the state is not possible without wielding the sword, it is also next to impossible to maintain peace and order in the world without using the pen.

However, the foundations of the state and the pillars of empire cannot be strengthened, nor can the frontiers of Islam be cleared of the enemies and antagonists of faith without weilding the sword. Even the laws of justice and the canons of equity cannot be effectively enforced among the subjects, whom, so to say, he holds in trust from the Creator (may His might be exalted). The pen of the decree of the learned, who are the legatees of the law of the Prophet, also cannot acquire prestige and splendour, nor would the affairs of the state be set in order and properly embellished, till the tyrants are prevented from destroying the life and property of the faithful. In this context wise men have said:

If you want to maintain peace in the kingdom.

You must not allow your sword to rest in peace.

The reason is that the uninterrupted performance of religious observances and the effectiveness of the law of the land are like twins, and the administration of the affairs of the state and the execution of the business of the people go together.

And the Prophet (may blessings and peace be on Him) refers to this fact and conveys this point in the following tradition:

"Religion is a force and the king is its guard. One who does not possess strength is destroyed and one who is without guard perishes"

There are references to the survival of the faith and the victory of the Muslim law in a number of the verses of the Holy Qurān such as the following one: "No falsehood can approach it from front or behind it. It has been sent down by one full of wisdom and worthy of praise". And also the text such as this one: "We have without doubt, sent down the message and will assuredly guard it (from corruption)" and also this one: "Fain would they extinguish God's light with their mouths."

A clear proof of the validity of this proposition is that in the past ages as we learn from history, whenever a group of the opponents of the faith thought of declaring war on the supporters of the truth and made preparations for an offensive, God, Most High, directed some followers of Islam to gird up their loins with all sincerity for a holy war with the purpose of eliminating the cause of mischief and the source of evil; and the holy text: "God lowered the words of those who did not believe (in God), (The infidels could not do what they said they would do") was read out to them.

Parallel and comparable to this tenor is the fact that during

the reign of Muizud Din Abul Muzaffar Sam bin al-Hussain, God (Holy be his name and great be His grandeur), chose Qutbud Din Abul Haris, the princely slave, out of all the rulers of the world, and made his mind a catalogue of virtues, and his firm resolution, the law that maintained order in the world. Here the writer pours out on these two historical personages a profusion of epithets, for Muizud Din he uses the following epithets: Lord of the universe, the monarch of mankind, the sovereign of the world protector of Islam and Muslims, most just among the rulers of the world, the shelter of the men and the genii, the shadow of God in the east and the west, helper of saints, destroyer of the enemies of God, the crown of the mighty empire, the glory of magnificent community, defender of the country, cuirass of the people, support of the people, the most righteous of the mankind, the chief of the multitude: mainstay of the world, the firmament of the merits, the sovereign ruler and the lord of the happy conjunction, the axis of the world and the faith.

To the name of Qutbud Din he has appended these epithets. The pillar of Islam and the Muslims, the shelter of kings and monarchs, the subduer of infidels and polytheists, victorious over sinners and rebels, the loved one of mankind, the chosen one of the world, the protector of the community, rescuer of the people, the recipient of the heavenly aid, triumphant over his enemies; the crown of merits, the support of the caliphate, the crusading king and the ruler of Hindustan. Under Divine inspiration he devoted his lofty mind exclusively to the revival of the signs of the holy law and raising aloft the banner of *Sunna*.

When he was engaged in defeating and crushing the enemies of the faith and the empire, the almighty God attached the signs of victory and triumph to the royal flags so

that with his Mars-like dagger sharpened on the whetstone of the Saturn, he could lay the body of his enemy on the bed of the earth, and likewise, with his fire-spewing sword and trouble-quelling spear he could irrigate the soil of Hindustan with the blood of the heart of his foes.

By sheer dint of his imperial might and awe-inspiring assaults, he was able to capture the forts, the moats of which were as deep as the centre of the earth, and the ramparts of which touched the axis of the sky. These forts were so impregnable that the contemporary rulers had abandoned every hope of even conquering them. Even the natural calamities could not inflict any damage on them. He got these forces trampled under the feet of elephants, so that their foundation were pulled out, and these were so completely annihilated that it appeared as if they had not been there at all. The heads of the ruling Rajas became the crowns of the gallows. With his glittering Hindustani sword he consigned hordes of idolaters to the flames of hell, while their heads were tossed into the sky by the wind, raised by hoofs of the swift steeds of the soldiers. The message of the Oneness of God spread all over the country, and the Islamic way of life was established in the land of the Hindus.

He abolished the system of idol worship and abrogated heretical practices and replaced idols and icons with mosques and schools, which were adorned and embellished with pulpits and arches. In the Islamic kingdom, the name of the king and his titles were mentioned in the sermons and inscribed on coins. The fame of his virtues and noble qualities spread all over the world.

The chronicles of his illustrious achievements and glorious deeds have adorned the pages of the annals of the rulers and

sovereigns of the world and the lights of his justice and equity had hidden the name of *Noshirwan* in the folds of oblivion and the stories of *Rustam* and *Hatam Tai* had been abrogated by the accounts of the valour and generosity of the king. The pedestal of his lofty rank had risen to such a height that the angels in the heaven sang his praises on the carpet of the proximity to (God).

AN ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE OF THE COMPILER OF THESE CHRONICLES

Thus this slave (writer), the son of a slave, Hasan Nizami (May God enable him to do what he likes, and may God be pleased with him, and may his end be good) regales (these glorious deeds). Since my object was to observe the conditions of brevity in writing the introduction of this book and concluding its exordium, scrupulously avoiding the path of verbosity which inevitably causes boredom and disgust, I saw to it that the reins of gratitude and complaint do not fall into the hands of prolixity and loquacity. In talking about the past (which is as futile as punishing an animal) there need not be too much of expatiation. In fact the carpet of speech, which is otherwise unending like the misfortunes of life, should be folded up. Further, the strategy that "When you cannot do something, better leave it", had to be employed. At the same time the maxim that "the best language is that which is compact and to the point" had to be whispered into the ears of reason. And since it was not possible not to employ subtleties, I had to put on the Sufis mantle (adopt an allegorical style).

With the support of the adage that "the magic of the oratory does not cause weariness" I decided to deal with the sorrow caused by the hostile heaven, as also with the story (behaviour) of the people, which is so lengthy that, however, profuse the speech maybe it could not do justice even to its introduction and even a thousand tongues could not describe the whole of it. All that could be done was to mention, in part, the tears in the eyes and the fire in the heart, as these posed threat to the paper and the pen respectively. Also, exposed to

the danger of death are one's weak heart and lean body. When one is a stranger how can his pen describe the fire of frustration blazing in his heart or portray the flames of yearning consuming the core of his inner-most being?

As a matter of fact, the thought of leaving my home and setting out on a journey had never crossed my mind, nor the desire to travel ever entered into my head. However, when some parts of *khorasan* were rocked by disturbances and there was a noticeable decline in the virtue of discernment among the people, who no longer patronised men of letters, I felt impelled by a strong desire to take a firm decision to leave the country. It did not take me long to implement this decision.

I consoled myself with the belief that "there are many lofty mansions in the forest", and recited the lines: "The best place in the world is the saddle of a fast-running horse". I also took advantage of the saying: "Any place where you are treated with respect is good for you."

And in pursuit of my aim I told my friends who accepted my advice as well as my apology: "I can only endeavour to secure a high position. It is not within my power to reach it". With these words I girt up my loins to go out into the world, abandoning the life of ease and comfort, which are the gifts of vanities and products of negligence. For I sought the fruits of the fulfillment of my desire through emigration, and to acquire the treasure of knowledge by enduring hardships of travelling. So I decided on emigration before the dawn of the old age would show its face, and the period of youth, which is the season of joy and fun came to an end, and the tree of the prime of youth is stripped of its greenery. Because it is an established custom and a common experience that a wise man gets scanty regard in his original abode, as the proverb goes that, "the fresh

aloewood is used as fuel at the place where it grows", and the worth of a talented man does not get due recognition in his birth-place." Gifted men have clearly seen the benefits and advantages of travel in the mirror of experience. Men of sound judgement have also arrived at the same conclusion. The pure mind, which is like a just arbitrator and rightful preceptor has also vouched for the validity of his proposition people do not acquire eminence in their native town, just as a gem is not worth much in the mine.

Flowing water is agreeable like rose-water, but when stagnant it is polluted by the heat of the sun. The juice of grapes does not become a source of pleasure and joy so long as it is inside the grape.

Since this beautiful poem, the charm of which has put the gems of the first water to shame and the beauty of which has thrown dust into the eyes of the string of pearls, is relevant to this theme. I have quoted it here (to adorn this necklace with these pearls).

In short, since the heavenly decree was not helping man's strategy, and things were not moving according to my wish and pleasure, sometime the idea that "travel is a part of hell" scattered thorns of frustration on the path of hope, and sometime the sentiment that "love of motherland is a part of faith" turned away the reins of resolve, signs of weakness and lassitude would appear in my zeal and impulse to move out, and I would perforce, exercise constraint and procrastination which would open the gates to the fulfillment of desires and loosen the knots of misfortunes.

It went on for some time and as the proverb goes, "Every event takes place at its appointed time". There was constant clash between the thought of resting and staying on one hand,

and the urge to move out and emigrate on the other, and the world blocked the way to the fulfillment of my hopes and desires, and heaped the thorns of sorrow at the feet of my disconsolate heart, and my heart, disgusted with life suffered in the midst of the smoke of sorrow and the fire of frustration, and day by day my anguish, caused by the tyranny of the cruel sky, went on increasing. I was, so to say, wasting my swiftly passing days, each moment of which was as precious as life, in the dark hovel of my small house, as narrow as the throat of a flute, and as cramped as the chest of a harp, more dishevelled than the tresses of the beloved, and darker than the mole of the sweet heart, and gloomier than the condition of lovers.

I had hoped that men of wisdom and talent would get the rank and position they deserve, and elegance and orderliness would be restored to the state of affairs, and that I would get back my happiness, peace of mind, repose and dignity, and consequently the rust of sorrow and annoyance would be removed from the mirror of the desire of my heart. Probably the auspicious star of hope would come out of the maze of evil influence and the flames of war and disturbance would be extinguished in the territories of *khorasan*, and conditions in these regions would be restored to their past splendour.

Contrary to these hopes, there was an onslaught of the army of disturbances and consequent hardships and the unsettled conditions developed into a stalemate. Soon peace and security became things of the past. The curtain of disappointment was hung before the bride of desire, and the face of hopes and aspirations was veiled. Peace and prosperity were destroyed by the vicissitudes of times. The harshness of the cruel world changed loyalty into perfidy, and eventually the

heart was caught in the storm of calamities and misfortunes, and was helplessly bogged down in the waves of hardships.

As my erratic way of thinking, made miscalculations at every step, and everyday a sapling in the garden of heaven produced disturbance, and the revolution of the sky brought forth a fresh disaster, the possibility of patience decreased and the bird of my soul grew disturbed and restless in the cage of the body, and I got sick of life at the exultation of my enemies and the glee of my ill-wishes. In that state of extreme helplessness, the reins of composure and self-possession slipped out of the hands of my heart, and the mask of impatience dropped from the face of modesty. Utterly dismayed, my heart began to cry and expressed its anguish and weariness by reciting the following couplet:

Since the bride of the conditions of *khorasan* is showing no signs of harmony.

It is all the same, whether I am united to her by marriage or separated from her by divorce.

It was evident that to submit myself to conditions of humiliation and indignity and, live on uncertain hopes and wishful thinking amounted to showing ignorances of the adage. "In the morning do not talk about the evening, nor talk about morning when it is evening."

And who would be my surety till tomorrow? Ultimately the impulse to move out of my native town outweighed the intention of staying on. Reason also suggested that it was in my interest to get away from these people. So I abandoned vacillation which is an undesirable attribute and a deplorable habit, and made up my mind to carry out my plan of moving out although a journey it is full of hardships and is like being in hell.

And of necessity, the holy text, "Here our ways part" was read out to them and as a plea for my departure, the following Arabic verse was cited:

"If you leave the people without their consent, a time would come when they would start leaving you."

At the time of departure, a number of my friends the basis of whose friendship had been firmly rooted, and the foundations of whose amity had been considerably straightened, and the pearls of whose sincerity had been arranged in the string of good faith and sincerity and whose loyalty had been free from the taint of hypocrisy, generously bestowed on me their kindness and the favour of escorting me out. At that point they began to rebuke and reproach me, and cited the tradition, "In the midst among one's people anger is a sign of life." They contended that it does not go well with sagacity, nor does it accord with reason and sound judgement to leave one's beloved motherland.

And this matter one should consult the guide of reason that unties the knots of doubts and shows the path of certitude. One may also ponder over the consequences of the position of "a stranger who suffers disgrace wherever he goes", he would also do well to read the Arabic verse which says, "He, who is alienated from his people, is like one who flees from limpid water towards blood."

One should help his friends in weal and woe, and firmly stand by them in sorrows and joys (good and bad times), indeed one may have to give one's body over to the crucible of the flames of adversity and misfortunes, when the occasion demands, and cheerfully gulp down the bitter and sweet drinks of the revolutions of the sky. If necessary one should drink the dredges of pain as if these were agreeable wine. He has to

clear the bed of roses of all thorns. In the hope of seeing the fulfillment of his desire, he should grasp the skirt of patience and put his helping hand round the neck of the unkind sky. He should adopt the attitude of harmony towards the cruel times and abandon the path of hostility towards the refractory piebald of the world. When exposed to disasters one should draw solace from the saying that, "if calamities become common they cease to be disagreeable." It is necessary to accept this advice which is adorned with the embroidery of love like one's heart, and embellished with sincerity like the innermost core of one's being. In sum, listening to that counsel is more beneficial than the outcome of love and fruits of friendship. One should act on the maxim, "take all precautions lest you fall into a well."

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COUNSEL

Counsel should be looked upon as rain-bringing clouds to the unproductive nature, and a medical treatment to the sickly mind. One should bear in mind the implication of these words that "nothing turns out to be right without consultation". It should also be realised that the best way to achieve one's object is to act on the maxim "one who followed the counsel of wise peoples undoubtedly succeeded." He should whisper into the ear of his heart the secret of the saying. There are less chances of failure if we do a job after consultation. It should be our aim to act according to the holy text: "It should be our aim to act according to the holy text:" "And consult them in affairs (of moment)."

No wise man, who follows the creed of sincerity and observes the law of devotion would deem it permissible to renounce the company of kind and intimate friends and agreeable companions, and mark the mandate of concord

with the stamp of discord, and write unkind words on it, or roll up the covenant of amity, "as a written paper is wrapped up". Or they prefer the dust of aloofness to the pure gold of love; and allow the rust of change to appear on the mirror of cordial relations. Or that the spell of indifference is cast on the sketch of the life of sincere friends, or that they fail to maintain the engraving on the coin of true affection, or step out from the circle of fidelity into the desert of tyranny and severe from the road of friendship and the path of unity, and ignore the subtle point expressed in the following Arabic verse:

"Good people do not forget the helpful friends
who help them at the time of need."

It would be sound judgement and one of the requisites of prudence to consider the revocation of your decision to set out on the journey, and take into account what this maxim suggests: "Too much of precaution also creates baseless suspicion." When inclined to move out one should not show wind-like haste, rather learn disinclination to move the dust and should not throw water of sedateness and quietude on the fire of impatience. One should not wander about like the breeze. Nor should one appear to be weak and contemptible. He should not surrender himself to the fire of desire, nor seek to oppose reason with the same haste with which the wind blows on the earth, nor show lack of firmness like an impression on the surface of water, in suppressing the flame of desire. He should know that it is impossible to pluck the fruit of desire from the tree of hope without divine grace. He should acknowledge the fact that without luck the strenuous effort gives nothing except physical suffering and mental anguish, and it is futile to expect success without favourable circumstances. Further that the fulfillment, of ones hope is inconceivable without heavenly aid.

It is essential to be on one's guard against the arrow (of trouble) from the thumbstall of the archer of time, who is always lying in ambush. It is equally necessary to take precautions against the wiles and stratagems of the world lest one is deluded by the glitter of its mirage. He should also see that he does not fall into the snare of disaster like a bird greedy for corn, and is not consequently cast into the cage of distress.

But if he, out of sheer negligence, regards this hint as "nocturnal talk" and does not inscribe it on the sheet of his heart like an engraving on stone, and out of impetuosity destroys the harvest of patience, and throws the dust of cruelty on the face of reason; and cast into water the friendly counsel according to the saying: "You do not like those who give you advice." In this way he sets fire to the household of tranquillity and dignity, and rides the horse of haste like the wind and throws dust on his head with the hand of impatience. He splashes water at the sky, and shows swiftness of flames and cherishes the hope that no harm will come to him. But all of a sudden the sapling of his hope, which he had planted in the soil of greed and nurtured with the water of desire is struck by a hostile wind and the dust storm of disaster, and is tormented by the fire of destruction. At that point nothing could be done to prevent damage or compensate for loss. Even remorse will be of no avail.

To the far-sighted reason, that serves as a good guide and a path-indicating companion in the long night of disasters and the wilderness of misfortunes, it is perfectly obvious that whatever the Brethren of Purity have conveyed through their pearl-like words, even if one intently reads for a hundred years, it would be like engaging in a foolish pursuit: because "Many a time an advice is wasted," consequently one is not able to

raise dust in this race-course (is unable to ride across), and his grief-stricken heart continues to shed tears and burn within, and does not fall into the trap of deceit and stratagem. Nor is he likely to land himself in a predicament for the sake of a mealy-mouthed person after listening to his flowery speech. He does not fall a victim to self-delusion, and sitting on the bough of self-conceit sings the following verse in the manner of nightingale:

If I am offered a moment of happiness,
I shall at once buy it,
because I have been humiliated like the evening
and disgraced like the morning.

In the midst of such a whirlpool of disasters and tumult of misfortunes, whosoever relies on his heart and expects it to be patient and calm, is like one who leans on the air and seeks pure gold from ordinary dust. He looks for the water of life in blazing fire and builds an edifice on the foundation of the air of desire. He is so stupid that he casts pearls on the ground, and without any purpose and by his short-sightedness sets fire to his own harvest.

Although the discourse has become rather lengthy and the consideration of friendship does not permit me to pull up the reins of verbosity, or roll up the carpet of narration, or turn over the leaf of sweet excuses, or close the register of sweet anger, yet, since the deep-rooted love is a great intercessor, and the thought of reconciliation is a great apologiser, too much dust of estrangement due to gratitude and a sense of grievance has not engulfed the sentiment of love, and the rust of gloom and indignation, following excessive censure and reproach has not settled on the mirror of friendship, for as they say "love lasts till anger exists".

After a lot of lamentations and infinite anguish, as the sun

of union (with friends) had almost touched the fringe of eclipse and the market of the fulfillment of desire had become dull, and the fruits of the garden of love had been damaged by calamities, and the army of sorrows had assaulted the sanctuary of my heart, and tears in my eyes were in flood, and the flames of fire were leaping high in my bosom, and half-dead as I was, I was the centre of the circle of distress and the furnace of the fire of trouble a play-thing in the hands a hundred difficult situations laden with myriads of physical tortures and mental agonies, had not yet received a substantial share of the pleasure of life and peace of mind. The burden of the pain of separation from friends and companions, who had been a source of happiness to me, my sole gain in life, props of help and means of honour, had increased manifold. And the truth of the saying: "to miss is more troublesome than death", became obvious to me.

The fire of desire began to blaze within me, with the same intensity with which a thirsty man seeks limpid water. The feeling of friendship grew exuberant like the passion of a greedy man for abundant wealth. The army of desires attached the field of my heart and the courtyard of my mind. The fire of restlessness and impatience began to blaze in the furnace of my body, and the flag of love and amity was hoisted in my heart.

After inhaling the fragrant breeze, which had acquired the property of the water of life, I proceeded to the court of preceptor, rather my *Qibla* and a model for the patriarch saint of the time, and, by common acceptance, distinguished and unique among men of purity and workers of miracles, who had sought refuge in the mausoleum of Imam Riza), and who was attached to the firm faith (Islam), I mean Mohammed Kufi (may God praise his efforts in the cause of Islam), the polestar of the

domain of Divine knowledge, the canopus of the Yaman of love, the sun of the firmament of revelation and observation, an authority on the theological interpretation of the law, in the fore-front of the group of divines, and the support of the wayfarers on the path of conviction. His mind was habituated to ecstasy at the thought of the holy world and his heart had smelled the fragrant breeze coming from the gardens of love. I turned my face towards the court of *Ghazna* (May God protect it).

Away from home my weak body began to liquefy in the fire of home-sickness, just as salt dissolves in water, or silver melts in a crucible. In the crucible of loneliness and in the fire-place of separation, my reed-like body grew pale and lean like a chip of gold.

All of a sudden a fragrant breeze began to blow from the recesses of felicity, and a lightning flashed from the horizon of good fortune, and flames of fire leapt up from the surface of water. In a situation in which the only option before me was an empty hand, I attained the honour of kissing the dust of the feet of the foremost among the pure-hearted men on the platform of the earth, the leader of the inmates of the dome of heavens, the assayer of the gold of the mine of the Muslim law and the mystic path, the diver for pearls from the ocean of wisdom and truth, and the expounder of the charming allegories and the delicate allusions employed by the Prophet, the expositor of the intricacies of the interpretation of the word of God and of the mysteries of Quranic texts, Sheikh Mohammad Sarzi (may God confer on the Muslims the blessing of his long life and the benefit of his sermons), the alchemy of happiness and the antimony for the eyes of good fortune. This felicity came to me by the excellent patronage and auspicious guidance of the

chief Revenue officer, Majdul Mulk, by virtue of whose valour the water of kindness had shone brightly, and the fire of religious zeal had been blazing. He had penetrated the dust of the noble deeds of his predecessors in the race-course of valour and generosity. He had outstripped his contemporaries in winning the cane of eminence.

It has been very well said:

"He who is fit for good fortune gets it, even if he does not seek it, the good fortune seeks him out."

I spent a few days happily watching his light-diffusing face, which was a source of immense felicity and benefit to me, it was for my wretched body, like eyes on the forehead or soul in the body. I regarded my presence before him as the rule of good fortune and the caption of the realisation of my hopes. The favourable reception that he accorded to me which was the means of my deliverance from misery and promotion in life, appeared like an embroidery of hopes and a catalogue of joys. My afflicted heart moved out of darkness into lights and (in his congenial company) my forlorn spirits shed the feeling of alienation. What was abhorrent at first, became nice and attractive in the end, proving the truth of the saying: "You may dislike something though it is better for you".

The endurance of innumerable hardships earned the treasure of happiness, and the anguish, which this frail body had been bearing, was dispelled. Physical suffering which caused deep agony to my weak heart and about which I did not complain to any body was transmuted into comfort. A help-dead person desperately struggling in the deep waters of the ocean of trouble without supplicating to anyone, ultimately reached the shore of the fulfillment of his desires.

However, later on the world, out of jealousy, offered me the

distasteful drink of separation, and the impertinent times indulged in slander, and the misfortune of estrangement from the company of these two personages, who were the pride of the faith and leaders of men of conviction, befell me, and my frustrated heart was deprived of the bliss of serving these two luminaries of the firmament of knowledge, and the peaks of the mountain of forbearance, anxiety and distraction overtook the pearl-string of my peace of mind. I was haunted by tormenting sorrows and consuming worries. My lovelorn heart was drowned in the surging waves of storm, and burnt in the flames of fires. The planet of happiness plummeted from the apogee of happiness to the perigee of sorrow. The fountain of life and the face of hopes turned darker than tar and pitch. The watering place of joy and the trough of pleasant life became turbid and the implication of the following text:

"Is there any benevolence which does not have the sourness of time?" became clear My heart which resided in the mother of pearl of joy became the target of the arrows of grief and anguish, and the my spirits that held the banner of delight were captured and trampled upon by the troops of distress. The fire of fever burst into flames in the crucible of the heart and the furnace of bosom, and made preparations to welcome the angel of death because "fever is the fore-runner of death".

The signs of weakness and the symptoms of debility began to appear on the page of the condition of my heart and body, and the ailment of the frail body intermingled with the disease of the heart.

The mothers of elements to whose pen the job of co-ordination and disintegration of the various organs of the body has been assigned, and who assume these different forms and

shapes, and who are guardians and controllers of all these perishable parts and portions, turned away from the path of harmony and the centre of amity. The natural heat that kindles the fire and flame of life was suppressed and smothered. Moisture, which is the means and source of life had dwindled and got polluted, now demanded intense cold and dryness, seeking the restitution of the trust of life. Temperament, which is the fifth state formed by the intermixing of the four elements was moving towards corruption. Disorder and deterioration were affecting the humours which were the followers of elements and temperaments. Blood, which is the pack-horse of the soul and source of necessary humours deviated from its natural poise. Bile, which is noted for swiftness and lightness rushed into the region of the brain. Phlegm which is destined to be still and slow had changed its original nature. Black bile which induces melancholy overpowered my spirits.

There was absolutely no trace left of the simple parts of the body such as flesh and fat that adorn the sleeve of beauty. Muscles and nerves, which are the sources of feeling and movement respectively, were afflicted by the malady and disorder of languor.

There were signs of disorder in the trussed up limbs securely fastened by ropes of veins and sinews. The tent of the constitution firmly tied to the pegs of the four elements collapsed in a few days. The heart, which is the source of the water of life, and whence the sun of existence rises, turned gloomy. The brain which is the instrument of learning and picking up disciplines of wisdom grew weak.

The tongue, which is the nightingale of the garden and the ruby of the mine of speech, was deprived of the ornament of eloquence. The skin, the woof and warp of which lends grace

to the garment of the body grew old and worn out. My sick body, which is the palace of my soul and the lodge of my spirits became weak and languid like the heart suffering from pang of separation at the hands of yearnings to meet the beloved. The animal force which enabled the body to receive the light of life became debilitated.

The digestive faculty, which is the cavalier of the race-course of food, gave up the reins of retaining and assimilating the food. The faculty of growth, which governs the province of nourishment started declining even before the body had grown to perfection. The procreative power, which collects the wealth of existence, acquired the stigma of default.

The assimilative power, which, earlier, used to assimilate food easily, found it difficult later on. The faculty of retention, which used to be prompt in preserving what was given to it, became lazy. Digestive power, which would quickly rise to perform the task of digestion gradually started falling asleep. The repulsive power which helps in repelling excrement began to decline. Languor affected the sensual faculties which had been tainted by carnal desires and squeezed by concupiscence. Eyes which are the bezels set in the ring of vision, began to float on the waves of blood. Ears-the two mothers of pearls that could hear, were closed to sounds of words. The faculty of smelling which was never tired of looking into the conditions of various odours, was rendered incapable of inhaling perfume. Palate which is familiar with the qualities of different tastes ceased to be dependable.

The faculty of touch which dominated the incidence of heat and cold deviated from the path of correct perception. Common sense that boasted of equality with the Preserved Tablets failed to accept some of the images. Fancy which is the

custodian of various phantoms could not retain the forms of most of the objects. Imagination that excelled in achieving the object of integration and disintegration was showing signs of fatigue in inventing and describing appearances. Fantasy that ruled over all perceptible and imperceptible objects was divested of all authority to execute most of the decrees.

Memory, which is the chief treasurer of comprehended particulars was afflicted with forgetfulness.

Intelligence, which is the martinet of the constitution or rather the vanguard of the army of the body, took to flight. The force of impulse which exercised great authority in obtaining what is useful, and in abstaining from what is harmful, showed signs of languor. Volition which worked wonders in activating the limbs of the body had collapsed.

The days of convivial gatherings fleeting like the shadows of clouds and restless like the flesh of lightning, appeared as dream and fancy, or I would say that the army of dreams and the phantoms of fancy had departed from my tearful eyes and all display of kindness and courtesy had come to an end. Due to the tyranny of the cruel sky and the jealousy of the unkind heaven, the continuing good fortune and inexpressible felicity came to an abrupt end. My blood-shedding eyes were denied the sight of the face of union and remained sleepless like the eyes of a love, and restless like hearts of adorers.

You would say, that these world-watching eyes had renounced the pleasure of sleeping like the narcissus or had become associates of and pawns of in the hands of the sky like the eyes of the stars.

The pomegranate-seeds (bloody tears) emerging from my eye-lashes began to roll down on the blue face. The hot sighs, coming out of the furnace of the heart, rose to the top of the

tent of the heavens. The water of tears emanating from the spring of my eyes flowed into water-closet of the earth. The long night of expectation became barren and waiting for the morning of the fulfillment of desire. The bargain of hope became dearer than fidelity and rarer than phoenix. The moon that adorned the face of hope hid herself in the obscurity of eclipse. The world-illuminating sun of love drew towards the edge of the wall of grief; and the delightful wine of desire found its way into the jar of obnoxious dregs. The troops of sorrow and grief assembled in the hide-out of my brain like the stars in the cluster of the Pleiades, and the exuberance of joy and peace of mind dispersed from the dwelling of my bosom like the constellation of the Bear. My heart began to cry due to the pang of separation from my native town. Due to the hardships of the long journey, the core of my inner self gave out iron-melting sighs that reached the sky.

My main worry was that after losing that happiness, and being deprived of that bliss, my sorrow-stricken heart may not leave the abode of sorrow, that is, the nest of my bosom, and fly like a bird to the heaven-like court, exposing my body, more fragile than a spider's web to the possibility of annihilation.

My heart is justified if it does not cease to think of that august presence, and is not happy even for a moment without remembering that esteemed personage, so much sought by my heart and so deeply loved by my soul.

In the whirlpool of bewilderment and the desert of terror, the mind and heart of this half-dead being, caught in the snare of calamity, and wounded by the arrow of adversity, had been sustained by the hope held out by the texts. "Never give up hope of God's soothing mercy". My ears were eagerly waiting for the happy news that "the shepherd had been misguided

by one who was wearing a blanket".

I was waiting impatiently for something good to come out from behind the veils of the invisible world, and was sure that soon the morning of success and triumph would reveal itself from the eastern horizon of good fortune.

The falcon of hope and expectations would fly in the air of the fulfillment of desires. The means of union and the ways of getting together were going, to be provided. The flags of joy and the banners of the peace of mind will be hoisted, and the old order would be restored with additional benefits, and the good fortune, which the heart cherishes, and the soul welcomes, will last to the end of my life.

Since the fulfillment of this desire was not possible at that time on account of the vicissitudes of time and a variety of privations as this Arabic verse suggests: "If the hardships of times had not engulfed us, we would have reached those valleys." It is but natural to think over and over again about these two blessed personalities, who were the mines of piety and abodes of *Fatwa* (religious decree), and who had been embellished with the ornament of knowledge and action, who had lent grace to my eyes, so much so that this sightless pupil get a new vision, and the lifeless body a fresh lease of life. A day to day account of the glorious deeds and brilliant achievements of these two polestars of faith, who were the most distinguished among the learned and are also projectors of all virtues, (thousands of blessings on them, and countless praises sincerely expressed of them) is going to be recorded.

The substance of love has been added to the memory of by-gone days, and due to excessive rejoicing and jubilation, I have diverted myself by repeatedly reciting the following verses, which are as dear to me as life; otherwise how could my

heart find solace?

Verses:

Though the world may separate you from me, yet my love for you will never leave my heart.

May be some hearts can bear separation, at least my heart cannot be patient without you.

If after this I never see you again, than let my eyes lose their vision.

May God (most high) protect from the taint of doubt and scepticism, the far-sighted hearts of these two great men, who are the messengers of the heavenly court, envoys of the visible and invisible world, the world-revealing mirror of this kingdom and the kingdom of heaven, like the moon they receive light from the sun of the Preserved Tablets, and move in the firmament of ideas as swiftly as the wind moves on the surface of the earth, and by the light of their revelations give the purity of the water and the luminosity of fire to the dark world, and also may they possess the treasure of Divine mysteries. May the fountain of the water of their conviction remain unpolluted by the dust of suspicion, and the lamps of their minds, which have been lit by the flame of love, be protected from the wind of doubts.

May their ill-wishers who are the enemies of faith, remain helpless like the water, and fall into the furnace of misfortunes to be consumed by the flames of distress and misery, and may the fruits of their life be cast into the dust of disgrace and abasement by the strong winds of disasters.

At the time of my departure from the court of the king (which was verily a heavenly abode) at Ghazni, I came to know a number of eminent and distinguished people, who were the polestars of the sky of merits, and who ruled the world of art and

erudition. In their congenial company I felt as if my old days of happiness had been restored to me. The gardens of love and contentment acquired a new splendour.

Each one of them gave a healing touch to my wounded spirits and provided nourishment to my heart, with the result that I felt so much attachment towards their company and developed so much intimacy in the bottom of my heart and in the deepest recesses of my being that I could find neither suitable sentences nor appropriate phrases to express myself.

While I was enjoying that good fortune, it occurred to me that I had not yet collected from the company of these friends such provision as would be a source of happiness and peace of mind during the period of my exile.

My heart experienced immense joy and perfect delight in the heaven of the charming manners and noble qualities of these great men, while I was in their abode:

Verse:

Sometime they nurtured my body with music and sometime they provided pleasure to my heart with knowledge.

In this manner I proceeded towards the city of Dehli which is the land of bounty and the *Qibla* (source) of delight.

Poem:

A tuft of curly-hair that covered the head was like the velvet of *Multan*.

In the process I gave free reins to my dromedary that ran across forests and scaled mountains. You would say that it traversed the roads with the speed of wind, and the zephyr tried to blow side by side with it, and in reaching distant destinations it was like the foster-brother of hurricanes and boisterous winds.

How wonderful that the dromedary made figure in shield on the ground with its arrow-like straight legs.

It is astonishing how its polo-stick like legs, when moving swiftly like the messenger of the wind on the glittering dust, looked as if they were flying in the air, when treading on the mountain-tops it seemed to be touching the moon and the sun like Christ, and when coming down on the ground it became close to the bull and fish like *Yunus*.

I passed through such fearsome forests in which even the star in the sky would have lost its way, and a guide would, at any cost, have fled for his life from their vast expanse. Even thought could not have crossed over that space without the company of Divine aid, nor could fancy have come out of that area unaccompanied by good luck.

On account of the heat of the *simoom*, the carpet of the earth became as hot as the ethereal sphere. Due to the intense heat the terrestrial globe grew as hot as a furnace of fire. The intensity of heat and the fury of the wind had thrown open the doors of hell. The *Salsabeel* (one of the rivers of paradise) had acquired the nature of hot water, and the earth displayed the property of a heated ocean. In the crucible of the heat of the sun even a stone appeared like molten cornelian, while the ruby (though concealed in the womb of mine) had turned into blazing fire.

The pearl melted in the casket of the bosom of the mother of pearl, even the water in the pupil of the eye of a crocodile began to boil. The scales of *shad* (a fish) were burnt up in the waves of the ocean. The sweat coming out of the pores of the body of salamander flowed like water. The fire-place of the brain of lizard was emitting heat like the workshop of a glass-blower. The suckling of plant was abstaining from the milk of moisture. The wild beasts of deserts and highlands sought shelter in shades of trees. The pinions of fast-flying falcon were

burnt high up in the air.

The forest trees intertwined their tops to form a cage in which to imprison the wind as if it were a bird, so that the clouds and the sun are debarred from nursing the soil.

In every woodland a lion would rush at its prey with such speed that the earth would shake, and the dust raised by its paws would make the air look like the back of a leopard.

In the battlefield, the war-trained elephant would quail under the blows of its claws which even valiant warriors would not be able to parry.

In every cave and desert it (dromedary) would encounter a snake whose breath (hissing), would change the bright day into a dark night, and signs of pestilence would be noticeable in the air. When bitten by its fangs, an elephant could not escape alive from the whirl-pool of death, as the effects of its deadly poison could not be cured by an antidote. Its speckled skin in the courtyard of desert was like leaves of pure silver embellished with grotesque figures or slabs of engraved marble.

At the time of crossing a river I had an apprehension that the boat of my life was not going to reach the other bank and that the bird of my soul would suffer harm from the talons of the eagle of death.

In the faculty of vision, the bank of the river which was actually stationary like the centre of the earth appeared to be in motion like the celestial sphere. The boat racing on the surface of the water, like the wind, looked like a rock firmly standing in its place, or a huge elephant that had raised its head out of the Nile, or the wave of the Nile touched the apogee of the blue sky, and the casket of the azure firmament, and had surged higher than the summits of the Jupiter and the

Saturn, and the apex of the Arcturus and Spica Virginia and *Nasreen*.

My helpful friends and comrades were more wonder-struck by my profusely tear-shedding eyes than by the dreadful rivers which I had to cross.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE HIDEOUS LOOKING PEOPLE

The dark-skinned Hindus had taken up position on the highway. They could outstrip onager and deer in speed, and in making an onslaught on the enemy they were faster than wind. It appeared as if they were demons who had besmeared their faces with ink and soot, or they were sentinels of hell with their visages blackened with tar and pitch.

After escaping from so many horrifying perils, when, by the grace of God, I reached the court of Dehli, which was my final destination, my temperament again showed a tendency to fall from the state of moderation, which is essential for fighting a holy war. Consequently the manipulation of times brought about the collapse of my already fragile physical system to such a degree.

Verse:

That if I could get into the slit of a reed-pen, I would be able to know what the scribe is writing.

I had grown so weak and emaciated that I found the ring to be too loose to stay in my finger, instead it could serve as my belt.

When the effects of weakness and languor subsided and there were visible signs of improvement in my health, the chief judge the glory of the kingdom envied by the people of the world on account of his boundless generosity and charming manners and by virtue of his high position and lofty status. He was like the best pearl in the string of his associates, and the

finest gem in the necklace of his family. He had cultivated laudable qualities and praiseworthy virtues in such measure that it could be said, God's will was in his fingers, "and that the neck of obedience bowed down before him". He showed me kindness and tender compassion according to his inherent large-heartedness. And impelled by good faith, which is the embroidery of the garment of greatness and the caption of the letter of eminence, he showed due generosity for which kindness the whole world was indebted and obliged to him. He displayed the qualities of compassion and magnanimity, natural to an eminent person, who is a pearl of the oyster of bounty and a gem of the ocean of valour.

He revived the signs of grandeur and glory becoming to these lords of bounty and munificence, and appropriate to that family of benevolence and bliss.

He cultivated the excellent qualities and superior virtues of his fore fathers which he held as models, and thus strengthened the foundation of bounty and benevolence which they had said (down) over the years.

AN ACCOUNT OF HIS GRIEVANCES AGAINST HIS CONTEMPORARIES, PARTICULARLY HIS DETRACTORS

Outwardly these dignitaries continued to discharge the obligation of hospitality and performed the ritual of condescension. Apparently they veered towards the form of amity and conciliation but they only pretended that they were pursuing the goal of friendship and intimacy and stringing the pearls in the necklace of amity but on the understanding that "Have good faith but do not ask about any thing else.

My wretched heart was suffering deep agony on account of this incurable malady and unending anguish. In the midst of such perfidious friends and heartless companions, I expressed

my bitterness by reciting the following lines:

Is there any buyer for death.

It is a commodity in dealing of which there is no gain. Some of my worthy friends, the edifice of whose sincerity was solidly built and the foundation of whose friendship and cordiality was immune from the shocks of hypocrisy, suggested that it would be in harmony with the spirit of times, and appropriate to the prevailing conditions of life, if I write a book in Persian in which the people, on account of their declining literary taste and inadequacy of their learning, may take more interest. I should also compose some verses in praise of my contemporaries. Such a piece of literary work will perpetuate my memory and also prove to be of some benefit to me.

At this request my human impulses were stirred up, the army of bile overran the recesses of my mind and the elusive reason was routed and fled, saying:

Poem:

It was my profession to pierce pearls but I did not pierce pearls since there was no customer for them.

It was my habit to compose verses but I did not do so because there was no one (worthy of praise) who deserved to be eulogised.

It would, indeed, be surprising, if people in general or even intellectuals among them, would be able to follow the sum and substance of a few pieces of poetry and appreciate changing patterns of life and with so much sadness that has afflicted the people, who would care to read a poem or indulge in the passion of writing poetry?

Thus it is obvious that in these days too much of learning and high class accomplishment are but poor means of achieving anything worthwhile. Consequently one simply hates to com-

pose panegyrics in praise of such people.

Reason, which is a brightly burning candle and a shining star, as also the best embellishment and most valuable asset for a human being, came face to face with an objection.

On what ground could one justify deflection from the path of, "I am not in favour of disliking poetry" and ignore the stipulation;" "versification should not be regarded as a demerit for scholars". Nor can one afford to waste his precious life, which is a highly valued pearl and an exquisite gem, a means of acquiring bliss and performing beneficial deeds, on imaginary subjects and conjectural themes. The following verse has been said in the same context:

Do not put your faith in the ship of life, because this Nile (wherein it is sailing) is the abode of crocodiles.

Deep anguish has always rankled in the minds and hearts of men of wisdom and sound judgement and people noted for their erudition and accomplishments, when on account of the vicissitudes of time (who patronises the mean according to the principle : "Similar objects attract one another"), as also due to the indiscretion of the cruel sky, a blue shell is presented to them in place of a red ruby, and a black bead is strung in their necklace of bright gems.

There have appeared signs of ill-luck on the cheeks of the fulfillment of desires. Indications of misfortune are visible in the functioning of vital organs. The sinister signs of an unlucky star can be clearly seen on the countenance of the conditions of the heart. The traditions of bounty and valour have been obliterated and the laws of fidelity and generosity abolished. The bases and foundations of knowledge and learning are breached and shaken. Men of wisdom and culture, it seems, have vanished from the inhabited quarter of accomplishment.

The people s abode of liberality has been deprived of men of benevolence and magnanimity. The sun of the true dawn of truth has concealed the sword of its rays in its sheath, and the false dawn of pretension has raised the banner of its fame from the horizon of falsehood. The practice of orderly execution of a job is deviating from its right course and original form. And this is an unending tale.

In spite of all this sorrow, my small intellect, whose very existence is in doubt, requested my sick heart, which is but a drop of blood, smothered by a thousand apprehensions, to close, once for all, the door of denunciation of the hostile time whose malice against the wise is a part of its inherent nature and inborn disposition. I further implored it not to cherish vain hope of getting any favour from the wicked world, because no one can get anything from this miser without suffering deep affliction. Henceforth it (my heart) should not make the world the target of the arrows of censure and castigation, nor think of making a complaint, which is fraught with danger in the creed of wisdom, and is forbidden in the cult of justice and equity. Rather it should seek consolation and comfort in these provocative words, and bring joy and relief to itself by repeatedly reciting these delightful verses:

If there can be any ornament for the bride of fortune, it cannot be found under this glass-dome (sky).

Renounce this world and seek comfort in the thought that this scorpion does not exist in this inverted cup.

INDIGNATION AT CRUEL FRIENDS

My sorrow-stricken heart poured out its lamentations in these words: How can joy and comfort be possible in such a wretched life? Who can hope of happiness in such a disturbed state of affairs? With weak-kneed endurance how can one feel

care-free and happy? How can a person with weak constitution face the high-handedness of the hard-hitting sky, particularly when one is the target of the arrow heads (taunts) of his friends, whose wrath is as relentless as the sun and who are still deemed as men of parts.

Everyone is bent on being unfaithful and perfidious, and has drawn the bow of callousness to shoot the shafts of tyranny and oppression at me, making me the target of the cleverly shot arrows of brutality.

Further they have hidden their faces behind the shield of impudence and shamelessness and unsheathed the sword of estrangement and cruelty to brashly snap asunder ties of love and attachment. Thus they have repudiated the obligations of old friendship and cordiality.

They have scratched the face of sincerity and amity, and bruised the cheeks of kindness and commiseration. They have turned away their hearts from the street of affection and the path of constancy. They have tucked up their sleeves to act in harmony with the cruel world and are ready to help the heartless sky in its tyrannical operations, and have extended their hands of co-operation to the malignant spheres.

I had to cultivate the friendship of people of such nature and disposition, and helplessly watch while they continued to work in the ambush of perfidy and craft, and pursued the path of malice and hostility. They seized the skirts of ill-will and jealousy, turning their lance-like tongues of calumny and slender into scissors of selfish ends.

(May the head of the meddler and the tongue of the jealous be cut off) into instruments of casting aspersions on others.

In short, the indifference of the people stems from envy, and

is a positive proof of heart-burning. Indeed it is a disease the cure of which has been beyond the reach of intelligence, rather it is a poison, the antidote of which has not yet been acquired by the hand of desire, I inevitably acted on adage:

This is their house, you can live in it as long as you want.
This is their land, you can live on it as long as you want.

Then I washed clean the script of ignorance and envy from the sheet of their minds with the water of "And God forgave them". I made use of the shield of patience, which is the most affective protection against the arrows of calamities. As it is, the fame of learning spreads faster through the tongue of envy, just as the musk pod sends the pleasant gift of its fragrance to the nose more liberally after it has been brayed in a mortar.

A SATIRE ON HIS TIMES

Especially in these times when the market of merit has become dull, and the season of the popularity of art is dying away, profound knowledge and deep erudition bear the stamp of error and mistake, and are branded as sin and blunder. In the disfiguring mirror of the eyes of the people there is no difference in the face of ignorance and beauty of knowledge.

Reason has been thrown into seclusion, written word is an error and learning useless.

Many a time one has to quaff the cup of such a bitter and distasteful beverage on account of unappreciative contemporaries, and of course, due to one's own bad luck. In such a situation, one perforce patiently pursues the path of submission, and meekly treads the road of patience. With his listless and languid hands he grasps the skirt of weakness and helplessness, and withdraws the feet of frailty and frustration under the skirt of debility and languor and reads out to his contemporaries the

following verses I have only to find a rhyme from their stores, if the cattle do not understand it, it is not my fault.

Ultimately my heart got reconciled to this difficult situation which caused me so much sorrow and physical torment that I began to derive pleasure from denouncing and detracting my contemporaries.

Honestly speaking, I had been overwhelmed with anguish.

In such a disturbed and confused state of mind, how could I have calmness and patience? As it is, every hour, nay every moment, from my bosom, which was the cabinet of distress and hardship and the nest of sorrow and suffering, there would well up and fall from my lips the following couplet:

No wonder, if I am deriving no benefit from my learning.

After all, what does henna gain from its wealth of colour?

Let me now apologise for my lack of talent, as I was never able to acquire that great good fortune. Also I may be forgiven for my bliss of ignorance as I was not lucky enough to have been vouchsafed the felicity of learning.

I am going to tell you what I am in the following excellent poem, which is better than a string of pearls, more attractive than a necklace of gems, more fluent than a stream of limpid water, and more subtle than the eloquence of an orator, and which is like a precious pearl in the middle of a string:

Although no one has described before you my real worth,

Yet I am sure my composition itself will show my talent, like the fragrant breeze wafted from a rose garden.

I have unsheathed the sword of my tongue, so that I may show you my real worth.

I am like a gem lying on the ground. Please pick me up like a patron, although it is below your dignity to pick up a pearl from the ground.

I abandoned complaining and grumbling which are considered mean and contemptible for "it is not in my nature" to complain.

It is a matter of great pride for me that I have not composed satires, nor lampooned anybody in my prose.

However, when I am a victim of innumerous cruelties inflicted on me by someone, I cannot help mentioning a few of these.

You advise me never to mention of those what can I say (against my oppressors), but after all I am like the sea and it will not be surprising if now and then there are ripples on its surface.

Sorrow has turned me into a rusted mirror, and I cannot regain my gloss without the furbisher of speech.

Although loquacity causes weariness to the listener and is jarring to his ears, as the Arabic saying goes, "To hear too much causes damage to the understanding", yet I am presenting to my readers the following verses which I consider appropriate and relevant in this context and suitable to the present condition:

I have a lot to complain of, and very little to be grateful for,
Yet I shall refrain from speaking about either. The only difference between a learned man and an ignorant fellow is that the former exercises self-restraint, whereas the latter acts rashly.

However, by acting in this manner, I shall be deviating from the principle of "combat corruption with corruption and repel evil with evil". Yet, forced by necessity, wisemen have, in such a situation, sought indulgence, and furbished the mirror of their knowledge and judgement with the import of the words of the Commander of the faithful, Hazrat Ali (May God keep him respected), when he said (and his words are treasures of

wisdom and mines of sound Judgement) that:

"Perfidy with the perfidious is fidelity in the eyes of God, while fidelity towards the perfidious is perfidy in the eyes of God".

Verification of this statement and a parallel to such situation will be found in the necklaces of the precious pearls of the cavaliers of the race-course of prose and poetry (masterpieces of great poets and prose writers).

Verse:

Play the backgammon of perfidy with a perfidious man, for you need a crooked sheath for a crooked sword.

However, I grabbed the skirt of modesty and humility which are desirable qualities and coveted attributes, and are more closely linked with the virtues of dignity and soundness of judgement, as also with firmness of resolution and calmness. The message conveyed by the Arabic text, "Enhance your dignity by showing modesty" appealed to my reason. The Quranic verse, "when the ignorant addressed him, they said "Peace" ringed in my ears. "It is cruel to tease animals".

I felt obliged to apologise to the people who are considered careless, who bear the stigma of stupidity, who have been denied access to the spring of the life-giving water of knowledge, and who have been debarred from seeing the rays of the sun of learning.

Men of discernment and learning, as a rule, exempt from blame a person, the weak bird of whose intelligence has failed to rise from the perigee of the inadequacy of imitation to the apogee of perfect vision and to the peak of the sky of wisdom, and the suckling of whose mind has been completely weaned from the breasts of the mother of sagacity, as also from those of the wet nurse of prudence, who has not inhaled the fragrance of learning nor tasted the flavour of art, who does

not accord due recognition to men of wisdom, who have achieved mastery and eminence in intellectual sphere, and have acquired means of reaching a commanding position in various branches of literature, and who is unaware of the benefits of knowledge "for every man is respected for his virtues" and is equally oblivious of the dignity of speech because "the personality of a man is hidden in his tongue and not in his turban".

After a lengthy and bombastic outpouring of indignation and censure, I said to myself that the secret of the saying that "the real man is in his heart and tongue", is not unknown to intelligent people, and the point conveyed by the adage "Respect and disrespect depend on success or failure in a test" is equally obvious to them. Notwithstanding all this I decided to withdraw from this controversy. Especially when the suspicious mandate describing the dignity and high position of the mighty empire (May God exalt its pillars and strengthen its foundations) had been issued, and there was no room for apology for delay, and the girdle of neglect has also been tightened.

The order conveyed by the decree (*firman*) (May God execute it)must be duly complied with and promptly obeyed, with a cheerful heart and in high spirits, one should proceed to describe and record all the details of wars and royal banquets, and collect and compile the glorious deeds and achievements of the king, the signs of whose virtues and the light of whose accomplishments have spread all over the world, like the benevolence of the sun. All these are on the lips of the people like the praise of God.

This assignment, which is a great good fortune and a rare felicity, should be turned into an ornament to the glory of my

ancestors, and a source of pride to my descendants. The bride of thought should be draped in the garments of elegant language and charming metaphors. Thus the ears of the people of the world will be adorned with the ornaments of prose, which would be like a string of pearls on which people would scatter their lives; and their (bride of thought) necks will be decorated with the jewellery of poetry which would be like scattered pearls arranged in a string of excellences, so that people of varying tastes are fascinated by and are enamoured of the products of intellect and fabrics of mind. These daughters of ideas and virgins of fancy would appear like progeny of inspiration. These pearls of genius and ornaments of eulogies would surely captivate the hearts of all people, high and low.

The delicacy of its wonderful ideas would acquire added charm from the elegant diction in which they have been expressed. The flow of the felicitous words would reach the peak of perfection while conveying subtle thoughts. The relationship between the beautiful beginning and the charming end would remain unimpaired.

A host of thoughts compressed in concise language would lend a fresh charm and an infinite embellishment to the style of writing. The readers will be virtually dazed by the sweet blending of eloquence with chastity of language. The truth of the adage, "Certainly oratory is a kind of magic" will be clear to the people beyond all doubt. At the same time masters of the art of rhetoric will be convinced of the high degree of skill and excellence which the author possesses in this branch of literature.

PREAMBLE ON THE CONQUESTS, EULOGIES AND ATTRIBUTES (OF THE KING)

I joined the service of this Court in (the months of) the year

six hundred and two under the influence of a star:

Whom the very almanac would love to befriend.

I got into this august court without the help of any mediator or intercessor, and won the favour of the high-minded monarch, at the banquet of whose bounties, all mankind will be entertained as guests till the blast of the last trumpet (resurrection) is sounded.

Hope gives the good news and the sky sends the happy tidings that the sun of victory is going to rise from the horizon of felicity under the protection of your royal authority. Also the bride of the fulfilled desire would soon appear from behind the screen of hopes, and the face of the virgin of wish would not remain veiled any longer. Humble effort is going to be made, according to my knowledge and learning, though not befitting the glorious deeds of the emperor; and utmost is to be done to string the praises of the splendid achievements of the king by my humble tongue, and the ears and necks of days and nights are to be adorned with pearl-necklaces of the encomiums of his rule, so that the breath of zephyr and the morning breeze becomes fragrant with a description of the perfume of his government.

After the girdle of prayer for this empire, bejewelled with perpetuity and eternity, had been tied by me, I firmly resolved to carryout the project.

Consequently the bases of my promise were reaffirmed, and the foundation of my agreement were strengthened afresh, that I would act on the saying, "The faithful always keep their words", and till the end of my life string only gems of royal dignity and magnificence, and that the diver of my poetic talent shall swim only in the ocean of the illustrious deeds of the king.

I am confident that my desire will be fulfilled, and the morning of my conviction would be bright; so that when by the benediction of the endeavour and splendour of the mighty empire (May its pillars be elevated and its banners exalted), this book is completed in an elegant manner, it would get the honour of being read out before the mighty throne of the monarch, (May God surround it with prosperity), and is ultimately accepted by the king, I further pray that the planet of the king's praise shines permanently on the horizon of heavens and continue to shed its light on the centre of the earth.

The name and titles of the king will be indelibly engraved on the coin of this panegyric to last till the end of time:

So long as the morning breeze blows on the cradle of the earth, and fire produces light under the azure sky, may God (may He be sanctified and exalted) keep this kingdom and empire stable and strong, as also keep the sun of his authority shining from the eminence of good fortune and the firmament of glory.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE CONQUEST OF AJMER

People all over the world have observed, indeed, have seen with their own eyes that all the countries of the world have been granted to the lord of the world, the glorifier of the universe and the faith Muizud Din either as inheritance, or by the virtue of his noble birth or through annexation, his crown and throne have acquired a peculiar charm and grace, by the splendour of his mighty empire (May God strengthen its foundations). And the country and its inhabitants have gained eminence and glory. By virtue of his sublimity and authority, the pedestal of his dignity rests on the head of the Saturn. The gold-scattering hands of his bounty have seized the treasures of oceans and mines.

All people high and low, noble and humble, live in peace and comfort under the protection of the grace and kindness of the king, because, "The king is the shadow of God on earth" They are all resting in the cradle of the justice and benevolence of the sovereign.

By virtue of this blessing, the sun of the grandeur of his mighty empire is shedding its light in the east and the west, and the tents of his good fortune have raised their heads to the peak of perfection. The vast tracts of the royal domain have expanded to the utmost limit possible.

The auspicious *Huma* of his empire has all along been spreading the wings and plumage of its splendour and prosperity on the people of the world. Fear of the authority of the king has forced anarchy to retire to the abode of solitude like an owl, and to bury its head like a heron in the corner of ruins. Partridge feels secure from the claws of a hawk. The

ferocious eagle has put the collar of loyalty to the pigeon round its neck in the manner of a ring-dove. The weak sparrow is lamenting like a nightingale on account of its passion of love for the falcon.

One of the unique attributes and laudable qualities of that Jupiter-like and sun-faced monarch is that whosoever does not stand on his head like a pair of compasses in his hall of audience (which is as high as the Saturn) and is not as steadfastly loyal as the centre of the earth in the service to this heaven-like court, runs the risk of getting his head chopped off by the sword of the royal wrath, and consequently becomes headless like a circle.

It is impossible for the men to write, and for the tongue to describe in words, the admirable qualities of that sun-like personage, the splendour of whose benevolence is more widely spread in the east and the west than the light of the sun, and the talk about the bounty of whose munificent disposition and charming manners could be so widely heard.

It has been customary that in every important campaign undertaken by the king in connection with the affairs of the state, events have taken place, and things have happened in such a manner, that the auspicious purpose of the ruler is fulfilled. At the same time, signs of the text, "He who takes a firm decision gets help from God" became visible and the proof of the truth of the line, "it is God who gives you strength with His benevolence and with the help of the faithful" became obvious and the succour of victory and conquest reaches the royal standards.

A valid argument in support of this notion is that in the year 587 A.H., the royal king-calvacade set out from the capital of Ghazna (May God guard it from all disasters), protected by

good-fortune and under the shadow of victory, the army of Islam, fully armed and equipped, and in perfect array, was making its way towards Hindustan with the hands of Divine aid holding aloft the flags of victory and the banners of the empire.

DESPATCH OF A MISSION TO THE RAJA OF AJMER

When the tents of good fortune (May these always remain surrounded with glory) reached the outskirts of Lohur, and the air of that city became fragrant with the dust raised by the army, and its soil was marked by the crescent-shaped prints of the hoofs of the horses, the king decided to depute as his envoy to Ajmer, his Chief Judge, *Qiwam-ul Mulk Ruknud Din Hamza*, one of the leading men of the country and a prominent dignitary of the state, who possessed all the qualities of an envoy and emissary. At this post he had won the admiration of one and all in the exalted court. There was general agreement that he had been gifted with a large share of the brilliance of reason and light of intelligence. His object was to see, if, without wielding the sword, the Raja of that territory could be persuaded to abandon belligerence, and pursue the path of rectitude. He should give up vanity and take to the worship of God. He should feel that it is obligatory for him to recite the *Mohammedan* confession of faith and accept the laws of *Shari'at*. In sum he should give up infidelity and aberration which cause the loss in this world as well as in the next. He should agree to wear in his ears the ring of servitude to the exalted court (may God elevate it), which is the pivot of justice and bounty, and a place of pilgrimage for the rulers of the world. Thus he would be able to purify the watering-trough of his pleasant life of all impurities.

On reaching Ajmer the envoy set about his diplomatic obligations according to the royal decree. He conveyed the message of the king to the Raja in a refined and graceful manner, putting subtle ideas in an elegant language. He strung

the pearls of counsel and admonition in the thread of fine phraseology. But, it seems, the language of reproof and threat produced no impact on the mind of the ill-advised ruler.

All the sott pleas and warnings fell on the deaf ears of that despot. The reason is that due to his abundant arms and ammunition and his great military strength he had drawn a picture of his sovereignty in the imaginary world of his desires. He was oblivious of the point contained in the maxim: "Preparations are of no avail when the occasion has slipped by". He had also consigned to the niche of forgetfulness the message conveyed by the witticism which says, "when the decree of God comes the space shrinks". Nor had he read the holy text, "And helping the believers is incumbert on us"

Since he was a disbeliever, he looked upon the decrees *Shari'at* as dreams of heresy and the light of guidance appeared to him as darkness of aberration.

When this matter was reported to the king, whose mind is aided and elevated by the celestial world and the light of whose judgement dominates the rays of the sun and the moon. his face and forehead flushed with anger.

By the verdict of the law of *shariat* and the dictates of reason, the royal decision, which is an associate of Divine decree and fate, and a companion of victory and triumph. turned into a firm determination to declare a holy war on the Raja. He (the king) at once mounted a huge swift steed that climbed the peaks of mountains like a wild goat and swam on the surface of water like a fish. Neither the zephyr could touch its reins when it leapt forth, nor was the wind able to reach its stirrup when it galloped forward.

With the army of victory on his right and the troops of triumph on his left, he set forth on the campaign of Ajmer so

that he could dye the sharp edge of his dagger with the blood of the wicked Raja, and with the tongue of the lance-like spear proclaim to the Raja the holy text, "Now surely the party of Allah is the successful one". And then with the water (luster) of his sword, which acts like fire, consign the body of the arrogant ruler to the dust of ignominy. And on the day of the battle when the rust of dust is removed from the surface of the mirror of victory, and the bride of conquest reveals her triumphant face, he will show to the misguided polytheists that tyranny does not last long, and falsehood does not bring about order and harmony.

And wise men know only too well that the frail-bodied francolin cannot claim to be as strong as a fierce eagle, nor can a sparrow with its weak constitution can be on the same footing as a gray falcon. And of course the poor fox cannot face a predatory lion nor can the nocturnal bat stand the dazzling glare of the sun-beams.

When Koka, the Raja of Ajmer, the boasting and bragging of whose bravery and valour had been heard by people far and wide, learnt about the arrival of the royal army, he at once came out to offer resistance, wearing battle dress and armed up to the teeth. He was fully prepared to fight and drew into battle array his troops too numerous to be accommodated in the picture-gallery of imagination. His army was so huge that even the painter of fantasy could not make a portrait of that multitude. The geometrician of intelligence was unable to determine the area of the battlefield. The traveller of thought avoided traversing on the highway that passed across the length and breadth of the arena of conflict. By the awe inspired by the enormous arms and ammunition, he held sway over mountains and deserts. So vast was his domain that the zephyr

grew out-of-breath with fatigue while blowing across that open space. Some of his soldiers were wearing armours like the ocean, while others had cuirasses on, like the sky. Their hearts were full of malice like the Saturn. They carried bows like the Jupiter and swords like the Mars, and held shields in their hands like the sun. They appeared like the Venus with her *rud*, but their *ruds* were brass trumpets. Or they were like the Mercury but instead of pen each one of them was holding arrows and javelins in his hand. Each one was like the swift-moving moon but the orbit of this moon was the battlefield.

Sitting on the back of elephants, the dark-steamed Hindustanns were blowing conches. It presented the sight of a river of tar that was sea-thing on the top of a mountain of indigo, or that of a patch of cloud that was roaring like thunderbolt on the back of the *Buraq* of wind. Arrows were being shot from bows and by their water-blue points these arrows were kindling fire in the hearts of rocks and anvils. Spangles on the trappings of the war elephants dazzled the eyes like flash of lightning and produced thunderbolt by their friction.

Facing such a huge and well-equipped army were the helpers of faith and supporters of Islam. Each one of them, could, with the point of his arrow, remove the cap from the head of the Saturn, and carry away with his lance the golden dome of the sun from the peak of the sky, and in the manner of wind, pull down in one assault the castles of infidelity from the surface of the earth; and like the fire, in one stroke, cause streams of water to gush forth from the top of the mountain.

A DESCRIPTION OF ELEPHANTS

In the open space of the battlefield, the elephants, fitted with litters and covered with armours stood in a row-like a

mountain of steel. The huge elephants, each one as big as a patch of cloud, ran across the battle field like wind and fire, and with there crystal-like tusks caused the molten cornelian of the blood of the warriors to flow on the ground. With this blood their emerald-like trunks were dyed red like ruby and coral. Every now and then the lasso-like trunk would show from beneath the armour to demonstrate anger and bitterness. Some time the trunk would bend like a polo-stick as if it would carry away the ball of heavenly sphere, at other time it would curl up like a dragon threatening to swallow the loop of heaven.

The disposition of the army in the centre, the right wing and the left wing, had been completed. The green parasol appeared golden in the air of the battlefield. The tongue of the flag was shining like the fiery lance. The python of the royal standard appeared to be writhing in pain in the breeze produced by the onslaught of the army. The banner had put on the dress of malice like the combatants. It looked as if the soil of battlefield had turned into a stream of fast-flowing water under the hoofs of the horses. The air of the battlefield seemed to be billowing like the surface of the ocean on account of the mammoth gathering of soldiers wearing chain-armours and cuirasses.

There was apprehension that terrified by the sound of the drum and the blaring of the brass bugles the sky might stop revolving and the centre of the earth might start moving like water. No wonder if the spleen of the fierce lions had turned into water at the sight of the flames of war, and the air had begun to spin like a coiling snake by the dust of the battle, the eagle of death carried away the birds of the souls of the enemies in their strong talons, and the hearts of the combatants

trembled in their bodies with fear like willows in the wind and the reflection of the sun in the water.

The commanders of the army of Islam encountered the hostile troops with the shouts of "*Allahu Akbar*" (God is the greatest) and fought while seeking moral support from the holy text, "Help comes from God and victory is close at hand". Some of them were shooting arrows like the flames of fire, while others were covering their bodies with chain-armours like the surface of the water when wind blows over it.

Blood was pouring from the flashing swords, emerald-like dagger was squeezing coral (blood) out of the jugular veins of the enemy, and the azure surface of the sword bore the stains of ruby-coloured wine. It appeared as if water-lily blused or *Arghwan* had sprouted from the leaves of water-mint the greenesy out of enry or eyes of a mountain part-ridge have appeared on the wings of a parrot. The fire of wounds burnt down men as well as elephants as if it was a thunderbolt. The soil of the battlefield was watered by the rain of blood, and thus the dust raised by the battle was wiped off from the surface of the mirror of the air.

DESCRIPTION OF THE SWORD

Marks of the feet of ants could be perceived on the diamond-like edge of the glittering sword that attracted the souls of the enemies like a magnet, and its azure surface bore the traces of the wings of flies.

DESCRIPTION OF THE SPEAR

Scared by his spear, which looked like a golden snake, on a fish, at the bottom of the ocean, covered itself in a breast plate of silver. The spear-head, resembled the tongue of a venomous serpent, come out of the shield and caused blood

to gush forth from the rings of armour.

DESCRIPTION OF ARROW

The liver-piercing arrow turned the body of the enemy of the faith into a quiver, and then made its way into his eyes like his vision, and into his brain like wisdom. Subsequently, acting like a tailor, it stitched the horsemen to the saddle and the foot-soldiers to the ground. They by its stone-boring points, it turned the bodies of war elephants into porcupines. It caused a spring of yellow water to gush forth from the mountain of indigo, and by a blow of the heavy mace crushed the backbones of the huge elephants into their stomachs. The Hindustani rebels were completely routed.

The shoes of the steeds kindled fire by striking against hard rocks, and from the yellow earth dust rose to the azure sky. The hoofs of the horses of jet-black Hindustanns, lying in piles like slaughtered crows, became red as if pieces of topaz had acquired the colour of cornelian or steel had turned red like coral and ruby.

By divine power and heavenly aid, the crescents of the flags of the glory of the king of the world rose high in the sky. The light diffusing stars of true religion (Islam) began to shine, the benevolent banners of Islam were raised aloft, and the elegant truth of the holy text, "Victory is only from Allah, the Mighty and the Wise", manifested itself from behind the veil of the invisible world.

A hundred thousand Hindustanns were first put to sword and then trampled under the hoofs of horses before being dispatched to hell. The lily-like surface of the sword was dyed red and black.

The battlefield and the surrounding areas were draped in silk brocade like the surface of a bed of tulips.

The army (of the Raja) was reduced to miserable condition as has been described in the following incontrovertible verse of the sublime Quran : "And we make it as if it has been mown, as if it had not flourished only yesterday".

The Raja of Ajmer, who had chosen the path of arrogance and had girded up the loins of hostility, and had slipped the reins of insurgency into the hands of Satan, was taken prisoner and ultimately tasted the evil consequences of his misdeeds, and according to the holy text, "They tasted the evil result of their conduct, and the end of their affairs was perdition".

And in compliance with the awe-inspiring royal *fireman* (May it be always executed and carried out), the Raja agreed to pay an enormous amount of cash and commodities as indemnity.

When the prisoners were presented in the Court, the king by his infinite grace and boundless magnanimity wrote the decree "No blame on you today", on the pages of their condition, and covered the sins of each one of them with the skirt of forgiveness. And according to the aphorism, "When you have gained victory, your task has been accomplished", he gave all of them refuge in the sanctuary of justice and heaven of benevolence.

He prostrated himself in gratitude before the Creator, "His power is great and His benevolence is universal", with utmost sincerity and deep faith for enabling him to achieve this momentous victory, a great gift indeed which lent freshness to the sapling of the garden of empire and enhanced the splendour of the cypress of the park of the kingdom. He showed great humility in his supplication to the Almighty God as also in performing his devotions.

With unfailing regularity he offered his prayers and duly

observed the practice of expressing gratitude (to God), which yields the fruit of Divine grace, and brings additional blessings according to the holy text: "If you are grateful I shall certainly give you more".

Consequently by virtue of such a laudable disposition and praiseworthy nature he has distinguished himself among the rulers of the world, who, indeed, look up to him as their leader and guide.

Every day the signs of the graces of God and the lights of the blessings of the Almighty, Exalted and Holy, are increasingly visible in the affairs of the country and its governance. The banners of victory and the flags of authority are more and more dominating the whole world. People, high and low, sing like nightingale, the praises of his rule in the rose-garden of his justice and generosity.

They pray for his kingdom like lily with a hundred tongues and keep their eyes and ears open like the narcissus and the elephant respectively.

The hurricane of his wrath would tear off the tunic of the body of his enemy as if it were the cloak of a rose, and scatter the fruit of his life like a blossom on the dust. Although for a few days his face may glow with the joy like a tulip in the garden of success and he may dip his head into the water of heedlessness like a water-lily, ultimately, the king, with his meteor-like lance, will pull out his tongue from the naps of his neck like a violet, and cause with the glittering edge of his sharp sword a fountain of *Arghwan*-coloured blood to gush forth from his fenugreek-coloured (yellow) face.

After such a glorious victory which God (May His name be glorified) had bestowed on it, the victorious army (May God always grant it victory) directed its reins towards Ajmer.

By the ever-increasing good fortune of the king (May his authority extend from east to west), the soldiers riding swift-spirited, mettled steeds that scratched the surface of the ground with their rock-splitting shoes and from waves of water raised dust to the apogee of skies, crossed a number of deserts, through which even the *Buraq* of wind found it difficult to blow. In fact it was hard even for the swift-flying falcon to flap its wings through the fire-like air. There the blazing sun had draped the ground in the garments of hot pestilential winds. The intensely hot wind touched the body like the sparks from the flames of infernal fire. The heat of the water gave an idea about the degree of the temperature of a patient of faver, you would say that the burnt out-soil had acquired the property of fire and it appeared as if the burnt out earth had acquired the color of ruby.

When at the auspicious hour the crescent of the royal standard, which lends high even to the king of the sky (sun), rose in the territory of Ajmer (the flag was unfurled), so much wealth and riches were seized as booty that it appeared as if mountains and oceans had unlocked their vaults. All of a sudden the inhabitants of the city became rich on account of the munificence of the king who possessed the dignity of the sun.

DESCRIPTION OF THE GARDEN

The courtyard of the garden had been draped in the seven-coloured velvet and the surface of mountains and deserts had become objects of envy for the picture gallery of China.

DESCRIPTION OF FLOWERS

You would say that the wine-babbling nercissus, happy at the sight of its beloved, is holding a golden cup in its hand, and

the full-blown rose has stolen fragrance from the musk-diffusing tresses of the sweetheart.

DESCRIPTION OF ROSE-BED

The pleasantness of the rose-bed had conferred favours on the garden of paradise. The rue-coloured sky had opened its eyes in the manner of the narcissus, to watch this sight. The portico of paradise bit his finger with amazement at the elegance of fresh flowers.

It appeared as if the courtyard of the garden had been adorned with the ornaments of blossoms, and that the choicest of the lucky heavenly bodies had assembled at one place, and had sent into the world, one of the gardens of paradise with a large variety of flowers.

The morning breeze had diffused fragrance in the courtyard of the garden, and the zephyr had burnt aloe-wood in the green surroundings. The soul-nourishing northern wind was carrying in its skirt and sleeves fresh ambergris brought from a heap of jessamine, and was pouring into the golden cup of the narcissus and the cornelean bowl of the Tulip a strong perfume picked up from the bosom of the wild roses. The tunic of the morning had been scented by the tresses of hyacinth and violet. The Jacket of dawn had been made colourful by the cloak of roses and tulips.

The white lily had unsheathed its sword to assault the enemies of the kingdom and faith. The wild growing tulip had opened its mouth to sing the praise of the king of the world with its fiery tongue. You would say that the face of the water-lily had been washed with red wine, and that it (water-lily) had drunk strong wines from the hand of the cup-bearer of the pearl-scattering cloud.

The perfume of spring had made the air fragrant like the

tresses of the captivating beauties, and the carpet of the earth had been filled with musk like the navels of the gazelles of China. Like a tire-woman, the nature had adorned the bride of the garden with ornaments of grace and charms, and presented the dolls of garden (flowers) in rust-coloured robes. It appeared as if in the garden of love birds were singing the melody: "Glory be to Him who has made beautiful everything created by Him", and with the tongues of sincerity, they were versifying these thoughts with extreme eagerness.

DESCRIPTION OF WATER

There were steams of limpid water as palatable as the water of *Kausar*, and so clean that pebbles lying in its bottom could be clearly seen even in a dark night. Astonishingly the water was as sweet as the water of *Salsabeel* and so agreeable that it seemed to be possessing the property of the water of life.

Sometime the eyes of the clouds scattered pearls and gems on the carpet of grass, and some time the hand of breeze made breast-plate of Cathay on the surface of the pond, and like David, covered it with a chain-armour resembling the ringlets of a negro.

ON JUSTICE AND EQUITY

Although the city and the surrounding areas presented an attractive appearance on account of the pretty blossoms and flowers growing all around, it was due to its pleasant climate and abundance of water and trees that it had become an extremely delightful place. The arrival of the king had considerably added to its charm. Indeed the august presence of the king had greatly enhanced its beauty and splendour. The dawn of the morning of success had appeared on the horizon of the fulfillment of desires. The foundations of temples had been

demolished and shrines of idols had been converted into mosques and seminaries. The doctrines and practices of Islam had been firmly established. Unbridled anarchy disappeared like red sulphur and the great alchemy. The world travelling calamity fled from the plains of Hindustan. Heartless tyranny vanished from the land like sincerity and phoenix. Fierce eagle vacated the nest of oppression. The ruins seeking owl scared by the tinkling of the anklets of the hawk of royal wrath vanished from the world. The exhilarating justice tied the reins of peace and security to the peg of eternity. The merry equity adorned the stirrup of the horse of happiness with the ornament of perpetuity. No creature was in a position to indulge in mischief and wickedness, nor could anyone afford to turn hostile and rebellious.

Though the Raja of Ajmer was able to save his life from the fury of the fierce lion by employing tricks of diplomacy, and had sued for peace by subtle stratagems, yet he continued to nurse his old grudge, and by the jugglery of outward show hid his real intentions.

He thwarted the efforts of the king to convert him to Islam. Finding himself in a helpless situation he resorted treachery and as the last move, agreed to pay a huge sum as indemnity. He concealed the cash of duplicity under the carpet of falsehood.

When it became obvious that the foolish Raja was persistently treading the path of infidelity, and the signs of enemity and rancour that lay concealed in his heart began to appear on his face, the fact of his evil intentions was conveyed to the king, who forthwith issued a royal mandate to chastise him, and in execution of it, the head of the misguided Raja was chopped off with a sharp sword. In fact during the reign of this king:

If ever one of his enemies picked up his spear to assault him

(king).

At once the arrow from his (king's) bowstring would dart forth towards his enemy.

CONFERMENT OF THE GOVERNORSHIP OF AJMER ON THE SON OF RAI PITHORA

The prince (son of Rai Pithora), who had shown unmistakable signs of valour and wisdom, and whose bearing was marked with compassion and rectitude, was chosen to rule Ajmer.

Although it was absolutely essential to know the angel from the devil, and to distinguish between light and darkness, yet in deciding that the son should succeed his father, the king had been guided by the holy text, "whatever revelations we abrogate, or cause to be forgotten, we bring one better than it or like it"

The prince was overwhelmed with honours by the sublime court, "May God always bestow on it high positions". He received a royal mandate to the effect that in dispensing justice he should follow the example of the high-ranking nobles on whom the Jupiter of felicity has cast its auspicious glance under the shadow of the blessed of the empire, and the high status of each one of them has enjoyed the dignity of the sun and the rank of the Saturn.

He received a big share of the lights of the favours of the king and enjoyed the patronage of the august court; "May God elevate and honour it". He was brought up in such a disciplined manner that he acquired some of the noble qualities and charming manners of the king-qualities which have been recorded in stories and incorporated in proverbs. His upbringing was planned in such a manner that his personality displayed the superb manners and lovable dispo-

sition of the monarch. In course of time a description of these qualities will become a part of human history and embellish the pages of chronicles that celebrate the glorious deeds and nobel achievements of the rulers of yore. Subsequently the prince rose from the position of a vassal of the king to that of a sovereign monarch. He excelled the contemporary rulers of the world, who bowed before him, and pledged allegiance to the new king whose head touched the star *Farqad*.

CONQUEST OF DEHLI

(May God protect its greatness and perpetuate its glory)

When the king's mind (May God give it rest) was reassured that peace and order had been established in that region. He set to return to Dehli under the protection of good fortune and felicity, shielded by divine aid and heavenly support, with the victorious troops, passionately fond of the candle of war in the manner of a moth, and deeply in love with the fire of battle like a salamander. Therefore he marched towards Dehli — one of the principal cities of Hindustan.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE FORT

As the Imperial flags (May God keep them aloft) reached Dehli, the first thing to be visible was the rampart of the fort, which, like the dignity of the king, rose higher than the top of the Saturn, while to foundations were as strong as the basis of the great empire. The Engineer of reason was unable to attempt its mensuration, and the observers of eyes had not seen the like of it in the length and breadth of the whole world. From its top the condition of the cluster of Pleiades in the casket of the sky could be clearly seen, and the true form of the chess-pieces of the stars on the white chess-board of the firmament could be observed at close quarters.

The army of Islam, unfurled the flag of victory and with the unsheathed swords (with which they defeated their enemies) surrounded the fort like the circumference of a circle, with the hostile troops being reduced to the position of the centre. From the thumbs of fury they shot into the air of battlefield heart piercing arrows as if these were eagles, and thereby liberated

the birds of the enemies, souls from the cages of their bodies. By the strokes of the sky-like spears torrents of blood began to flow in the arena of the fight.

The commanders of the fort realized that if they did not sue for quarter, and allow the reins of authority and expediency to slip into the hands of the devil, it will not be possible to check the impulses of mischief, and Dehli would share the fate of Ajmer.

Overawed by the majesty and ruthlessness of the king, the Raja and his senior officials pledged allegiance to the king. The Raja agreed to become a loyal vassal, pay land revenue and send ceremonial presents to the king.

With the aid of God (May his name be glorified) the morning of victory dawned from the east of good fortune, and the flags of victory and the banners of conquest were hoisted on the top of the moon. The Mercury, the scribe, drafted the dispatch of victory on the pages of the faces of the Venus and the Sun. With his Mars-like poniard, which is lucky for his friends and unlucky for his enemies, he reduced the hostile warriors to subjection. With his sharp sword the king extinguished the fire of mischief and disturbance and put down the dust of distress and insurrection.

Thereafter the reins of success were turned towards the court of Ghazna (May God grant it felicities and benovolences). The victorious standard moved towards the seat of government and the centre of glory and grandeur. The over-increasing good fortune took up its abode in a favourable place and good luck granted him the countries of the whole world.

DESCRIPTION OF THE MILITARY CAMP

The military camp was set up at Inderpet in the vicinity of Dehli. However, the wide open space available for the purpose

became so overcrowded by the large number of soldiers that it looked smaller than the loop of a ring and even as the eye of a needle. Due to the jostling of the vast number of soldiers the vast tract of land seemed to have shrunk to the size of the eye of an ant and the pupil of the eye of a snake.

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AN ACCOUNT OF HOW THE GOVERNANCE OF THE PROVINCES *KUHRAM* AND *SAMANA* WAS ENTRUSTED TO SULTAN QUTBUD DIN

The enlightened mind and the benevolent heart of the king (*Shahabud Din Ghori*) were very much concerned about the affairs of the frontier of the fortified province of *Kuhram* and *Samana*, and he was anxious to establish peace and order in that region. With this end in view, he entrusted the governance of this province to *Sultan Qutbud Din*, the sun of the sky of kingdom, the moon of the horizon of sublimty, the Jupiter of the firmament of empire, the bezel of the signet ring of felicity, the largest gem of the neck-lace of good fortune, the pearl of the oyster of success, the great sovereign, the emperor of the world, a just and benevolent ruler, endowed with the dignity of *Jamshid*, possessing the nature of *Faridun*, the pole star of the world and the faith, on whose fortunate face and blessed the forehead lights of triumph were shining brightly, and the signs of victory were gleaming clearly (May God grant him high position and establish his rule in the east and the west).

The king acting on the principle; "Provide means of prosperity in the areas which have been robbed", showed him (*Qutbud Din*) kindness and benevolence as the occasion demanded. The independent authority and responsibility with which the king invested him (*Qutbud Din*) further enhanced the charm and splendour of this arrangement.

On account of his high-mindedness and pure faith he proved himself worthy of occupying the throne (of Hindustan), and by the dint of his *Yamani* sword and Hindustani poniard

he established himself as a powerful ruler of this country. Under the protection of the sun of divine grace, he rose from the rank of an obedient servant to the status of a mighty monarch, and moved up from the centre of submission to the height of domination.

By performing glorious deeds he excelled all the contemporary rulers and potentates. In the contest for superiority and domination, he surpassed the powerful chiefs and valiant warriors of the world. He subdued the valiant and arrogant warriors of his time who posed a threat to his supremacy.

The fame of the qualities of his head and heart as a king spread all over the world, and he achieved rare distinction among the contemporary rulers for his angelic nature and royal magnanimity. In fact his reputation received such a high degree of publicity that even his enemies acknowledged the unusually high standard of his achievements. The messenger of penetrating intelligence and the envoy of far-seeing mind, who are the couriers of heavenly mysteries and spies of higher and lower regions have utterly failed to grasp the concept of his praise.

They (mind and intelligence), in a state of perplexity and bewilderment, adorned this point (your praise) with the garb of these words:

It is but proper that you are peerless,
Because you are a glance of grace,
Which God is casting on the world.

In short, what honour and glory can be greater than that God (Great be His praise and Holy His name), should, by His rare benevolence, grant one of His servants the succour of good fortune to gird up his loins with true devotion and sincere desire in the cause of religion, and be prepared to sacrifice his life and

wealth in carrying out the order of God, which says "Go forth light and heavy and strive hard in the cause of God", and thus become the leader and guide of the people who have been honoured with the grace of God, according to the holy text: "For such is forgiveness and sustenance most generous".

The merits and benefits of a holy war are obvious to wise men because the Holy Quran says that those of the faithful who try to procure the means of purification and strive hard to remove impurities by the simultaneous of water and soil step into the circle of Divine love, as the Holy text has laid down, "In it are men who love to be puri-fied, and God loveth those who make themselves pure".

From this one can judge the position of a monarch who has washed away the filth of infidelity from the soil of Hindustan with the water (sharp edge) of his sword, and cleared the thorns of polytheism from the length and breadth of the entire country. (By his strength and valour he had not left intact even one idol-temple in this land.) This would also show the singularly high degree of his love for God-love tested by the divers types of hardships suffered by him, because in his view, "To endeavour in the way of God is the best form of prayer". The rank and position of the men of lofty ambitions can be measured only by the differences in the degrees of their efforts because as they say, "Firm determination alone leads to high ideals".

When the moon-like flags of the king, who in point of dignity, places his feet on the head of the Saturn, and picks up the cap of the sun from scalp of the sky, cast their shadows on the fort of *Kuhram*, the surrounding area became exceedingly elegant by virtue of the world-adorning judgment of the king, and acquired perfect charm on account of the favourable attention of his auspicious heart and enlightened mind. His prestige

and power showed positive signs of stability. The cloud of his pearl-scattering hand that gave away the stores of oceans and treasures of mines in its off-hand show of generosity converted that place into a fountain-head of bounty and munificence.

Kindness was shown to all the servants with meticulous care and in looking after the rights of soldiers and civilian subjects he took his clue from the maxim: "All of you who are rulers are answerable to your subjects".

The foundation of the empire was so firmly laid that the possibility of its ever becoming weak was inconceivable, and the edifice of faith and empire grew so populous that reason could not envisage it would ever become desolate.

The watering places and thorough-fares of faith became free from the impurities of heresy and the rubbish of innovations. The flash of the light of justice and the dawn of the morning of equity extinguished the fire of insurrection and dispelled the smoke of the darkness of tyranny from all parts of the kingdom.

People of all sorts and from different regions of the world made for the royal court, the arch of the balcony of which touched the head of *Farqadan* (two stars), and in comparison with which the peak of the green roof (sky) appeared as insignificant as a particle of dust. The great chiefs and proud potentates of the world circumambulated the sanctuary of honour of his august court, which may ever remain the *Kaba* and a place of pilgrimage for mankind.

By virtue of the high ambition of the king the flag of his position rose higher and higher, and the palace of his majesty grew loftier everyday. In a short time his army conquered areas from mountain to mountain, and the entire universe from the earth to the sky reverberated with the shouts of his victory.

So long the earth and the sky are full of motes and stars

respectively, may your troops be more numerous than the stars in the sky and the motes on the earth.

The sun of your face is like the face of the bright sun, and may it remain so. Your glittering sword is rosy like the rays of the morning sun and may it also remain so.

Although great chiefs willingly became vassals and arrogant potentates came forward to join the service of his court, he showed them so much kindness and humility that due to excessive devotion on the part of the people and profuse kindness and humility on his part, it was difficult to distinguish between the master and the servant.

Inspire of all the paraphernalia of wealth and power, no sign of arrogance, so normal in an emperor, ever appeared on his auspicious forehead.

When he sits on his throne to hold his court, he issues firmans with so much authority that the *Kaisar* of Rum and *Faghfur* of China would stand reverentially in the row of his servants.

It was a familiar sight for the people that when the king occupied the throne of majesty and grandeur, he was always disposed to show liberality in showering favors on the people and keeping the doors of justice and beneficence open, and thus he attracted the hearts of the people by the magnet of his benevolence as the adage goes, "The heart feels inclined, inclined towards the things that it likes". In this way he consigned the name and fame of *Noshirwan* and *Hatam Tai* to the folds of oblivion.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE INSTRUMENTS OF MUSIC AND MUSICIANS

The rose garden of happiness was always free from thorns of frustration, and the festive assembly was adorned with handsome musicians — so handsome that the eye that holds the mirror to the charming looks of the beautiful would gain

light by looking at their sun-like faces, and pick up roses and eglantines from the garden of the heart illuminating cheeks of each one of them. Every curl of their twisted tresses was a lasso and every turn and twist of their hair was a fetter. Before these moon-faced beauties even the moon in the sky did not have the audacity to boast of her charms, nor could the Venus dare to play on her flute. On hearing the notes of *Rud* and the sounds of melody, the nightingale would tear the garment of its body just as the zephyr rends the tunic of the rose, and the pebbles at the bottom of the pond would dance like the motes in the air.

DESCRIPTION OF THE CUP BEARER

The scorpion of the tresses of the cup-bearer formed a circle at the corner of the moon (his face). The chain of the ringlets of his hair caught the sun (his face) in a black lasso. The shadow of the twisted lock of his hair falling on the pomegranate flower of his cheeks made a bed of violets. Some time he would open a muskpod by untying his plaited hair, and some time carry away the silvery ball of his chin with the polostick of his twisted hyacinth (tresses). His lustrous rubies (lips) fed the fountain of the water of immortality with supplies from his mouth. His half-asleep eyes were infliction wounds on the hearts of the people by shooting arrows of amorous glances from the bows of eye-brows. The royal mandate of his handsome face acquired the hues of elegance and perfection by the imperial signature of the musky dawn. The mirror of the moon of his cheeks captured the colour of dark musk (dawn), it appeared as if the hand of disturbance was rubbing violet on the left of the rose-petal in the spring of his face, or was adorning the countenance of eglantine with fresh hyacinth.

DESCRIPTION OFF WINE

Vapours of ambergris and fumes of frankincense were rising from the fragrant wine. The air of the assembly was scented and perfumed like the curly tresses of the beautiful. The mouth of the tippler appeared to be stuffed with musk, like the navel of the deer of China. After drinking the spicy wine, the earouser felt as if the gentle breeze coming from the gardens of paradise had entered into his head. Filled with red wine, (the face of) the crystal goblet became cornelian-coloured like a cup of rose. The silver bowl containing rosy wine assumed the shape of a ruby and resembled the bowl of tulip. It appeared that after drinking just one draught of that wine the earth had put on red garments, and its radiance had draped the air in clothes of ruby-coloured silk.

Its glitter in the transparent glass stoked the fire of yearning in the hearts and sould of the people, and illuminated the courtyards of gardens which began to look like the face of the beauties of *Khutân*. The red tears of the flask fell from its eyes like rubies and its cornelian-like body was spouting blazing fire through the mouth of the cup.

The companion of the king was continually taking fire-scattering jugs of wine from the hand of the assembly-illuminating cup-bearer, and incessantly drinking red wine, which, indeed, is spiritual food, from golden goblets and crystal cups.

So many cups filled to the brim with wine were taken from the hands of sweet-lipped cup-bearers, and so much rosy wine was drunk in the presence of fairy-like beauties that it appeared as if the morning of hopes was raising its head from the collar of the fulfillment of desires and the star of joy and the sun of gaiety were rising from the east of happens.

Every moment the army of wine, which is a source of mirth and a means of merriment, assaulted the region of the mind, and disrupted the market of sorrow, and threw into disarray the retinue of anxiety, lending freshness to the garden of cheerfulness and the sapling of gaiety.

It removed the rust of sadness from the surface of the mirror of heart with the polisher of amity, and enhanced the feelings of ease and comfort by eliminating the causes of aversion and disgust.

In this festive assembly, adorned with fairies like the high heaven, and embellished with the beauties of *Khutân* and China in the manner of the garden of *Iram*, every arrow of wish lying in the quiver of hope was shot at the object of desire.

The goldsmith of the sun had transmuted the pebbles in the core of the mine into gold to be scattered in the festive assembly of the king, whose dignity is as high as the Saturn and whose friendship is as auspicious as the influence of the Jupiter and whose malice is as unlucky as the influence of the Mars.

Venus, the musician, was dancing in the sky and Mercury, intoxicated with joy and mirth, called the moon insane. The nightingale was helping the *rud*-player with its melodious voice, and loudly declared like lovers that only a drunkard could remain sober in the season of roses. With the tongue of the ruby-lipped tulip, the green parrot announced to the flowers (dolls of the garden) that in spring a wise man drinks the cup of tasty wine, and an intelligent person asks for a cup as red as a rose, and a bowl as golden as a narcissus, to get rid of cropsickness. Will a lover not discard a bunch of violets when he gets the perfume of the hair of his sweet heart. And will he not drink a cup of red wine when he thinks of the face of his beloved? Standing in the row of slaves, the free lily was proclaiming that

the matchless personality of the king was like a moving cypress in the garden of luxury and a sapling in the orchard of sovereignty.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE HUNTING EXPEDITION OF THE KING AND ITS PARAPHERNALIA

The lion hunting king, after having enjoyed the drinks, decided to go for hunting. He leapt on his nimble horse as swift as the wind, and rode fast on his easy paced sprightly steed. It appeared as if *Solomon* had seized the halter of (the horse) of hurricane or that the sun had mounted the heavenly sphere. The horse with its emerald-coloured hoofs had daubed yellow the topaz-coloured dome (sky), and with its fire-scattering shoes engraved the figures of crescent on the surface of the granite rocks.

The falcon, wearing chain armour, looked like a sturgeon with its silvery body covered with an ambergris-coloured net, or revealed the body of the sun from behind a pall of cloud. One would say that the plaited locks of its hair had fallen on the cheeks of a Chinese beauty, or a dark net was being used as a canopy for roses and eglantine. It (falcon) flew into the air like an arrow from the thumbstall of the world monarch and soared as high as the sky, and the jingle of its ankle rings, reverberated across mountains and forests. It could throw a fast flying bird to the ground by hitting it with its long feathers. Its strong talons, which were like the javelin of death and the dagger of divine decree, could pierce through the heart and breast of the prey and settle there like the kernel in a pistachio, and the rose in its bud. Its diamond-sharp beak, which pricked the souls of its preys like a lancet, had turned the bodies of the birds of the garden into bee-hives and sieves.

On account of its intense desire to see its prey the panther

had become all eyes like the Pleiades, and due to its thirst for blood, its eyes had become blood-red like the eyes of a partridge and those of a cock, and had acquired the colour of the ruby of *Badakhshan* like the eyes of a drunkard and an executioner. And collyrium began to trickle down from its eyes and roll on its cheeks as in the case of small children. One would say that black beads have been mixed with gold, or violet-coloured lines have been drawn on the petals of yellow flowers. On seeing black spots which looked like scales on its golden body, you could have remarked that ambergris-coloured beads have been placed on a heap of saffron, or *dinari* silk cloth has been dotted with ink.

It would leap forth from its ambush like lightning and conceal the moon in a dome of dust. Like a lion it would charge at the white-bellied musk deer and throw them on the ground, and kindle fire with the strokes of its spear like grinders. It would chop off the head of its prey with its silvery sickles concealed in its golden (brown) paws. While rushing forward its front paws would hit the crown of the Gemini, and would be dyed with blood, covering the surface of the earth with jujube-coloured cloth, and washing the shagreen of the ground with the water of vermilion and juice of pomegranate.

In its eagerness to hunt, the grey-hound would run as swiftly as the wind, and traverse round the globe like the sky. And as it raced along, it raised dust, making the garment of the air as dark as collyrium. It would open the arteries of its prey with the lancets of its grinders and dye the earthred with blood.

Terrified by the fire of the sword, the brains in the head of the goat as well as in that of the lion, turned into water, and scared by the brightly shining dagger, the hearts of all the beasts and wild animals bled.

The servants of the king appeared to be riding the wind like the clouds, and grew impatient, like the moon in the revolving sky to chase the game.

The Mercury bit its fingers in amazement at the wounds that the eye-piercing arrows were inflicting. Venus, the singer of odes, had opened its mouth like the notch of an arrow to shower praises on the king. The sun had girt up its loins like a pen to devotedly serve the king. The Mars has fied the bow string round his neck in place of a collar as a mark of servility. The applause of the Saturn at the sound of the shooting of an arrow reached the high heaven. As the hoofs of the horse were producing fire (like lightening) from the stones. Their shoe, which resembled the crescent were producing golden arrows of sparks. These made the earth look like the brocade of China. The dust the form of a chain armour like the mater when the wind blows, when the horse leapt their forelegs carried away the ball of the Sun like a politick (the dart with four feathers was like a fire's eagle and it pierced the heart of the game.

The head of the arrow, which resembled a bud, caused a forwent of blood to gush forth from the eyes of the prey). The diamond (blade) of the shining sword caused a torrent of blood to flow from the body of the onager, and the red dagger gave it the colour of tulip and gilly flower by violet-coloured scribling. It appeared that wounded by the sky-like lance, blood was dripping from the body of the onager as from the holes of a ladle.

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AN ACCOUNT OF HOW JATWAN WAS DEFEATED AND HOW HE FELL IN ACTION

In the year 980, just in the beginning of the holy month of *Ramazan*, which is the season of divine grace, and the time of promised forgiveness, fresh news was received at the court that Satanic pride had filled the head of accursed Jatwan (Chatwan) who had put on his head the cap of insubordination and independent suzerainty.

Indeed he had started fighting at the foot of the fort of Hansi with the Commander Nusratud Din with a band of valiant soldiers, who, when they mounted their horses to display their valour and devotion:

(They) rode across the dusty plains on their Arabian steeds.
And set the Hindustan rivers aflame.

The countryside was overcrowded with warriors, and hills and plains were smarting under the burden of swarms of soldiers. Water became red like cornelian due to the reflection of azure sword, and terror stricken by the shining daggers, the fire inside rocks and steel turned into water. You would say that the messenger of death had made its abode in the edge of every sword and dagger.

When the lion-hearted king got this news, the fire of anger began to blaze in his heart and the spirit of valour was aroused within him. He girt up his loins like the lily to win victory for the glory of Islam, and he looked happy and cheerful like a blooming rose. He set out towards the fire of battle with the speed of wind. His swift steed covered the sun with the dust raised by its hoofs, and it appeared as if the earth had become a fellow traveller of the moon. His soldiers displayed such a keen

desire to join the holy war that it appeared as if they were averse to remain alive.

Before the scimitars of these warriors, the lion of the sky (the sign of Leo) looked helpless like the figures of the lion on a censer, and the lion in the forest appeared insignificant like the lion drawn on the hot bath. The stars of the Aquila shunned the eagles of their arrows, and the surface of the sun, which served as the shield of the sky, resembled the body of a porcupine with the thorns of arrows stuck all over his body. The fish of the celestial sphere (the sign of Pisces) had concealed its head like a tortoise, and the scorpion of the heaven (the sign of Scorpio) had hidden its sting behind its tail. The heart in the bosom of the orange-coloured crab (the sign of Cancer) got split like pomegranate. Each archer was capable of piercing the bosom of an ant and the eye of a snake with the his arrow head even in the darkness of night. The lightning of victory was flashing from the cloud of their swords, and the sun of triumph was shining from the glittering edges of their sharp daggers. High up in the air, their spears made of the reeds of *Khatt*, had made a reed-bed, and their shadows down below filled the earth with coiled snakes.

Terror stricken by the fire spewing spear-heads, the livers of the Mercury and the moon, and spleens of the Venus and the Jupiter turned into blood, and the red cheeks of the sun became yellow like the skin of a quince. The blood-shedding Mars hid his head behind the shield of the gilded firmament in the manner of the Saturn. It appeared as if some valiant soldiers were clad in cuirasses in the manner of a fish, while other were wearing coats of mail like snakes.

On account of the excessive warmth of the water, the air had turned into fire spreading pestilential wind and due to the

intense heat of the earth, the eyes of the shoes of the horses that ran higher than the fish of the nine heavens (the sign of Pisces) glowed like the ruby of *Badakhshan*.

The moon of the standard of the king had caused a chink in the crown of the sun, and his black parasol was casting its shadow on the sky. The cloud sprinkled water on the dust raised by his cavalry by its tears. The wind cast the saddle cloth of his fiery steed on its shoulders. Felicity was reading out the holy verse of victory and conquest from the page of the surface of his dagger, and good fortune saw the image of triumph in the bright edge of his sharp sword.

The terror-struck royal cavalry turned the soil of Hindustan into the plain of the Last Judgement. On account of its restlessness, the terrestrial globe looked like another sky. Due to the reflections of swords and daggers in the sky, the latter resembled the green ocean. With red and yellow banners fluttering in the air, the whole atmosphere presented the appearance of a sheet of brocade filled with gold.

Scared by the figure of the dragon emblazoned on the royal standard, the constellation of the Dragon bent downwards. The lion of the sky (the sign of Leo) begged for mercy from the figure of the lion on the flag.

Khursau set out to fight with the enemy at the head of a vast army. Even in the darkness of mid-night he pressed forward towards the battlefield, faster than the clouds in the sky and the wind on the earth, spurred onward by his irresistable passion for measuring swords with the enemy.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE NIGHT AND STARS

The *Simurgh* of the sun had gone into hiding behind the mountain *Qaf* (ق) of the west, and the grey falcon of the day disappeared into the nest of darkness. The black crow of the

night had concealed the golden egg of the sky (the sun) under its wings. Separated from the sun, the air had put on mourning robes as black as the feather of a crow. It appeared as if a curtain made of the smoke-like sigh of lovers had been drawn on the expanse of the universe. Or the face of the world had turned dark like the record of the misdeeds of sinners on the Day of Judgement.

The silvery line of the Milky Way was shining like an eglantine in the rose covered garden of the firmament. In the rust-coloured sky the cluster of the Pleiades looked like a bough of blossoms in a verdant meadow. The constellation of the Bear rose from the horizon of the rust-coloured firmament, and began to shine like the girdle of a silvery sword in the courtyard of topaz-coloured sky. It appeared as if ivory dice were rolling on the azure board of the heaven or glass chessmen were moving on the blue chess-cloth of the sky.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE CRESCENT

The crescent raised its golden battle-axe in the battlefield of the sky, and carried away the silver-plated ball of the Venus with its yellow polo-stick.

Sometime she would appear in the meadow of the heaven in the shape of a sickle made of pure gold. At another time she was seen in the form of the letter nun (ن) inscribed on the tablet of the firmament with gold water. Extremely emaciated, waning till in the final phase of her decline, she suffered the agony of debility like a consumptive. It would appear as if her body had been used to make a bow for playing violin, and a trumpet and a rebek for the assembly of the king, or else a set of golden bangles and ankle-rings had been made out of her body for the lady of the bed chamber of the sky (the Venus).

DESCRIPTION OF THE DAY

The mirror holder of the morning lifted the pitch-coloured veil from the face of the sky, and fixed a silvery canopy on the violet-coloured cradle of the heaven. It (morning) scattered a heap of eglantines on the lily-coloured carpet (the sky), and sifted camphor on the ambergris-coloured ringlets of the firmament. It inscribed the Quranic verse of light on the ink-coloured page of the night with the pen of silver, and lifted the dark tresses of the night from the face of the day, and unfurled a white flag in the collyrium-coloured sky.

It pulled out a bright dagger from the sheath of the blue dome, and showed a shining scimitar from behind this revolving shield, and drew forth the tongue of javelin from the mouth of the dark night in the manner of a meteor. The back of a sturgeon was visible in the jaws of the crocodile of ocean of the heaven, and it (morning) had adroitly disengaged the collar of the swift-moving sphere from the skirt of the horizon. It also lifted the dark hair of night from the heart cheering face of the day, and unfurled a white flag in the collyrium-coloured sky.

The (mirror holder) of the sun pulled out a bright dagger from the sheath of the blue dome (sky) and showed forth a shining scimitar from behind this revolving shield. The sun-lit candle of the chess-players thrown away this deceitful dome and burnt down the crow faced Hindus in the night like a moth. It illuminated the world by showing its face which was fair like that of a denizen of Rum. By the laughter of the Turk of day-break it converted the oyster of the earth into a casket of pearls.

And drew forth the tongue of javelin from the mouth of the dark night like a meteor.

The back of the sturgeon was visible in the jaws of the crocodile of the heaven, or it had very adroitly disengaged the collar of the swift moving sphere from the skirt of the horizon.

It had burnt up the black slave of the night like a moth. The fair face of the day lent the splendour of heaven to the world.

The smile of the Turk of the dawn turned the oyster shell of the earth into a box of pearls.

The golden shield? of the sun raised its head from behind the peak of the mountain, and his writ ran over the world like this spear.

The reflection of the sun gave the colour of fire to the mirror of the air.

The radiance of the sun gave transparency of water to the terrestrial sphere.

The ever victorious king (May his crown and throne be higher than the domes of the sun and the moon) covered a distance of twelve *farsang* in one night. In the course of his journey, he was riding and moving over mountains, which were so high that even birds could not fly over them. The wind could not measure the area of that forest. Its fire spewing water was a specimen of the burning hot water of hell, and its infernal fire appeared to be the sign of severe punishments.

AN ACCOUNT OF HOW THE INFIDELS WERE ROUTED

When the accursed *Jatwan* learned about the arrival of the victorious army he was forced to rise from the foot of the fort and (in frustration) turned away his face from the battle.

The Raja, with a band of his accursed followers took to flight, before the hurricane of the wrath of the king, like the demon fleeing before *Solomon* or as the onager scampers away from the fury of the fierce lion and a furious tiger. Scared by the tongue like spear the Raja twisted and turned in agony like the

tongue of a serpent. Terror-stricken by the arrow-head as sharp as the scales of a fish, he was in deep anguish like a fish thrown on the land.

Afraid of the shaft he dropped his chain armour as the snake casts its slough. Terrified by the royal army as awe-inspiring as a serpent, he was seeking shelter in the eye of an ant. Demoralised by the sight of the hordes as numerous as ants, he had grown wings to fly in the manner of ants.

When fleeing.he raced across the earth like the wind and flew over descents and ascents like water and fire respectively. Dread of the sword, which looked like water but had the body of firs, made him move on the earth with the ease of the wind.

He trembled like mercury due to the fear of the silvery poniard.

He was so terror-stricken that blood froze in his veins and arteries, and in a state of extreme fright the marrow in his bones and skull turned into water.

It appeared that the Raja's imagination had seen the blood thirsty spear of the king in sleep or had watched the sparks coming out of his sharp sword while he was wide awake.

The lion-hearted king attacked the rear of the enemy's army.

Holding a crocodile in his clutches and a dragon under his feet.

His dark horse with its *Buraq*-like body was galloping with the speed of wind and *Buraq* traversed all over the terrestrial sphere like the swiftly revolving sky.

When it jumped, it broke the circle of heavens by striking it with its hoofs, and shot through the air with lightning speed like a meteor.

It became a neighbour of the revolving sky like clouds and

the crescent of its shoes pierced the canopy of the moon (the sky) so elegantly embellished by the nails of stars.

So much so that the sun kissed the edge of the shadow of the hoof on the ground.

On account of its gentle pace it seemed to be moving like a shadow on the wall, and by its stupendous speed it outstripped its own shadow.

Like an arrow it would fly from the target on earth and hit the butt of the skies, and the zephyr and the side wind swift though they are, were confounded and crest-fallen at the speed of the horse that ran as fast as the wind and the cloud.

The mountains were filled with the sparks raised by its shoes and the desert resounded with the thunder of its neighing.

The Muslim army encountered the Hindustani troops in the vicinity of *Bakar* (Bhakkar).

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THE ENCOUNTER OF THE ARMY OF ISLAM WITH HINDUSTANI ARMY IN THE VICINITY OF BAKAR

Although *Jatwan* (Chetwan) did not have the power to fight, yet as he found himself helplessly caught in the jaws of the dragon of water, and had also realised that the road of escape was blocked, as the royal flags and the standards of victory were flying, he, not voluntarily, but out of necessity, drew the sword of enmity from the sheath of malice, and raised the dust of war, and with his sharp sword kindled the fire of battle.

There was a loud clamour of battle cry to the beating of the drum of deer skin. The sound of conches responded in the air.

The thunder drum and the sound of trumpet rose to the Capello. The blowing of the brazen flute was like the blast of the Last Judgement.

The silvery face of the moon turned yellow with fear.

The golden pen of the Mercury stopped moving. The cavalier of the sky (the sun) began to lament like the Venus. The gall-bladders of the Jupiter and the Mars burst.

The heart of the malicious Saturn began to bleed.

The two armies were seething with excitement like two green oceans. They attacked each other like two mountains of steel. With the dust raised by the armies, the air of the battlefield turned black like hair.

The blood of the warriors covered the battlefield with rubies.

The blood shed by the sword of Yaman filled the courtyard of the battlefield with blood.

A draught from the water (brightness) of the Hindustani sword made the dust of the battlefield intoxicated.

It appeared as if the flash of the lightning of the swords and poniards was laughing at the life of the fighters, and clouds of javelins were shedding tears on the bodies of the dead.

The sword had caused jujube-coloured tears to fall like raindrops from the branches of myrtle, and a torrent of red water was flowing on the leaves of rue, and washed the face of leek with the water of tulip, and dyed the hair of violet with red wine.

It seemed that the rain of amber was pouring down from the steel plates (sword), or as if the rubies were oozing out of the spring of diamond.

The drops of blood on its rust-coloured body looked like drops of vermilion sprinkled on green enamel, or as if the grains of pomegranate had fallen on the leaves of the pomegranate tree.

The surface of the dagger shone in the dust like fire engulfed by smoke, and poured rubies on indigo in the battlefield when the dagger inflicted wound. The air appeared red like a core and when it shed blood, it looked as if olibanum has become red like ruby.

The luster of the lily-coloured sword was shining like the reflection of the Pleiades in water.

You would say that small pearls have been placed in a glass goblet, or bits of diamonds have been scattered on silk.

The meteor like body of the spear, when inflicting wounds on the enemy like it twisted into shape of *nun* (ن) resembling the crescent, and the *alif*-like (ا) sword, when striking at the enemy got bent like the *ain* (ع) of a horse-shoe.

The blood stained body of each sword gleamed like the flame of fire. It seemed that the silvery sword (leaf) of lily has been washed with the water of Brazil wood and madder, and

the green spears of willow have been dyed with red wine.

The liver piercing-arrow stitched the helmets to the heads of the rebels.

In the dark night motes glittered like the meter in the atmosphere, and dust particles in clouds shone like lightning and thunderbolt, and on the stroke of fire, stars got scattered in the blue sky.

The point of the spear turned the marrow in the skull of warriors into steel, and when it was thrust into the body of the valiant soldiers it entered their bodies like the sleep in the eyes and when it penetrated the bosom of the combatants it concealed itself like a secret in the heart.

The victorious *Khursau* attacked like wind and cloud and the vast expanse of the earth appeared to be too small for the race of his fiery tempered steed.

The dust raised by his extremely swift horse became the crown of the sun.

When his dark bay horse jumped, the crescent of its shoe served as the bangle of the Venus.

It appeared that the day had received light from the whiteness of the forehead of his black horse, while the darkness of the night had deepened on account of the blackness of the huge horse.

The lion-hunting king produced fire from hard stone by striking it with steel (sword) and by piling up the dead and the wounded blocked the passage of the wind.

He perpetrated so much carnage that the hoof of his horse tinged with blood became red like the ruby of *Badakhshan*.

He scattered on the ground the heads of the chiefs of the army like the balls to be hit by the polo-stick.

He split the helmets of the enemies of the faith with the

diamond (sharp edge) of his sword and tore the heart of warriors like the tunic of a tulip. He dyed the violet-coloured body red, and washed the silk-coloured form with yellow water.

By the reflection of its blood-stained surface, the black sheath of the firmament became vermilion-coloured and the rust-coloured chain armour of the heaven turned red like a ruby.

He shed fire from the point of his sword in the same way as the cloud produces lightning. He caused a shower of blood so that the dust of battlefield would settle down.

He made the blood gush forth from the liver of the fierce lion, and caused a torrent of blood to flow from the body of a huge elephant.

It appeared as if the cloud of his head-chopping sword was fire spewing lightning, and the crocodile of his blood shedding dagger was a blood thirsty lion.

With the help of the dragons of his lance he would throw down the warriors from the back of their horses, and hang the heads of his adversaries on the point of the spear like flags. The tongue or his sharp lance caused the fire of battle to blaze and flashes of missiles lit up the sky like a meteor.

By shedding blood on rock and sand he gave them the colour of ruby.

The colourless face of the terror-stricken Venus had acquired the colour of gold and yellow dye.

The swordsman of the Mars drew his head behind the shield of the armour-looking sky, and following the example of the cloud hid it behind the volley of arrows and from the sun, the casket of heaven scattered silvery beads of stars on the carpet of the earths, and reduced the bodies of the enemies of the faith to dust, and fixed points of golden spears on the shields

of the sun and the moon.

He crushed the heads of the rebels with his heavy mace, and under the hoofs of the swift horses, pressed on the ground the skulls of the troops of the satans. With constant blows of mace and battle-axe kindled fire in the water like the bolt.

He caused the heads of the warriors to fall on the battlefield like hail stones from the clouds.

The head of the arrow acquired the colour of large size ruby from the blood smeared bodies of the wounded, and the tip of the spear became yellow like amber due to the reflection of pale faces.

It seemed as if the dagger of destruction had sifted the saw-dust of *Zareer* (a yellow dying wood) on the swarthy faces of Hindus, and the hand of death had sprinkled saffron on their pitch-like bodies.

Jatwan (Chetwan), who was the cause of mischief and disturbance and the root of infidelity and malice, became a companion of anxiety and an associate of remorse.

The face of the kingdom and empire and the countenance of victory and triumph remained rosy on account of the sword inlaid with gems, which resembled the surface of the grass adorned with dew-drops or and enamel goblet studded with royal pearls.

The flags of his polytheism and the banners of his aberration were lowered by the hand of the royal fury.

He found himself caught in the confounding maze of calamities and helplessness and engulfed by the flames of hardship. Thus, he was humiliated like the dust-laden wind in the whirlpool of battle and the fire of combats. Eventually, he surrendered himself to the master the kings, and ultimately his head was split like *ain* (ع) by the *alif*-like (ا) straight sword.

And his body was bent like *dal* (د) by the action of the *nun*-like (ن) bow, and by the stroke of the sharp sword, the soil of the battlefield was kneaded with the blood of that wretch, and the filth of polytheism was wdshed away from his dominions.

DESCRIPTION OF THE SWORD

Fame of the holy wars waged by the king and details of the endeavours made by the emperor to come out victorious spread all over the world. The reports about his glorious deeds and noble action had reached the four corners of the earth; and his great and illustrious name had been recorded (inscribed) in the book of novel panegyrics and eulogies to be remembered forever. The servants of the empire got enormous booty as they say "there are abundant spoils, seize them", and they became rich like ocean with gems, and wealthy like mine with gold.

Like the lily they acquired belts of silver, and like the narcissus wore crown of gold.

The triumphant king also regarded this remarkable victory as easily won, as an embroidery on his previous conquests, and an ornament on the body of the bride of empire, the like of which the mother earth would not produce again, as a gift of Divine grace and heavenly felicity.

When it became obvious to the enlightened judgement of the king (the cherisher of faith) that even if a man leads a long life and is engaged day in and day out in offering thanks to the creator (May His name be exalted for His blessings) yet when the time comes for him to give up the ghost, he will find that the girdle of his gratitude does not encircle the vast variety of numerous blessings so literally gifted to him. So that he should, with all sincerity, and to the best of his ability, plead his failure to do justice to the task expressing gratitude.

He should, therefore, make strenuous efforts to expand the bases of justice and strengthen the pillars of faith, and fasten the girdle of serious endeavour round his waist to pursue this lucrative trade and acquire this profitable merchandise.

He should make the earth populous with the help of the architects of justice and equity, and by virtue of his high-mindedness bring splendour, elegance to the market of merit and learning and attainments.

Further, he should think it obligatory and binding on himself to show utmost respect and reverence to the religious divines who are heirs to the Prophets and are treasures of various branches of theology and spiritual knowledge.

To honour and venerate them as has been laid down in the Holy book (Quran) and the tradition is a precursor of prosperity and a prop to kingship.

Consequently by the blessing of this laudable faith and by virtue of the charm of this admirable disposition the signs of God's grace and the rays of Divine Providence are becoming increasingly manifest and the succour of His infinite favours, bounty and beneficence is ever augmenting.

On hearing (of) the fame of his pearl-scattering hand hordes of people are making for this august court, which is the *Qibla* of good fortune and the *Ka'ba* of hope for the world and the people of the world. They are proceeding with speed towards this lofty palace, and to present themselves before the sun of this audience hall like motes.

By kissing the royal carpet, which is kissed by the celebrities of the world, they attain to real dignity and abundant felicity and enjoy the additional distinction of receiving costly robes of honour.

Their rank and status is raised so high that they put their feet

on the head of the moon, and in the race-course of merits they outstrip the sun (the cavalier of the sky).

They pray to God that the ropes of the tent of the empire be fastened to the pegs of eternity, and that the pearls of kingship be strung in the thread of perpetuity, and that the rose-bed of happiness is weeded (cleared) of thorns of frustration, and the flags of power remain adorned with signs of victory and triumph.

That the sun of his good fortune remain firm in the degree of elevation and the point sublimity, from the harm caused by the evil eye of eclipse, and the moon of his majesty enjoy proximity to the influence of the Jupiter and the Venus, the musician, safe from the nasty clutches of eclipse and darkness.

The religious teachers and the dignitaries of the state continue to be triumphant, and the enemies of the kingdom and people may remain frustrated.

As there was an uninterrupted inflow of happiness and delight, and various blessings came his way, the exalted stirrup, (May it remain exalted) was turned towards *Hansi* where he stayed for a few days in order to build a fort.

Subsequently he proceeded to *Kuhram* and that city acquired fresh elegance by the auspicious arrival of the king.

Due to the splendour of the moon of the royal standard, the sun of dignities moved towards its star of nativity, and reached the point of elevation and the centre of felicity in the apex of good fortune. He provided all the means of happiness, comfort and prosperity to the people, who led a carefree life under the protection of his kindness and compassion.

In an environment of peace and security they felt immune from the dutches of misfortune and disaster. All his subjects basked in the sun of justice, and equity and fairness prevailed

in all the regions of the world. The signs of the blessings of his wisdom and vision were visible in the affairs of the faith and the empire, and the evidence of his admirable military triumphs was clearly perceptible on the countenance of the kingdom and the people.

The news of this signal victory spread all over the world and the happy tidings were conveyed to all the cities of Hind and Sind whether near or far.

Despatches of victory describing how the state functionaries achieved triumph and crushed the enemies of the kingdom were sent to the court of *Ghazni* so that it may be obvious to the enlightened judgement of the emperor that in the changing circumstances, the hopes and desires which are going to be fulfilled, and the purposes and aims and objects likely to be achieved will be possible by the lofty efforts and pure faith of the king.

And that the realisation of ambitions and aspirations, and the preludes to happiness and felicity, will flow from the infinite grace and boundless munificence of the emperor.

ANNEXATION OF DEHLI (DELHI) AND MERUT (MEERUT)

When the sun cast its shadow on the sign of Libra and the army of the month of *Tir* displayed its craftsmanship in gardens and parks, the green garments of trees became gilded like faces of lovers, and the azure enamel of orchard and meadows assumed the colour of amber. The troops of summer took to flight and the wind began to shower gold on the surface of water like the liberal palm of the king's hand.

In such a pleasant season the king thought of setting in order the affairs of the faith and the empire and proceeded post-haste from *Kuhram* to *Merut*.

He raced forward with the speed of wind, while his triumphant army with their unsheathed divinely aided swords and the royal flags held aloft, followed him. Due to the large gathering of nobles and gallant horsemen the plains of Hindustan were jampacked, and warriors and combatants found the extensive lands of this country far from adequate for their number.

After they had alighted at the fort of Merut, which is one of the famous forts of this celebrated city, well-known for the firmness of its foundation and the strength of its pillars, a company of soldiers, reputed for their matchless valour and remarkable devotion to duty started the hostilities. Awe-struck by the valour of the king in the battle-field, the inmates of the fort found themselves in a miserable condition, and when it came to actual fighting they realised that they were utterly helpless before the royal troops. Thus was captured the

impregnable fort, an inaccessible stronghold, the ramparts of which were firm and solid like a lofty mountain, and surrounded by a wide moat boundless like an ocean. Its ramparts were so high that even a fast flying falcon could not soar over them, and its battlements were invisible to the naked eye of someone watching them from the ground.

The enemies of the country made futile efforts to face the onslaught of the royal servants whose swords always dyed the cheeks of victory and triumph with blood. The iron ramparts of the impregnable fortress were of no avail when the crusaders pierced them with their mountain-penetrating spears. A large number of people were led from the darkness of sensuality to the light of spirituality. They began to worship with sincerity and single-minded devotion the most appropriate object of adoration, the one God (exalted be the invocation of His name). The foundations of infidelity and sin as also the basis of polytheism and aberration were demolished. The temples of idols and icons became the habitations of the faithful and believers in one God. There was positive evidence of the rites and practice of Islam being observed by the people.

A competent kotwal was appointed at the fort of Merut. From Merut the royal standards and the banners of divine aid moved out and proceeded towards Dehli with the object of starting a major offensive for capturing the fort of Dehli. After the arrival of the army, the entire suburbs of the city became a camp full of royal tents and pavilions.

The royal troops furious like the fire, and swift like the wind, moved on the battlefield with the speed of water, and with the sharp Hindustani sword inflicted wounds, the fire of which burnt the plectrum in the fingers of the Venus and pen in the hands of the Jupiter.

As the Arabian steeds charged the enemy, the dust raised by their hoofs covered the spring of the sun. The planets of the royal army surrounded the sky-high fort, just as the halo encircles the moon, and buds form a ring round the fruits.

The inmates of the fort were ready for the imminent hostilities and had made all preparations for the battle. They were proud of their numerical strength and best military equipment. All the soldiers were wearing helmets in place of caps, and looked like falcons or crowned hoopoes. They were looking like crocodiles in the foams of billowing waters in their silver-plated armours or you would say they were hidden in the small rings of their coats of mail like pigeons caught in snares, rather breast-plates of cathey looked like the scales of fish. Like the body of a snake, and the eye of the locus. They had worn the mourning garments of chain armour made by *Daud*. Like a porcupine they had sharpened the points of their thorn-like arrow-heads on the whetstone of the battle. In the manner of a turtle they had assumed the form of a hard rock to parry the hard-hitting arrows of the battle. They had girt up their loins to fight for defending the frontiers of the kingdom of Islam and for protecting the sanctuary of faith.

It appeared that the surface of their basil-coloured swords were the wrestling ground of the footmen and the edges of their lily-coloured daggers were the thoroughfare of death.

The messengers of despair and fright converged in the minds of the enemies of faith, and the couriers of panic and alarm began to visit the courtyards of their bosoms at the thought of the majesty and power of the king gifted with an awe-inspiring personality. The reins of composure and self-possession though firmly held by them, slipped from their hands when they faced the might of the king. The lights of clearly

visible victory and the signs of glorious conquest could be seen on the edges of the standards, and indications of triumph and proofs of ascendancy and good fortune became visible. As has been customary, the dawn of the morning of success could be discerned in the very beginning of the battle.

Within an hour the ramparts of the fort and its surrounding area were cleared of the defending warriors by the darting arrows and the snake-like spears.

In this way he captured the fort, which was so lofty that the tops of its towers touched the sign of Gemini. It was so well-fortified that human mind could not cherish the desire of taking possession of it. Due to the high degree of its firmness and inaccessibility, the *Huma* of the ambition of the contemporary rulers did not fly near the intention of conquering it. The informant of farsighted intelligence could not say any thing about its height, and the swift runner of fancy had not traversed across the highway of its length and breadth.

So he added to his kingdom this renowned and well-known fort of the principal city of Hindustan, which also formed the entry point to this vast country. Subsequently he conquered the whole country by sheer dint of his superior military strength. Soon the royal standards were triumphantly flying all over the country. The rebels of the land scared by the arrows of the king, bent their *alif*-like (ا) straight bodies like bows, giving them the shape of *nun* (ں), and fastened the girdle of servitude and devotion like spears to save their lives.

These insurgents were terribly afraid of the hot wind of the royal wrath which could turn the hail-stones inside clouds into embers, and create the propriety of fire in the water of life. At the same time they were hopeful and confident of the fragrant breeze of his kindness, which could cause the river of paradise

to flow from the hard rocks, and make the fresh flowers, bloom in winter from a dry log. Because of the general compassion and tender-heartedness characteristic of the King *Khursau* covered their offences with the skirt of forbearance and clemency, and drew the line of amnesty across the records of their misdeeds and crimes. He regarded the forgiveness of the strong as one of the obligations and duties of a king, as also the moral virtues of supreme importance.

The king entered the city at an auspicious hour, when the star of good fortune guided his footsteps, and the time was propitious for surmounting difficulties. The city of Dehli, a source of felicity and good fortune, acquired a new charm as the monarch set his lucky footsteps on its soil.

By virtue of the splendour of the mighty empire and the ever increasing good fortune of the king, justice was established in its rightful place, and his subjects found deliverance from sufferings and calamities in that abode of peace and asylum of security.

The faces of all the people flushed like roses due to the cloud-like bounty and infinite benevolence of the king, and their hands were filled with gems and gold like the ocean and the mine respectively on account of the munificence of his pearl-scattering hands. The gates of his beneficence and charity were opened wide on all classes of people, and the name and fame of his kindness and magnanimity spread all over the world.

As had been his practice in the past, he laid due stress on propagating the canons of the holy law and the tenets of Islam. The edifice of devotion and the pillars of good deeds (charities) were raised high and the practices of heresy and the bases of aberrations were obliterated. Neither idols nor idol-worshippers

should be seen in the city and its surrounding areas.

Mosques were built at the site of temples of icons, and the habitations of idolaters were converted into the dwellings of monotheists. The voices of people glorifying and praising God, as also the melodious tunes in which the *muezzin* called the faithful to prayer resounded in the region of the Saturn. Thus, the centre of infidelity was illuminated by the rays of the sun of Islam and the word of God.

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AN ACCOUNT OF THE REVOLT OF HARRAJ (HARI RAJ) BROTHER OF THE RAI (RAJA) OF AJMER

In this way the pearls of the affairs of the state had been completely arranged in the string of loyalty, and the observance of religious obligations duly set on a firm footing. The office of the Chief *Sadr* was held by *Qiwam-ul Mulk Ruknud Din Hamza* who had excelled his compeers in refinement of manners, and whose way of life was a demonstration of wisdom to the rulers of the world. His brilliant deeds had shed lustre on dominions of the vast empire and the wisest and the most competent of his contemporaries paled into insignificance before his glorious achievements. He had passionately devoted himself to the cause of charity and general beneficence. By his firm administration and mature judgment he had furbished the image of the empire. He had kept himself so well-informed about the intricacies of problems and ins and outs of the state of affairs that his fame in this regard had reached every nook and corner of the empire like the blessing of the sun, and the reports about his deep erudition and charming manners had been heard by the people as a regular flow of news.

This official despatch from *Ranthambor* to the royal court, which is a source of favours and an abode of dignities, a communication stating that *Harraj (Hari Raj)* brother of the Raja of Ajmer, led astray by Satan had landed himself in a state of misery. He had become so impudent that he had resorted to breach the agreement and was now preparing to kindle the fire of sedition, and raise the dust of rebellion. Abandoning the

path of sincerity and harmony, he was turning towards hypocrisy.

He had firmly fastened the reins on the harsh horse of insurrection and hostility. Riding the horse of insubordination he had put the bangles of desertion in his wrist. He withdrew his head from the loop of obedience and had thrown the yoke of submission off his neck. He had overstepped the bounds of subordination and servility and was engaged in ruthless pillage and plunder. He had even proceeded with an army to lay siege to the city of *Ranthambor*. His soldiers were seething with hatred like the water disturbed by strong winds, and were raising the dust of turmoil and sparks of hostility from the ground. The son of Rai Petora *(Pithora)* who was a protege of the king and owed his exalted position to the powerful and sublime court (May God increases his majesty manifold) found himself in a tight spot, threatened with dangers from all sides and helpless in the clutches of distress and misfortune.

SABIQUL MULK NASIRUD DIN MAS'UD

When the report of this development had the honour of being heard by the king, the matter was referred to *Amir Sabiqul Mulk Nasirud Din Masud* (May God increase his authority) who had the reputation of smoothly carrying on the work of administration and maintaining peace and order in the kingdom. This noble was a branch of tree of Prophethood, a cypress in the garden of gallantry, a star from the zodiacal sign of felicity, a gem from the casket of leadership, a pearl from the ocean of purity, the full moon of the sky of apostleship. As regards the knowledge of laws, customs and conventions of governance he enjoyed pre-eminence among his compeers and in valour and gallantry too he had established his superiority over his fellow dignitaries. He enjoyed celebrity and

the reputation of being a pure descendant of (Hazrat) *Ali*, and the fame of his proven nobility had spread far and wide in the Hindustani sub-continent. In short he had no equal.

The sun of the sky of the empire and *Jamshid* of the throne of the kingdom cheerfully made a move towards the fort of *Ranthambor*. He put his feet in the sky touching stirrup of his earth traversing black horse and directed the reins of divine aid of that dark steed that galloped with the speed of a meteor.

His charger swiftly racing like moon, filled the spring of the sun with the dust raised by its hoofs. As it leapt into the air its crescent like horse-shoes became the earring of the Venus. It galloped across plains and deserts as soft as breeze and side winds, and raced down mountains and vales like an onager and deer.

The Divine decrees were riding along with the firm determination of *Khusrau*. The point of his hair-splitting spear pierced the eye of the *Suha* in sky. His mountain penetrating arrow uncoiled the tail of the dragon in the high heaven, and the sparks emanating from his lance ignited fire in the bosom of the Canopus, and by the lightning of a stroke lit up the face of the air in the manner of a thunderbolt. The crocodile of his sword, happy at the thought of killing the enemy, grew teeth inside its belly. While the serpent of the dagger turned the spring of its lustre into a mouth in its eagerness to drink the blood of the foes.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE ARMY

The royal army consisted of seasoned soldiers, the finest specimens of manhood, whose fast-flying arrows scared away the eagle soaring high in the heaven, and the lions (quitted) fled from their lairs in the forests frightened by their dragon-like spear. The dust raised by the horses turned the bright day into a dark night and covered the fountain of the shining sun with

a black pale of hazel. The atmosphere put on a dust-coloured robe like the earth while the ethereal sphere made a roof of smoke over its head.

When the accused *Harraj (Hari Raj)* got the news of the arrival of the Imperial standard he realised that he could not offer resistance to Muslim army. Unable to face the enemy, her perforce decided to take to flight, unnerved by the horror struck by the sharp sword he ran as fast as the wind with his demoralised soldiers.

On the successful completion of the campaign, the king of auspicious judgment expressed his deep sense of gratitude to the Almighty God. He praised the God (exalted be His name) in words that conveyed his feelings of genuine humility. He reverted to his old habit of managing the affairs of the state strictly in accordance with the dictates of justice, and thus gave protection to all people, high and low, in the asylum of his kindness and care. His subjects received an abundant share of his benevolence and generosity. He revived the law of bounty and generosity by the liberal use of his cloud-like hands and caused the cornfield of hope to bloom by the showers of his munificence and magnanimity.

About this time the son of *Rai Petora* (Pithora) was singled out for robe of honour and other favours as he had won the genuine faith and confidence of the king. To demonstrate his sincerity he sent to the king numerous presents which included three watermelons of gold which had been very ingeniously mould into the shapes of the full moon. Their crescent like ribs had been arranged with subtle craftsmanship. With the compasses of His power, the Painter of the universe had drawn the sketch of its original form in the dwelling of the loins of the rock, and the eternal portraitist had painted the picture of its

charming face in the recesses of the womb of mine, for years the foster-mother of the sun had nurtured it in the cradle of stones, and like a dyer dipped its blue and black garments in a solution of saffron.

At about this time it was announced at the sublime court that the *Raja* had created confusion by fleeing Dehli and that he had collected a number of infidels, malcontents and insurgents and was cherishing the vain ambition of recovering his kingdom and rule over it as before. Due to extreme arrogance and lack of foresight he had converted his heart into the abode of the devil. When the enlightened mind of the king grasped the implications of this development, he girded up his loins to wage a holy war against the infidel *Raja* and with a firm resolve to crush him, and he proceeded with a battalion of his victorious troops.

As the *Khusrau* set out on the campaign, the leader of Divine aid and success and the forerunner of victory and triumph rode by his side. As the time was propitious and fates favourable. The accursed *Raja* was captured.

The pen of destiny inscribed the description of his doom on the leaf (page) of his sovereignty. The arrow of annihilation shot by the Divine decree hit the target of his life. The pre-destined death rolled up the scroll of his existence. He swallowed a draught from the lustre of the dagger.

One stroke of the flame-like shining sword severed the head of the humiliated *Raja* from his body. His head was sent to Dehli where he had lived and which was his original home.

After achieving his object and accomplishing of his mission, the king turned the sky-high stirrup of his steed towards Dehli which is the cradle of merits and a vehicle of benefits, and the reins of the horse of the world-conquering monarch were

directed in the direction of that city under the thick umbrage of good fortune. Thus successful and happy, the victorious and triumphant monarch returned to the abode of honour and seat of government. On his arrival at Dehli he issued an order to draw up despatches of victory to be sent to the court of *Muhammad Ghori* at *Ghazna*.

These despatches were to set forth a detailed account of the way the forts were captured and battles were won during the auspicious reign of the emperor, so that his brilliant and exalted mind (May God elevate it) gets a clear idea of the danger and difficulties faced by the army in the course of these military expeditions. Essentially the ultimate aim of the king (*Qutbud Din Aibak*) was to demonstrate his genuine loyalty to the sovereign whose court is the refuge of the ruler of the world a place where felicity is dispersed and hopes are fulfilled.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE SCRIBE

The royal special scribe was so clever (in his job) that the planet Mercury was fit to be a slave and a hostage to his fingers. With his diamond like penetrative mind he could bore the pearls of ideas and arrange them in the thread of sweet sounding words and elegant phraseology. The beauty of his calligraphy and the grace of his style were simply breath-taking. You would say that the tip of his reed pen expounded the secrets of a chaste speech, and the grating sound of his pen, when it wrote, was the nightingale of the rose tree of the garden of eloquence. His cane like pen washed its slim body in a solution of saffron and then crawled on a marble slab like a snake. The tip of its tongue appeared as sharp as the points of spear heads and arrows or we would say that it dived into the ocean of tar like a golden bird and then poured tar out of its beak on the blank page of a notebook. Or that it sprinkled

musk from a bough of vine on a leaf of silver. Or perhaps dripped saliva of bee (honey) on a tablet of silver. Or it spread the dark net of the hair of the night on the face of the day. Or perhaps the courtyard of dry camphor had been adorned with fresh ambergris. Or the silk carpet was besmeared with strongly scented musk. Or it appointed the faces of lily and jessamine with liquid pitch. Or like a pair of compasses it ran on its head on the ground of ivory.

A DESCRIPTION OF SUMMER

When the world-adorning sun cast shadow on the sign of cancer, the intensity of heat spread a carpet of fire on the surface of the earth. The intense heat of the burning air and the relentless summer opened the deepest pits of hell on the world. The hissings the serpent of *simoom* made people's life miserable and they felt as if they were inhaling fire instead of air. Diamond began to melt like ruby in the core of the mine. The crocodile began to be burnt right in the deep blowing water as if it were a planet in the high stages of apogee. In the heat of the bright sun the seven green oceans of the skies began to boil.

On the longitudinal line the buttocks of the lamb (the sign of Aries) were roasted like a chicken on the spit. The tail of the bull of the sky (the sign of Taurus) was burnt down like straw, and an ear of corn. The body of the Gemini looked like aloe-wood and ambergris above the smoke of the lancer. The heart of the crab (the sign of Cancer) got heated in its bosom like a crucible on fire. The nails of the lion (the sign of Leo) in its paws became soft like a piece of iron in furnace. The grains of wheat in the ear (the constellation Virgo) began to burn like rue in a fireplace.

In the scales of balances (the sign of Libra) the gold of the

full moon began to burn like silver with fire of straw. In this blue cup (the heaven) the sting of the scorpion (the sign Scorpio) turned red like ruby and Cornelion.

The string of the bow (the sign of Sagittarius) of the sword like sky was glittering like sparks. In the meadow of the heaven, the hoofs of the kid (the sign Capricorn) had assumed the shape of ember. The single rope of the bucket (the sign Aquarius) was aflame like cotton-wool on the fireship of the curved heaven. On the surface of the ocean of the sky the scales on the body of the fish (the sign Pisces) gave the impression that they had been canterized.

In such a hot summer a royal order, embellished with words conveying affection and kindness was received from the imperial court at *Ghazna* which is the focus of the rays of good fortune and the that of the eyes of hopes inviting the king to the Imperial Capital. From the contents of the mandate of the emperor, one could judge how favourably inclined he was towards the king whom he was so eager to see.

In keeping with his genuine faith and sincere devotion the king *Khusrau*, the lustre of whose sharp sword furbished the visage of gallantry and heroism, and whose fire-scattering spears had raised aloft the banners of victory and flags of conquest got ready to obey the order and carry out at the behest of the emperor. Soon he was on his way to the paradise-like court, as the dark clouds cast a black curtain on the sky and caused the flowers of smoke to emanate from the dome of the blacksmith of heaven and covered the light-giving spring of the sun with a blue veil and concealed the faces of the stars in an azure mask. The swift elephants marched in a file in the vast expanses of the firmament causing huge waves on the surface of the green ocean (sky) and in the midst of clouds, the

lightning lit up candles which looked like missing shot by fire-works or it seemed as if torches were burning like daggers in the hands of Negroes. The light-diffusing body of the lightning unfurled a vermilion coloured flag in the sky, and revealed the polished surface of the earth out of the dark atmosphere. The dazzling glitter hurt the pupil of the eye like a flame and its flash weekend the vision.

The inverted cup of the sky was reverberating with the thundering produced by the brass trumpet of the lighting and its terrifying sound struck the ears with the force of the trumpet blast of Resurrection. Now and then the eyes of the sky were dazed by the flash of the sword of lightning and the ears of the Saturn grew deaf by the loud trumpeting of the furious elephants of thunderbolts. The rainy season reduced the intensity of the heat of the air and caused the eyes of the clouds to ungrudgingly drop pearls (rain-drops) and thus covered the meadow with royal gems.

The spring clouds were sending down rain drops from the sky in order to adorn the flowers of the gardens with pearls showered by heaven. Very deftly they snapped the thread (string) of the divers of the ocean of the sky, and strewed the green carpet of verdure with precious pearls from the blue box of heaven. Some time the wind turned the dust of the hoof of its horse into collyrium, and some time the cloud put down the dust raised by its horse with its tears (i.e. rain). The unceasing would remove the rush of heat from the mirror of the air and profusion of moisture would perform the function of spring right in midsummer.

In such a hot summer the steed of the king of sun-like splendour raced across the earth as swiftly as the moon, and covered one stage after the other with the speed of the wind.

By striking its shoe hoof against water it produced fir in the manner of the thunderbolt, and it sped like lightning on broad roads and narrow defiles. The dust raised by its hoofs made the spring of the sun turbid and the mirror of the air dark. It galloped over elevations and depressions with the ease of zephyr and hurricane. It appeared as if that high-flying and glob-trotting charger had acquired the nature of a cyclone, and that it had become as light as fire severing all ties with earth and water.

When the royal stirrup in an auspicious hour, reached the country of *Ghazna* (May god exalt it), the emperor granted him audience and the privilege of standing before the august throne. He (*Qutbud Din Aibak*) was overwhelmed with favours and gifts and got the distinction of being raised to a position higher than that of any other ruler of the world. He was accorded a warm welcome reserved only for close favourites. At the exalted court, the soil of which was kissed by the king of *Ajam* (non-Arab, here means Iran) and before which the rulers of the world prostrated themselves, he presented precious gems, rich dresses, valuable weapons and highly priced slaves.

About this time *Ziaul Mulk*, the prime minister of the Kingdom and the Counsellor to the state had arrived at the heaven-like palace garden, the mansion of which was as lofty as his sky-like rank, and its courtyard as wide as the powers (implicit) in his official position.

The arrival of the king at *Ghazna*, the firmament of the sun of power and the seat of the throne of sovereignty coincided with the entry of the world-illuminating sun in the scales of the sign of Libra. As the resplendent Canopus rose at the horizon, the climate became temperate, and with the advent of the autumn the air got a touch of winter. The wind scattered gold

on the silvery shield of the water. The clouds strewed pearls on golden bow of boughs. The trees were stripped of foliage and fruits. The winds of autumn in their characteristic style, produced fire out of dry wood and removed the bejewelled crowns from the head of the dolls of the garden (flowers), and also took off bangles and earrings respectively from their wrists and ears.

The wind carried away the green garment and emerald-coloured silk of the gardens and meadows. It poured onyx and green amber on the goblets of streams and lawns, and sifted orpiment and saffron on the rust of hills and deserts, and draped the courtyard of the garden with the greenish black tissue and cloth of gold.

The branch of vine was loaded with grapes and the dark curls of ambergris were dangling low. The yellow caskets of oranges and quinces were peeping out of golden red leaves. The silvery ball of apple was being nurtured in the shade of green leaves and showed forth on the branch like the chin and cheeks of the beloved. The amber like orange was filled with musk like the navel of the deer of China and smeared its headless body as white as pure silver with the saffron of boughs. The ruby-like mandarin lit up candles with its face as bright as roses and wine and rubbed its bodiless head with the red coloured vermilion making it look like pure gold. The nightingale produced sweet notes from organ, and panpipe and ring-dove used their beaks like a plectrum to pour forth sweet music.

The vanguard of the army of the month of *Dai* (a winter month) made its appearance on all sides of all the countries of the world and the skirmishers of winter raised aloft the banners of the cold weather. The army of winter rushed forward to plunder and pillage, the gold of autumn. They sky overcast

with dark clouds seemed to have covered itself with a gown of black silk, which is the robe of the Devil. It opened its blue umbrella and unfolded it collyrium-coloured banner while taking of its chain armour of David and breastplate of Cathay.

Some time, feeling ashamed, the sun would hide his head in a black veil, and concealed his heaven-adorning face behind a cloud. And sometime, like a sweet heart he would show his face from behind a screen of obscurity and his resplendent body could be seen shimmering behind the thin veil of the patch of a white cloud. The sky wore a musk-coloured veil and the earth was draped in a bright smock. And the sky and the earth were hidden by the wings of the crow and the egg of the raven respectively. The clouds in grey firmament spread a white carpet on the ground. The dove-coloured clouds covered the rose tree with the feathers of pelican rather than the plumes of peacock.

The cloud strewed diamond filings on the blue sword of water, and scattered pearls and gems on the emerald-coloured carpet of grass. The mountain and hills covered their black heads with while veils. The woodlands and deserts changed from their rust-coloured garments into white (silvery) robes. The garden received virgin silver in place of pure gold. The courtyards of gardens and meadows turned into house of camphor and springs of mercury. From inside, the ponds and the streams, there appeared mines of jade and marble was visible on the edges of ponds and pools. Even tears in the narcissus-like eyes were coagulated.

As the wind-like swift arrow was shot, the water was frozen into the shapes of Syrian glasses or Chinese mirrors. On account of the intensity of cold the ethereal sphere became the sphere of *Zamharir*.

DESCRIPTION OF THE OVEN

From the oven a Mars-like gem was shining like the face of the moon and the fountain of the sun. Or you would say a substance as far away as the Saturn was shining like the body of the Jupiter and the forehead of the Venus. The glow of this gem (burning coal) was like a torch-bearer illuminating the dark night and turning it into a bright morning. It made the night, as black as the feather of a crow, look like the eyes of a falcon or the crown of a cock. In the manner of the sun, it unfolded a vermilion coloured flag and resplendent embroidery from the east of the oven. In the same tenor it raised the red banner of the crimson flash of lightning from the midst of the clouds of smoke. It seemed as if the embers were drawing blood stained daggers and guilded swords from the darkness of the ashes. The black beads of charcoal were looking like coarnelion's of *Yaman* and pomegranate coloured rubies. You would say that the burning charcoal is a Hindu who is committing *Jauhar* (self-immolation by burning himself) or is a Negro afflicted with ophthalmia.

The flames of fire were leaping forth from the mouth of the oven like tongues of snakes, throwing out splinters of gold from the gratings, which like shooting stars lit up the sky making it look like a furbished mirror. It was shining like the bright Canopus visible from the midst of impregnable fortresses.

The oven was shooting sparks from the bow of the ray of light like thunderbolt. It appeared as if it was causing the golden gnats (sparks) to fly from a mound of orpiment. Or that it was scattering buds of *Arghwan* (Judas tree) from a hillock of saffron. Or strewing grains of pomegranate from a pile of (the tree of) fenugreek. Or it was throwing into the air gold coins of sparks from a heap of stamina-bearing roses.

Its reflection adorned the ceiling of the dome so that it looked like the starlit heaven. The yard of the court was painted with the brush of light and splendour to look like the forehead of the moon. The rust of darkness was removed from the surface of the wall so that it resembled, the furbished sword of the sun. The intensity of its heat caused the water in the core of the hard rock to evaporate.

The extreme heat of the fire caused iron-steel to melt like wax. The heat generated by the oven reduced the severity of winter to such a degree that it acquired the nature of spring, and by the tongue of its flame it whispered the following lines into the ears of the people.

1) No place is better than pavilion and cabin, go now betake yourself to a pavilion or a cabin and prostrate yourself.
2) The intoxicated tipplers are sitting with their heads hung down while musicians are pouring out melodies.
3) One end of the spit held the head and leg of the chicken. while the other end was held by pretty women.
4) The roast meat is hanging in the oven like the leather shields of the soldiers wearing cuirasses.

DESCRIPTION OF ILLNESS

When the assignment of the retinue of winter and the dominance of the troops of the cold weather came to an end, all of a sudden there took place an unfortunate event, in fact a calamity due to the malice of the sky and the effect of the evil eye, as also on account of the vicissitudes of hostile times. The peerless personality of *Khusrau* – a treasure of favours and a target of hopes, was afflicted with weakness and debility. The sad news of his illness was forthwith conveyed to the emperor the source of bounty and generosity, and the origin of gifts and favours.

He (*Khusrau*) shifted from his ministerial residence to the imperial court, which is the Emperor's house of good fortune. Seeing *Khusrau* in such a poor state of health, the emperor too was robbed of joy and liveliness, and the road of mirth and peace of mind which had been open and crowded in his life was found suddenly closed and deserted.

All people, high and low, were perturbed and grief-striken. Their hearts were so distracted and minds so perplexed that they felt as if joy had vanished from their life and that life itself was not worth living. They performed their daily prayers and gave alms to the poor with singular zeal, and for once realised that in this abode of joy, called the world, it is impossible to find a rose without a thorns or wine without accompanying crop-sickness. Indeed in this dwelling of desire, happiness uncoupled with sorrow and, pleasure unalloyed with pain are inconceivable.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PHYSICIAN

There was a physician of enlightened mind, who displayed extraordinary skill in curing ailments. He was as successful as Jesus in treating various diseases. By his perfect mastery of the medical science he could remove the mark of leprosy from the face of the moon, and by virtue of his long experience he could cure the sun of his jaundice. By the way he cured the ailment and restored the patient to normal health he proved the truth of the adage "that he was helped by the Holy Ghost".

HAPPY TIDINGS OF RECOVERY

Acting on the dictum of the Holy Prophet (Peace be upon him) that there is a remedy for every ailment, this physician judiciously chose and mixed a number of ingredients, liquid as well as solid, and thus prepared a cathartic drug in the form

of beverage which suited the temperament of the king and which he duly prescribed for him. By virtue of the prayers of a set of people whose tongue adorned their invocations to God with the ornament of, "the prayers of true devotees are answered." The dawn of recovery rose from the horizon of the fulfillment of desire and lit up the firmament of hope. The king's natural vitality brushed aside the dust of debility. The sun of his body rose from the perigee of sickness and ascended to the apogee of recovery. The daily waxing crescent of his health came out of the darkness of the eclipse of ill health. On hearing the happy news of the king's recovery, the people of the world were filled with joy and jubilation. Fresh vigour was instilled into their spirit of mirth, cheerfulness and mental poises. The rust of anguish and depression had been removed from the mirror of their hearts. A sense of relief and complacence prevailed all around. The malady and weakness of the king transferred to the enemies of the kingdom and faith. The body of the king completely recovered from ailment (may the ailment be the lot of his enemies). When the *Khusrau* of the east (*Qutbud Din*) had fully recovered his health and vitality, he felt that he had tarried there much too long. So bored by his sojourn, now that he was hale and hearty, he made up his mind to resume (start) his journey. When he went to bid farewell to the emperor, the latter treated him with great magnanimity by assuring him of his firm support. Accordingly he issued a fresh *Ferman* investing him with authority over more provinces, thus further strengthening the string of imperial favours. He was also the recipient of abundant favours consisting of costly gifts. Likewise each one of his senior military officers was also overwhelmed by the dispel of royal benevolence according to his rank and status and received expensive presents and rich robes of honour in

keeping with his standing and position.

After leaving the great capital (*Ghazni*), he travelled under the security of felicity and happiness. When he reached the precincts of *Kirman*, the plains of that province turned into the lodging of the ambassador of good fortune, and became the horizon of bounty and munificence by the arrival of the auspicious banners. The sovereign of the mighty kingdom, the monarch of *Turks* and Persians *Tajud Din wa-al-Duniya*, who was the middle gem of the necklace of celebrity, the first word of the compact of happiness, the amulet of the ornament of sovereignty, the most precious pearl of the garland of felicity. Preface to the book of valour, title of the volume of wisdom, a ruby of its mine of manliness, bezel of the signet ring of generosity, a sapling of the garden of majesty, a cypress of the orchard of perfection, the vision of the eyes of benevolence, the blossom of the garden of hopes, thought it obligatory of his part to accord him a cordial welcome. He treated the auspicious arrival of *Khusrau* as an occasion of great honour and glory, and made a submission in these pearl-like words. "Sir the sum and substance of our cherished desire is that you honour us by staying with us and thus enhance the elegance and charm of the province of *Kirman* by your graceful countenance.

The *Khusrau* of sun-like splendour alighted at that paradise-like garden, the fragrant breeze of which carried to his nostrils a perfume that could be the envy of the scent of paradise, and entered its lofty palace, the battlements of which were higher than the tents of the seven heavens.

The already existing conciliation developed into new bonds of friendship, and causes of discord made room for means of concord. The gardens of the ties of intimacy blossomed afresh.

The foundations of love were reinforced. Their minds were adorned with amity and their hearts with sincerity. Perfect harmony very much like the homogeneity of water with wine was established. The strands of cordiality were intertwined with those of affection and the edifice of friendship was further strengthened by matrimonial alliance. The necklace of faith was set in order and the contract of pledges confirmed. Both sides arrived at unanimity of purpose and speech.

As a happy result of this accord the gates of happiness and tranquillity were flung open. All provisions for a delightful and luxurious life were made. Festive assemblies were decorated as beautifully as the highest heaven. The pearl scattering hand of the enemy-killing *Khusrau* (may his hand scatter gold in his court, and head in the battlefield) excelled the rain cloud in generosity.

For the royal feast the moon struck the coins of planets in the mint of the sky and borrowed light from the face of the Firedog like *Khusrau* and sublimity from his judgement The Mercury opened its lips like the lily to sing his praises, and by a description of the king of the world turned its mouth into a mine of gems like an oyster, or a store of pure musk like the navel-bag of a musk deer.

On hearing the songs of the nightingales of the royal assembly, the Venus tore it garments in the manner of roses, and joyously put its foot on its head in the manner of a tempering when it listened to the plaintive notes of flute and the din of the drum. The sun began to dance like motes at the sight of the charming looks of the sun faced beauties and began to glean light of the halo round the moon of the faces of fairy like damsels. He saw a glimpse of *Nauruz* in the cheeks of handsome pages who adorned the festive assembly.

The sanguinary Mars, having cast the saddlecloth of service on his shoulders, leapt forth from his seat, and putting the ring of servitude in his ears, picked up a cup and sat down in a corner. He exchanged his foe-crushing dagger and sword with brimful goblets of wine. The Jupiter dropped the rose-petals of felicity from the garden of pleasure and cheerfulness, and offered the stores and treasures of prosperity as presents.

The lofty Saturn whose feet rest on the top of the revolving dome of the sky volunteered to serve as a watchman of the towering mansion of the royal palace. He used as collyrium for his eyes the dust of the august courts, the threshold of which could appropriately be the centre of the circular sky. As an obedient servant he was standing on his head like a pair of compasses to demonstrate his devotion to the king.

The sweet lips of the charming beauties drank wine and by the reflection of their pretty faces the air itself became ruby coloured. The roses of cheerfulness rested in the rose-beds of their cheeks, and the tulips of joy blossomed in the garden of their countenances, while violets hung their heads with shame before the pairs of the parted locks of artistically plaited hair.

The pretty ladies with their cypress like forms and rosy cheeks, and sweet hearts of moon-like bodies with the Gemini like belts tied round their waists presented a picture of the spring of charms and the slaughter of patience. With their blood-thirsty eyes they caused pain to the heart which their sugar scattering lips cured it. One wondered whether that assembly was a garden full of roses, eglantines, hyacinths and jasmine or was it the sky with the moon, the Jupiter, the Venus and the Pleiades.

Like the Narcissus, the cupbearer was holding a golden cup in her silvery hands, and passing it round as the moon does her

rounds in mansions. The wild rose had lost its lustre before the glow of the fire of the cupbearer's face, and the tulip was also blushing before his wine-coloured cheeks. The rose-bed was perspiring with shame at the sight of his charming face. The sun of his refulgent countenance was exacting the fine of light from the full moon, and the moon of his sun-like faces was casting its reflection on the glass goblet and silvery cup. Some times the sun that traverses across the firmament, washes its face with bloodstained tears like the twilight, out of envy at the sight of the cup bearer's cheeks and some times the moon weaving green shirt, dismayed by the sun of his charming looks tore the garment of her body in the manner of the blue-robed morning.

How wonderful is that moon-faced beauty from whose silvery cheeks and fiery countenance, the morning sun himself borrows light! Equally astonishing is the sun like sweet heart from whose twisted hair and smoke like dawn; the dark night seeks a loan of gloom. Had the musk-scattering dusk borrowed the colour of those dishevelled hair, the moon, the betrayer of secrets, could not have cast aspersions on its chastity. Again, if the nocturnal traveller of the moon had acquired light from that shining face, the wayside beggar of the sun could not have shown his mirror to her. It seemed that the sun of his cheeks had spread a parasol of pure ambergris above his head, and the moon of his countenance was wearing the garment of David's chain-armour, which resembles a fishing net.

The heart had borne a lot of sorrow as the first fruit of the garden of her beauty, and the soul received the thorn of grief as a present from the rose-bed of her face. Her armours like tresses cast their shadow on the cheeks of the shining sun and covered the white banner of the day with the dark flag of the night. It seemed that had placed a civet-coloured snare on a

corner of the full moon or we may say that faces of the Venus and the Pleiades were covered with an ambergris-coloured mask, or it appeared as if a thorny hedge has been put up round the beds of roses and tulips. Perhaps the surface of painted silk and *Arghwan* had been adorned with the embroidery of Musky tresses. The petals of jasmine have been surrounded with chain or a circle of tar has been drawn around an eglantine. May be a hundred chains and shackles of fresh hyacinth have been put on the surface of jonquil, and the links of these chains had cast a dark round the neck of the helpless hearts and each shackle unfolded a hundred chains and armours.

Disturbance danced at its every bend and twist and strutted like every lock of curly hair. Its twisted hyacinth encircled the box tree of the face with *down*. His musk scented ringlets were writing incantations on a silver plate (cheeks), and produced a ring like circle on the surface of ivory by pouring saw dust of teak on it. It appeared that his ringlet rubbing jasmine and his moon-touching down had fallen in love with the sun-like face, and the restless curls and rose-touching hair were enamoured of those tulip like cheeks.

Some time its bunch of grapes cast its shadow on the rose petals of the countenance and red visage, and sometime the boughs of hyacinth and basil's played polo with the apple of the silvery chin.

The violet felt ashamed before his perfumed hair. The lily stole fragrance from his jasmine scented tresses. The zephyr picked up muskpods from his musk-scattering hair. Before its fragrance the splendour of the perfumer's shop paled into insignificance. Before that rose-faced beauty the rose suffered humiliation like a thorn. Before that seductive lock of hair the

musk appeared as worthless as the dust of a street. His Musky down scattered powdered ambergris on a velvet skirt and adorned the face of the fresh rose-petal with ambergris. It tied a tar-painted veil of smoke on the fire of the face and drew black circles with violet on jasmine and lily.

His boxtree scattered flowers on *argwan* and silk and made bed and pillow out of tulips and eglantines. His curly hair drew the breast of falcon on the petal of a red rose and his darkish down made the figure of a parrot's wing on the petals of fresh dog-rose. One would say that the night had asked for a loan of darkness from his bead coloured down, while the day had borrowed light from his heart illuminating face. His hair rubbing sun-like face have put up a dark-coloured canopy above the face of the moon, and his cheeks adorning down has caused green herbs to sprout from the fresh petals of jasmine. His blood-thirsty eyes have fixed the arrow of eye-lash on the bow of the eyebrow. The conjurer of his wink has pierced the mirror of the vision with the point of its poisoned arrow.

His curly hair cast its shadow on the sun of the rose-petal of his face. His sweet smelling hyacinth (tresses) draw up in a raw array round the tulip beds of his cheeks. One would say that those two locks of hair had begun to dance like rope dancer around a rose bed, or that they are like a couple of polo-players who are running about on tulip-beds. His ruby-coloured lips which held sway over thousands of hearts had concealed pearls and gems in the folds of their honey and sugar, and had held in trust sustenance for life in his two soul-nourishing rubies (lips). He had opened a fountain of honey in his narrow cornelian-coloured mouth and hidden saliva of bee in his silvery teeth. He publicly performed the miracle of Jesus with his sugar-scattering lips, and his cypress-like form had lowered

the worth of a cypress tree.

The elegance of the silvery body of the jasmine-bosomed beauty gave one the idea of the purity of the soul, and the freshness of their sun-like faces indicated where the shade of their tresses was falling. One would say that the water-like bodies of the charming cup bearers were so rarefied that they did not seem to have been made of clay, and the flame-like cheeks of the beautiful cup bearers were so bright that they were invisible like the air.

DESCRIPTION OF THE CUP AND WINE

The cup of wine full to the brim reflected the face of the cupbearer. The lustre of his face turned the surface of the wall into a folio of silver. One would say that its mirror like body was the very firmament with the sun shining in it. On account of its dazzling light it looked like the luminous body of the moon. The wine, which resembled liquid gold, though bitter in taste, was relished like honey and sugar by the palate of the soul. Possessing the purity of the soul it imported the colour of fire and ruby to the face of the winebibber.

By its refulgence it turned the air above into a constellation, and the earth below into a casket of gems. Indeed, it (wine) is identical with fire in its nature, and a twin of air in pleasantness, and its glow turns the dust into an object of envy to the bezel of *Badakhshan*. You would say that molten ruby has been powered into a Syrian drinking glass which itself resembles coagulated water, thus producing glitter of gold and flames of fire in the glass cup.

How wonderful is that fire-like water, the radiance of which dyes the air red, giving it the appearance of a bed of *Arghwan*. Equally astonishing is the brightly burning spring of water before which the water of immortality, with all its agreeableness is as

worthless as dust? Who has ever seen fire coloured water, the very reflection of which, when it falls on a tract of land, will cause tulips to grow therein? Again who has even heard of an air-like body, the refulgence of which turns the cradle of the earth into a mine of rubies and cornelians? One has yet to come across a fire which when it subdues it nature lends lustre to the rose-garden of cheeks? Equally rare is a substance, which if the air gets fragrance from it that air would render the musk-pod and the camphor completely useless. If a draught that wine falls on the soil, that soil will be kneaded into something fragrant like fresh ambergris. Some time it stole colour from the fire of the cheeks of the beloved and sometime it asked a loan of red tears from the torrent-pouring eyes of the lover. It was so light that like the air it could not be perceived by the eyes.

It was too tenuous to be mixed with coarse soil or even with light water. By its very nature it set fire to the tribe of anguish, and like the water washed away the mark of sorrow from the tablet of mind, and like the wind threw dust into the eyes of anxiety, and with the polisher of mirth removed the dust of gloom from the mirror of the heart.

The heart was in high spirits and showed signs of impatience by constantly demanding large cups of wine from the blithesome cup-bearer. The wine was sparking in the silvery cups like the twilight at dawn or the canopus at the fringe of the milky way, and against two brightness of wine the cup looked like a goblet of rose and a cornelian-coloured tulip. One would say that liquid ruby had been poured into a Syrian glass cup or coral and red amber have melted in a crystal goblet.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE BUBBLES ON THE TOP OF THE CUP

The blossoms of bubbles appeared on the surface of the

rosy wine like the cluster of the Pleiades above the body of the Mars, or like the Venus shining between the sun and a star glowing in the midst of embers. It seemed as if camphor has been sifted of Roman Vermillion or hailstones have fallen on *Arghwan*, or lilies and jasmines have been strewn on a heap of roses and pomegranates, or bright pearls have been scattered on the leaf of anemone.

The blood-coloured wine lent the hue of the ruby of *Badakhshan* to the hand of the cupbearers. They sky was intoxicated by its smell, and the earth by drinking a draught of it. Its musk-scented breath put up a dome of dark clouds in the air. The vapours of ambergris and the fumes of *abir* (a kind of perfume) mingled with the fragrant breeze, with the result that the universe got perfumed and the earth diffusely fragrance.

DESCRIPTION OF MUSICIANS

The Venus like musicians played on the *Chang* (harp) and the *Barbat* (lute) with the skill of the Venus herself and from the strings of their instruments furnished spiritual sustenance to the chords of the heart, and provided the syrup of joy to the soul. By the stroke of their spectrum they poured the water of immortality on the music of David, and thus infused life into the minerals.

By the stroke of their nails they fused their melodies notes of the harp of *Rameen* with the songs of *Barbud* and perfumed spiritual feats with the help of material instruments. The monuments of their finger tips on the strings of *rud* (a musical instrument) were very much like the tricks of a rope-dancer, and the quickness of their movements could be compared to the light footedness of the swift-moving sky. The sweet voiced nightingale (like distracted lovers) in a state of ecstasy, was pouring out plaintive notes to the tune of *rud* and *sarod*,

perhaps it was exceedingly happy because its heart had come by the kingdom of Solomon by courtesy of its ears, and its soul had captured the treasures of *Qarun* by listening to the music of flutes and bowstring.

DESCRIPTION OF THE CHANG (HARP)

The crescent like harp lying on the lap of the moon-faced singers is like an old woman who has thrown her dyed hair on her skirt, whose Musky hair and dark tress are dangling not from her head but from her feet, and whose back is bent in the shape of the *nun* (ن) of the new moon and the *ain* (ع) of the horse shoes.

It was bent like a curly lock of hair or the curved arch of an eye brow, and its top was crooked like the beak of a hawk or the talon of a falcon. Its head was hanging with extreme modesty and bashfulness like the head of someone thoroughly ashamed of himself. Such screams and lamentations enumerating from its bosom went up to the azure sky. It was producing soft sounds in a thousand melodies like a nightingale.

DESCRIPTION OF THE BARBAT *(LUTE)*

The tongueless lute had also started speaking and though it had no mouth every vein of its body was crying out. It appears that people have got used to rubbing its ears on the charge that it captivates the hearts of its listeners. For the favour that its life has been spared its guts have been taken out of its bowels. Like a child it is crying in the arms of its foster mother. The more you rub its jugular vein the louder it laments.

DESCRIPTION OF KAMÃNCHA *(A KIND OF VIOLIN)*

The lute is loudly lamenting like *Majnun* in separation from *Laila*. Being extremely emaciated its veins are showing forth. For

no fault the strings of its long hair have been tied, and the chords of its head have been joined with its feet. Like a nightingale, it is revealing its secrets in the manner of a bud with its muffled mouth. Though outwordly straight it is an associate of crookedness, and in spite of its agreeable nature it is secretly in league with hostility.

DESCRIPTION OF THE NÃY (REED)

The charming reed was nothing but waist with a girdle sound it, or was it waist that was all eyes that could speak eloquently? Or was it a mouth, which though tongueless, could disclose its secrets, or perhaps it was a throat, which though completely blocked yet could blow the trumpet-blast of Resurrection?

DESCRIPTION OF THE DAFF (TAMBOURINE)

The bewildered tambourine had placed its head at the feet of its girdle in the manner of a circle, and its two ends met like the notches of a bow. It seemed that the figure drawn on it had suddenly become animate and had acquired the faculty of audition due to its intense desire to listen to the music, which it applauded so loudly that its shouts rent the sky like the lamentations of lovers.

DESCRIPTION OF THE DAWN

The next day when the world adorning dawn peeped out of the eastern horizon and the sparks were leaping forth from the lamp of the daybreak, the sign of the vanguard of the morning became visible, and the heart-illuminating rays of the sun speak over the universe. The Turk of the dawn drew its silver dagger from the scabbard of the east and washed the ink and soot from the face of the earth. It also scattered the perfume of camphor on the dome of lapis lazuli (sky). It removed the

civet-coloured veil from the head of the sky and tore away the black tunic of the firmament. It also brushed off the dust of ambergris from the skirt of the heavenly sphere. It set aside the dark tresses of the night from the white cheeks of the day and caused the streaks of light to appear in the dark curls of the night, and presently the lustre and sheen of the swords and daggers of the morning brightened the vast expanse of the earth.

The king of the stars (the sun) drew out its vermilion-coloured shield from the east and showed its bejewelled crown from the peak of the mountain. It raised its ruby coloured banner from the horizon, and removed the flag of night from the flag-staff of the day, and washed the face the universe with gold water. After draping the yard of the earth in yellow velvet, it rolled on the surface of the sky like a ball of gold. Consequently its luminous face made the world an object of envy for the bezel of *Badakhshan*.

The king gifted, with the intelligent of the Mercury from whose sun-like flags extracts splendours from the full moon, set out on the journey, protected by good fortune and under the thick umbrage of his majesty. When the *Huma* of his sun like splendour cast its shadow on the metropolis of Dehli, the seat of the empire and the centre of Divine aid and victory, that city acquired immense elegance and charm by the blessing of his auspicious arrival; and the crown and the throne were respectively embellished by his coronation and accession. The succour of Divine graces and heavenly felicities was constant and uninterrupted. The courier of the sky carried the tidings of his military expeditions and the hardship involved therein, to all the parts of the world. The heaven sent silvery pen of the Mercury and the golden cup of the Venus to the august court

as tribute. The hawk of the sunlike parasol cast the shadow of its wings on the Hindustani dominions. The nail of the shoe of his world traversing horse was driven into the eye of the Mars. The *farqad* (one of two bright stars near the north pole) touching legs of his throne of good fortune rested on the head of the Jupiter, and the ropes of the tent of his honour and glory reached the top of the Saturn.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE DECORATION OF THE CITY AT THE KING'S ARRIVAL

Men of letters and soldiers along with attendants and servants of all categories presented themselves at the court and discharged the obligation of showering encomiums and offering prayers for the king. The city and its suburbs appeared fresh and adorned like the garden of paradise. Its doors and walls were embellished with the brocade of *Rum* and gold cloth of China. They made elegant domes from the top of which even a fast flying bird, could not pass, and the height of which could not be measured by the engineer of thought and mind. Its battlements were so high that they torched the circle of blue heaven, in fact, they rose beyond the pinnacle of the silver coated palaces and the golden court (sky).

The brightness of the flash of swords and other arms that were hanging about that place dissolved the sense of vision and the glare of their reflection was as dazzling to the eyes as the sun. They shone like a casket full of gems and the zodiacal sign with all its stars. Or you would say that luminous heavenly bodies had descended on the earth, or may be dark substances had acquired the gloss of pure gems.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE SPRING SEASON

When the world adorning sun proceeded towards its

apogee (zenith), and the army of winter was put to flight by the vanguard of spring, and the strong breeze took up the job of the *farrash* and the dextrous cloud began to try its hand at painting, and the spring cloud undertook the job of dressing up the bride of gardens, and to this end used the leaves of trees as robes and blossoms as ornaments, it hung the necklaces of pearls on the skirts of fields and meadows. It adorned the yards of forests with the jewellery of gems, and scattered pearls of Eden on rosebuds. It showered rain drops on ponds and lakes from the springs of its eyes, and decorated the ears and neck of the bride of greenery with precious gems.

The nursling of plant was sucking nourishing milk from the udders of the rain cloud and grew upto the age of majority in the loving bosom of the foster mother of the power of growth. The earth found the property of the water of immortality in rain loaded wind. The spring blossoms enhanced the charm of the gardens, and parks. The hand of nature replaced the white clothes of the earth with the verdigris-coloured ones. The beautiful cheeks of the garden were adorned with the topaz coloured down of the greenery, and indigo, lapis lazuli orpiment and vermillion were sifted on hills and forests. The meadow received cloak and mantle out of a set of green clothes. The banks of streams had been decorated by heeds of cock's combs. The bride of the garden had adorned herself with the ornaments of fenugreek's. With a large variety of flowers blossoming in the flower garden, it appeared as if myriad's of Venuses and Pleiades are shining in that garden. With so many pretty flowers blossoming there, the carpet of earth presented the sight of the star-lit sky. The tree of jasmine had put a pearl and a blue stone in the same string. The bought of *Arghwan* had strung ruby with topaz in the same thread. The

pomegranate coloured ruby has been combined with *rehani* emerald.

The rose while revealing itself raised the hem of its veil and the curtain of its litter. The blossom of rose showered itself from its emerald coloured cradle just as the moon comes out from behind a cloud or the silver is dug out of mine or a pearl is taken out of the ocean.

In the midst of coral coloured leaves and layers of ruby, the red roses were like bits of purified gold.

The Moss rose partly amber and partly cornelian looked like wine and pomegranate flower. It reminded one of the right of an affected lover placing his pale face on that of a sympathetic sweet heart.

LALA *(THE TULIP)*

The tulip with its aching heart blushed at the sight of his fiery face, and filled its cup of cornelian and bowl of ruby with strong-scented musk.

Sometime by its exhilerating face it (tulip) described the beauty of the black-eyed virgins of Paradise and sometime by its life prolonging visage it reminded one of the freshness of the flowers of the garden of heaven.

NARGÎS *(THE NARCISSUS)*

Seeing the beautiful face of spring, the narcissus has soared to the sky, and later due to the trouble of sleeplessness and the proposed of separation from the garden it developed jaundice and turned yellow. It appeared as if struck by envy at the sight of the cornelian cup of the rose it has picked up a golden cup in its hand, and alarmed by the red armour of the rose, covered its head with a gold plated helmet.

GULNAR *(POMEGRANATE FLOWER)*

On seeing that delightful face, the pomegranate flower perspired with shame, and abashed by that feast-adorning beauty washed its face with tears of blood.

SÛSAN-E-AZAD *(THE WHITE LILY)*

The white lily girded up its moist to serve the rose-garden and began to describe the charms of the rose and the elegance of the rose-tree. The face of pleasure derives charm from its fragrance and the roots of joy and delight become firm on its branch. It was stealing perfume from the fragrant air of roses and hyacinths.

YASMIN *(JESSAMINE)*

The season of jessamine is as delightful as the promise of one's beloved. But its life is short like the night of union. It picked up its cups of wine like roses and tulips and besought sublimated beer and strained wine from the cup bearer of pearl-scattering cloud. It appears that its delicate body has been affected by severe cold and has turned blue due to exposure to winter wind.

BANAFSHA *(VIOLET)*

The violet hung its head with shame before the cheeks of that full blown rose and with its bent form and parted hair was passionately enamoured of that incomparable beauty. It seemed that it was crouching in a melancholy mood like a lover stricken with grief on account of the tyranny of his beloved or some mourner wearing blue clothes. The water lily which with its blue body enjoys a special position among the brides and virgins of the garden by virtue of its beauty and splendour, took out its head from the water to look at the sun of the beauty of the rose. It seemed that angry on seeing the

red shield of the rose it had washed its arrow like face with the water of indigo, or afraid of the green arrow of the rose-bud, it had thrown its blue shield into the water (admitted defeat).

AZARGUN *(THE MARIGOLD)*

Jealous of the fiery cheeks of the cup-bearer, one washed its face with gold water, and then, like sorrow-stricken people showed its saffron-coloured face from rust-coloured leaves. The rose upset the perfumer's tray, and lily for its abundance seems as it has set up the shop of a musk-seller. The jessamine spread perfume all over the world like the curly hair of the beautiful. The narcissus burnt Hindustani aloe-wood and Tibetan musk in a golden censer, while the tulip was pouring fresh ambergris and strongly-scented musk into a bowl of cornelion.

The twisted hair of the sweet basil diffused fragrance. The chain like hyacinth was filled with a cloves. The air anointed the collar of the morning with pure musk obtained from the twisted tresses of the violet. The perfume of the waist coat of the red rose spread to the tunic of the morning. The vapours rising from the face of the eglantine made a dome above the constellation of the Eagle and the Lyre in the sky. The perfume of the flowers mingled with the mound of the earth. The air made an aromatics urgents expansive perfume with the fragrance of the jessamine. The zephyr prepared a compound scents from the fragrant breeze of the garden. The morning breeze divulged the secrets of the earth. The fragrant morning breeze restored the dead to life with its messiah-like breath.

The spring cloud washed the fiery face of the tulip with the water of elegance and dug out immense treasures from the dark soil.

The wind of the month of *Farvardin* anointed the curly locks of violet with perfume, and made the straight cypress tree to

swagger like that a charming sweet-heart, who is verily the moon in a human form. It removed the golden cup of sweet sound sleep from the drooping eyes of the narcissus. It caused the lock of twisted hair of hyacinth to scatter the musk of *Tatar*. The north wind of graceful gait tore off the tunics of fresh flowers, and opened a muskpod by causing the bud to bloom. It appeared as if the fragrant eastern breeze has blown across the garden of Paradise, where it has brought the heavenly gifts of the fragrance of musk and ambergris.

The tulip opened its ruby-coloured lips to thank the cloud to whose bounty it owed the festival of spring. The lily, with its silvery girdle, adorned its tongue with the praise of the breeze by whose kindness our heart functions (we are alive).

DESCRIPTION OF THE BIRDS

The musician of birds and songsters of trees had tied the landean pipe to their beaks, and were pouring out exhilerating music from the chords of joy and mirth.

Sitting on the rose-trees, the organ-playing nightingale raised its voice to the sky. The *ghazal*-singing canard poured out its melodies so powerfully that the plectrum slipped from the finger of the Venus. The ringdown was singing in its meloldious voice which soared to the revolving dome of the sky. The infatuated lovelorn partridge was dancing like a *sufi* mystic in a state of ecstacy.

The peacock was walking gracefully in the garden in all its splendour, dressed in variegated brocade like a new bride and some time its feathers and wings were formed in the shape of the pen of the Mercury and the bow of the crescent. And some time its head and tail assumed the figures of the crown of kings and standards of emperors respectively. It appeared that it had deliberately turned away from the Garden of paradise and

had borrowed heavenly dresses and ornaments from the guardian of Paradise.

When the sun entered the sign of Cancer, marking the end of spring season, the devout king as was his natural disposition made all out efforts to preserve the canon law of Islam. As a first step in this direction he made strenuous efforts to glorify the word of the God, and raise the status and prestige of theologians. They are undisputed experts in expounding the law laid down in the holy *Quran*. Their piety is unmatched. Their life is a model for the faithful. They are the gems of the mine of the firm faith, pearls of the ocean of eloquence, centre of the cirdle of devotion, pole stars of the sky of learning, the core of the earth of forbearance, the ruby of the crown of leadership and the largest pearl in the necklace of greatness. They enjoy the highest degree of felicity and eminence. They along possess the authority to declare what is lawful and what is unlawful according to the canons of Islam. Their judicial pronouncements alone can throw light on the nature of the basic principles of the faith and the deductions emerging therefrom.

An accounts of his celebrated deeds will undoubtedly be preserved forever in the annals of the world, and the fame of the glorious achievements of that great conquerer will travel with the winds all over the world.

One of the embroideries of the garments of glorious deeds and the heading of the letter of brilliant achievements of the king is the cathederal mosque of Dehli, the construction of which was started by him with great faith and perfect devotion.

Its foundations were as firm as a mountain or as the basis of the empire with its incomparable wealth. Its rampart extended its hand to touch the girdle of the Gemini and had

been strengthened with marble like Alexander's rampart and the fortress of Heruman. Its pulpit and arches had been embellished with exquisite calligraphy and subtle craftsmanship and covered with strange figures and marvellous engravings executed with remarkable skill.

Its sky-like arch and lofty roof were as fascinating as Paradise. Even the picture gallery of China was envious of its architectural charm. It acquired the additional elegance, having been adorned with the engravings of the holy text on its walls in *Tughra* style of calligraphy, which further enhanced its splendour.

On its battlements were placed the golden domes of the idol temples, looking like the glass parasol of the sun or the crown of the Venus, set with pearls.

By the blessings of the royal judgment, that delightful and sacred spot became the abode of men of purity, a place where prayers were granted. It appeared as if the guardian of paradise had sent one of the gardens of heavens into the world, and the angel had made it a *Qibla* for the purpose of his devotion, exactly like the *Ka'ba* to which the faithful throng. Its love-increasing air is purer than the water of the springs of light and its sorrow-removing courtyard is better adorned than the face of a *houri*, and the joy of the highest heaven is visible in its soul-pourishing atmosphere.

THE ROYAL DEPARTURE FOR THE FORT OF KOL AND THE CITY OF BANARAS

When the sun had passed through the points of confrontation and conjunction and the dexterous sky had traversed across the terrestrial globe a number of time, the world adorning judgment (of the king) turned towards the task of watering the Divine sapling (of faith) and pruning the cypress tree of the garden of Islam. The royal ambition the feet of which rests on the top of the ethereal sphere and the zenith of the shining sun, and the princely determination, which follow the heavenly decrees and which commands the revolutions of the sky, decided to perform the duty of *Jehad*.

In the year 590 of *Hijra* the victorious reins and the sky touching stirrup (cavalcade of the king) set out from Dehli and moved in the direction of Kol and Banaras. For this purpose troops of all categories and servants of all types assembled under the imperial standard, the horizon of the sun of victory. In meeting an external danger, the defenders of the seat of Islam and the Muslim nation, regarded their life and property as insignificant as a particle of dust. They could preserve the limpidity of the water of faith from the turgidity of infidelity and polytheism with their sharp swords. They could stitch the girdle of the Gemini, round the waist of the sky by the points of their fire-spewing and mountain piercing arrows. They could even cross the bridge of the milky way with the hoofs of their swift earth traversing steeds. These soldiers set out on the campaign with pure faith and boundless vigour, and put the snake-like reins into the mouth of their dragon-like horses.

DESCRIPTION OF JUN (JAMUNA)

They crossed the river Jan, the water of which was bright and transparent like a furbished Chinese mirror, and the eggs of the fish were sparkling on its surface like the lustre on the blade of a sharp swords. Sometime the ripples made on its surface by the gentle touch of the zephyr made it look like the entangled locks of charming damsels and sometime disturbed by strong winds, its waves fell on one another like the rings of an armour. Its water was so sweet and agreeable that it could easily pass for a replica of the stream of *Kausar*, or might as well be regarded the very likeness of the boundless sky due to its abundance of water and its unfathomable depths.

HOW WAS THE FORT OF KOL CAPTURED?

The royal army camped at the foot of the fort, which was at such a height that its towers touched the sign of the Gemini, and even its lower part was hardly visible from the ground, while its top was inaccessible even to the swift-footed fancy. The ropes of the royal pavilion were tied to the halo round the moon and the sign of Pisces. The disbelievers who were in constant attendance were as numerous as the fishes in the river, as black as darkness in the night. They were as firmly established in the fort as fire in iron and stone or as accident in the substance of essence.

Although the wretched defenders of the fort appeared weak and helpless before the royal army yet the signs of malevolence were clearly visible in the posture of confidence assumed by them. At the battlefront each one of them vied with the other in his eagerness to defend his honour even at the cost of his life. He was firmly girding up his loins to spin the yarn of mischief and malevolence, raise the dust of heresy and kindle the fire of idol worship, and further, trying to put out the lights of true religion, and conceal the sign-posts of the right path.

The Muslim army surrounded the fort just as the sky is encircling the centre of the earth. Then with the force of hurricane they made a powerful attack on the beleaguered garrison from all the sides. The flash of the sharp swords and daggers utterly shattered the morale of the unbelievers and lowered the flags of polytheism, indicating their defeat. The heads of the moving cypresses (tall soldiers) either rolled on the

ground or were raised aloft on the points of spears. In the hunting ground of calamity, the birds of the souls were seen caught in the talons of the falcons of death. The vermilion-like blood lent the hue of the ruby of *Badakhshan* to the rust-coloured sword.

At the very first onslaught, the gentle breeze of good fortune began to blow, and one could smell the fragrance of the perfumes of success and triumph. The vanguard of the army of victory showed up at the horizon of the battlefield, and the dragons of standards were restored to life by the air of conquest. The sides of the flags began to flutter in the air as a result of these signal victories.

The dawn of the day of good fortune revealed itself on the horizon of glory and the impregnable fort, one of the best known ones of Hindustan, the strength of the fortification of which had been widely talked about, ultimately became a part of the Muslim empire.

From amongst the inmates of the fort, those who were sensible and wise and were aided by Divine grace, succeeded in swimming across the deep waters of sin and error, and were able to reach the shore of the right path (by embracing Islam). They realised that glory and good fortune lay in doing what religion commands one to do, and refraining from what is forbidden in religion. He, who was denied the sight of the beauty of reason and was stripped of the jewelry of wisdom, found that the lusterless star of his ill-luck was confined in the depths of misfortunes and adversity. In fact, he preferred the detestable face of death to the coveted blessing of life. Due to his foolhardiness he ultimately got rid of the life of captivity and slavery by consuming poison or by killing himself with his own sharp sword.

In utter misery he uprooted the sapling of his life from the soil of the palace garden of his life and allowed the bird of his soul to fall into the trap of death. Ultimately, he suffered the consequences of his malice and villainy, and the misfortune of his insurrection and perversity recoiled on him. He vanished in a trice like a spark of fire or a bubble on the surface of water.

The courtiers and nobles entered the fort, where they came by enormous booty, which alongwith a large quantity of precious gold included one thousand horses, easy-paced, globe-trotting of fiery temperament, swift like the wind, capable of flying like birds, strong like *Simurgh*, with veins of lion and the speed of deer. All these horses were presented to the king.

Each one of these horses was as huge as a furious elephant and as strong as a fierce lion. When it cupered it seemed to be floating in the air like a fast flying bird. It could scratch the face of the moon by grazing it with its spear like ears. By the sheer tint of its swiftness it blocked the way of escape of onager and mountain goat.

It could outstrip even the fast running courier of the swiftly revolving sky. The sparks produced by the flint of its granite-breaking hoofs could burnt the eyes of the Pleiades. It could ignite fire in the heart of rock and anvil by the flint of its granite piercing shoes and race across tortuous paths with the same ease with which sleep sneaks into the eyes or a secret occupies the heart.

When that mission was so easily fulfilled by the charming grace and boundless benevolence of the matchless Benefactor (May His name be glorified) and all the aims and objects had met with the blessing of success, reports began to pour in that the Imperial standards (May God raise them aloft) would

be shortly arriving. This happy news proved to be a source of great joy. There was general jubilation mingled with mirth and gaiety. The dawn of hope was shining at the horizon of fulfillment. The nightingale of delight was singing on the rose-tree of joy.

On the arrival of the lord of the world *Shahabud Din Ghori* there was joy and splendour all around. There was a smile on the lips of prosperity, and a glow on the face of the world. The cypress tree of glory and the sapling of prosperity were thriving in the garden of kingdom. Flowers and blossoms of fulfilled desires were growing on the trees of hopes. The garden of happiness and the rose-tree of joy looked fresh and blooming. This period is noteworthy for stability and steady expansion of the empire and corresponding enhancement of the royal prestige.

The king of angelic nature and sublime rank forthwith mounted a swift horse and rushed forth to receive the emperor. He applied to his eyes as collyrium the dust raised by the hoofs of the horses of the imperial cavalry. This dust was indeed, the alchemy of good fortune and the antimony of the eyes of felicity. He earned the honour of kissing the hand of the emperor, which was a great source of pride and the very essence of dignity, the heading of the letter of good fortune and the embroidery of the garment of kingship.

He took along with him a number of presents. Among them was an elephant loaded with refined and pure silver, which looked like the conjunction of the sun and the moon in the black dome of heaven or as if water and fire had been joined together in the blue sphere. The presents also included one hundred heads of horses each one of them was as huge as an elephant, its form was as well-proportioned as that of *rakhsh*,

with steps of *shabdiz*, and body of *Buraq*, swift like lightning, with it neighing as loud as thunderbolt. It could go down into a depression like the inevitable (decreed) fate or move up like the prayer of the oppressed. It demonstrated the attributes of clouds and winds for it came down like rain drops and shot up like the flame of fire.

Among the presents there was a large variety of perfumes, the scent of which reminded one of the fragrance of the air of the gardens of paradise. The sweet aroma diffused by those perfumes floated in mountains and deserts converting them into rose-gardens. While making obeisance he recited the following couplets to demonstrate his genuine loyalty:

I am presenting to you my half-dead self, for this is all that I can offer you,

Granted, that this offering is not worthy for your august self, but that is what I can give offhand.

His past services, so assiduously rendered, were duly appreciated and admired and his rank before the majestic throne was considerably raised. In course of time there was a phenomenal rise in his prestige and position.

The sublime court (May God exalt it) singled him out for special patronage and promotion. The fact, that his humblest request was granted, aroused the jealousy of his compeers. Not long before he became a special favourite of the king, which indicated the degree of faith and confidence reposed in him by the sovereign.

After repeating to himself the following couplets which described his state of mind, he thought it necessary to recite them:

My circumstances have again become stable. And means of happy life have been provided to me. I had been living in

obscurity but now my patron has graciously restored my name and fame.

And now ! am holding a sword in my strong hand to kill the enemies of his empire.

THE BATTLE OF BANARAS

After a few days, when the circular sky had revolved round the centre of the earth a number of times, and the luminous bodies (planets) had intermingled with dark countenances (several days and nights had elapsed), fifty thousand renowned horsemen, wearing chain-armours and cuirasses, riding steeds as huge as mountains or as strong as iron, arranged like the cluster of Pleiades, presented themselves for review, seeking to join the valiant troops of the king. These gallant warriors drew themselves up in a file like stars. In war they were firm like the pole-star in the fast revolving sky, and in the battlefield as steadfast as the longitudinal line in the whirling sky. Each of them was equipped with arrow like the thunderbolt and armed with javelin like the meteor cuirassed like the firmament holding sword like the moon, far-sighted like the Mercury and cheerful like the Venus, swordsmen like the sun, and skilled in stabling with the dagger like the Mars, clear-headed like the Jupiter and malicious like the Saturn. He set out to fight with the Raja of Banaras with such a huge and well-equipped army. As the two sides got close to each other and the confrontation about to develop into an assault, the world-adorning judgement of the great sovereign (*Mohammed Ghori*), which was a model of universal reason, a mirror reflecting the invisible world, the vanguard of the sun of victory, the world revealing cup of conquest, thought it expedient that the ever victorious *Khusrau, Qutbud Din Aibak* should lead the offensive with one thousand horsemen, who were the protectors of the Islamic nation and defenders of the frontiers of faith.

If he faces two adversaries, he would pierce his spear into

their bodies to club them into one.

But if there is only one he would cut him into two with his sword. The ever-victorious *Khusrau* was the cavalier of the field of valour, and the bangle of the wrist of power. When he rushed towards his enemy, the courier of the sky carried the saddle-cloth of his dark horse on his shoulder, compared to the speed with which he carried out his resolve, the fast-running fancy seemed to be stationary. He deployed the army of his mind to deal with that situation and exercised his serene judgement and mature thinking to the task of arranging his troops for the battle.

With immense self-confidence he mounted the horse like the sun and pressed forward towards the goal of victory with the speed of wind and clouds. The foundations of the earth began to shake under the weight of the arms of the soldiers, and the ceiling of the sky seemed to be quivering by the strokes of the hoofs of the horses. The dust rising from the dust-coloured platform of the earth reached the green dome of heaven. The thickening haze of dust in the atmosphere looked like a patch of dark cloud or one might say another terrestrial globe. The falcon of his *Huma*-like touching parasol cast its peacock-like shadow on the golden eyes of the sun, and the *Simurgh* of his moon-like banner (May it ever accompany the sun of victory like a shadow) spread out the wings of good fortune, scared by the shadow of his spear, even the mountain tremble like the branch of willow in the wind or like the unsteady image of the sun in the water. The moon with her silver sheath was so terrified by the sun of his sword that she appeared consumptive like a shadow.

He caused shivering like that of a patient of ague to the arrow of an enlightened mind that moved as stealthily as the

shadow that follows the sun. The light-giving eye of the sun, which is a fire that drinks water, showed symptoms of jaundice like the narcissus. The blood-thirsty Mars, caught in the coil of the rope of the sun (lasso of the sun) was rolling on the ground gasping for breath.

The clear-headed Jupiter second only to the sun in brightness, had suffered disgrace like a shadow (has become black like a shadow). The lofty Saturn, prostrating on the ground like a shadow under the protection of the sun of his high rank was afflicted with gout.

The heat of his severity, compared to which even the sunlight was like a spark of fire, tied the feet of world-wide disturbances to the ground, just as the wind remains attached to the earth. The sword of his justice, ever restless like the sky and the sun, chained the hands of tyranny just as the wind chains the surface of the water (by causing ripples on its surface).

On reaching the camp of the enemies of faith, who were indeed bands of demons, he, with trust in the Almighty God, rashly urged his *Buraq*-like horse into the fray, just as a salamander leaps into the flames of fire or as a crocodile plunges into the deep waters. The dust rose from the centre of the earth and reached as high as the Saturn and soon the turquoise-coloured porch of the sky turned yellow with haze of dust that hid from view not only the steeds but even huge elephants.

Under the guidance of felicity and inspired by good fortune, he engaged his adversary in a sanguinary combat, and on the chess board of the battlefield won the wager of life from the enemy of faith by casting only one die. And check-mated the foe by shooting from the bend of his bow the eagle

of arrow which was in a way the falcon of victory.

With the battle-axe of crescent he pushed the moon of the lives of his enemies into the straits of *zaiq* (one of the mansions of the moon). The bodies of the warning lions raised aloft by his spear-head looked like chickens dangling from the spit. He caused sieve-like-holes to appear on the surface of the sheaths of his enemies by his javelins that shot like stars and struck like thunder-bolts. Instead of collar of servitude he threw the noose of his lasso which is like the necklace of the Gemini, round the necks of the warriors arranged against him. He used the jet-black bodies of Hindus as sheath for his blood stained sword that flashed like sunbeams. Like the first rays of the dawn, he captured the world with his Mars-like dagger.

The sword caused a torrent of molten ruby to gush forth from the fountain of its enamel (its bluish edge). It scattered coral on its diamond-like surface. It dyed its bluish body red with blood. It washed its basil-like face with the water of anemones. It lent the colour of pomegranate flower, to its lily-like form, and scattered pomegranate seeds on its bluish ground. By the fire of its strokes it caused sparks to emerge from the soil of the battlefield and rise to the Pleiades. With its sharp edge, the sword pounded the granite rock into leaves of gold.

The blood-thirsty dagger turned the morning of the enemy into evening (cast a gloom on his life) as it pierced the cuirasses and horse armours with the same ease with which an arrow could pass as through silk threads.

In the glow of the fire of wounds the luster of the sword glittered like cinders. It burnt down the pages of the lives of the enemies with the fury of a thunderbolt and with its blood-stained surface, it appeared as if it had washed its face with the dye of logwood and then drawn lines on its green body.

One could say it was making sketches with vermilion on its rust coloured page. Or it was pouring saffron-coloured wine into a blue goblet. Its tongue showed the sharpness of teeth. In the thick haze of dust it was shining like fire engulfed with smoke or appeared like the sun glistening from behind a cloud like a golden flame.

A DESCRIPTION OF HIS ARCHERY

With his eyes piercing arrow he could untie the knot of heaven as if it was the tie of a single thread, and in the star-filled sky could stitch the string of Pleiades on the belt of the Gemini. From the silvery shield of the moon he could make the sun as an elevated target. He could, in a dark night, thread the eye of a snake and the heart of an ant in one string. With physical eyes he could split a single hair into a hundred strands and with his inner eye he could create room in the heart of a dot and inside the body of a mote. With one glance he could remove a cataract from the corner of the eye, freckles from the face of the moon and the white from the eye.

Like a phlebotomist he would bleed the jugular vein by passing the lancet of arrow through the eyes (of the enemy) and like a tailor stitch the eye-lashes on the rose petals of the eyes with the needles of the tips of thorns. The arrow pierced the eye of the enemy as a thorn pricks the eyes or as thread passes through the eye of a needle. It split the thorns of eyelashes into the shape of the rings of a chain-armour or the notch of a *Sufar* (of a bow) with the sharpness of a needle, and in the twinkling of an eye the arrow passes through the tip of the needle of the thorn.

The *alif*-like (ا) arrow winked at the wounds inflicted on the eyes of the enemies by swords, and pierced its *laam* (ل) like bifurcated nib into the centre of the eye pushing on towards

the nape of the head of the enemy in an *alif*-like (ا) straight movement. Then like a pair of compasses it drew a *meem*(م) -like circle round the *ain* (ع) of the eye, and presently removed the black dot from the white surface of the eye with wind-like swiftness. And with the heat of his two-headed arrow he kindled the fire of *Barzeen* (name of a fire temple) in the heart and eyes of the enemies.

He branded the forehead of the impudent enemy with the mark of the ownership (of the king) just as a *dinar* is minted. He burnt the eyes of the enemy like the crucible on fire and silver in burning hay. With his eagle like arrow he covered the light-giving spring of the sun turning it into the eyes of a blind man. He shot the bird of the arrow from the bow to settle in the ventilator of the brain and occupy the nest of the eye. In concealed light from the sharp-sighted eye of the enemy just as light is hidden from the eyes of a bat, and thus the bright day appeared as dark to his enemy just as it does to a bat.

In the dark dust his arrow confided its secrets to the black of the eye (of the enemy), and like the immodest lightning piercing through the cloud of haze crossed all the membranes of the eyes to make its abode in the brain, just as vision abides in the eyes. It perforated the skull to make it look like sieve and ladle. It came out like a ray of light from the eyes of the enemy as well as from the rings of his armour and iron bits of his shining cuirass with its diamond like point of the arrow pierced the onyx of the eye as if it was a pearl. It cracked the almond of the eye as one of a closed mouth. It tore open the box of the narcissus-like eye like the jacket of a rose or tunic of a tulip. it turned the bead of the sky into a mine of steel like the gall bladder of a lion and the stone in the head of a snake. Urged by eagerness to drink blood, it rushed towards the fountains of the eyes with

the speed of divine decree, and spurred by the passion for taking the life of the enemy it leapt at the target of the eye with the swiftness of the heavenly destiny.

The tongue of the fierce double-headed arrow was conveying the call of death to the ears of the enemies through the mouth of the helmet and the eyes (rings) of the armour. It (double headed arrow) had caused a stream of blood to flow from the fountain of the eye in stead of ordinary tears: Shot in quick succession these arrows closed the aperture of vision on the eyes of the enemy. By inflicting grievous wound it caused a spring of blood to flow from the eye which is virtually a fountain of sight, and then taught the pupil of the eye to swim in the waves of blood. The poisoned point of the arrow became cornelian coloured after being dipped in the tears of blood. The flood of the tears of blood turned the courtyard of the battlefield into a rose garden.

It appeared as if the eye-piercing arrow was made by intermingling the temper of the Mars with the disposition of the Saturn. The heart-consuming dart picked up arrow point from the eye-lashes and feathers from the eye-lids of the enemy. Three war elephants were killed by the murderous arrows of the king which pierced the eyes of the furious elephants. Struck by the cloud of the volley of arrows, the eyes of the enemies began to shed tears of blood. The battlefield was completely covered by the dismembered limbs of men and the mutilated carcasses of elephants. The sharp blade of the dagger acquired the colour of fenugreek and saffron above the dark faces of Hindustanns. In the crucible of the breasts of the warriors the blade of the blood shedding sword leapt like flames in a blazing fire. The soil of the battlefield got mixed with the brain of the chiefs of the army. The ground of the battlefield

appeared to have been washed by the blood oozing from the hearts of the wounded and the dead. The dust raised by the steeds moved upto to the sky, and the blood seeping down the soil reached the back of the fish (that supports the earth), and its vapours rose upto the surface of the Arcturus. The soldiers of the enemy though they were lions of the woods of war and crocodiles of the ocean of combat, were too exhausted to fight, and consequently withdrew from the fray and retreated from the battlefield.

The king, from the *sheen* (ش) of whose sword, felicity and triumph borrowed the light of victory, annihilated the non-believers and the erring? with the help of the Almighty God and support of Providence, and rode back victorious and triumphant. Then he proceeded to the court of the lord of the world (*Shahabud Din Ghori*) with enormous booty.

Again splendid favours and honours were conferred on him and the king treated him with utmost compassion and kindness. The august court became fragrant with the perfume of a description of his attributes and the fame of his merits. The brilliance of his wisdom and manliness and the signs of his valour and gallantry made an indelible mark on the mind of the people. The caption of the record of the empire and the title of the history of sovereignty acquired, fresh splendour and elegance by incorporating an account of his exploits, and the episode of the seven adventures of *Rustam* and the legend of *Mazanderan* were lost in the folds of oblivion. He received gifts and favours in keeping with his valour and intrepidity. He was promoted to a higher position and a more dignified status according to his glorious deeds and brilliant feats.

Since in the early stages of campaign the auspicious bird of good omen had appeared before his eyes and signs of

success and indications of victory had become visible, his confidence and conviction that he would attain his real object and fully achieve his purpose considerably increased. The king whose resolve is always supported by Divine aid, and whose judgement and vision produce the fruits of signal victory and glorious triumph, took a firm decision that a detachment of the victorious army will be placed at his command and other nobles and generals and troops of various categories would proceed to overpower and subdue the Raja of Banaras. They were ordered to mobilise the troops and draw them in battle array. At once a number of horse-soldiers and footmen came forward to obey the command and carry out this order. In their eagerness to fight with the enemy they moved with the speed of wind and clouds and reached the battlefield.

When Chet Chandra, the Raja of Banaras, who was a pillar of infidelity and blasphemy and was full of arrogance and deceit, clearly saw the fluttering of the royal flags and the movement of the victorious army, the veil of doubt and the screen of misgiving were lifted from his mind, and he advanced to offer resistance and fight with a huge army and numerous troops the strength of which was more than the number of ants and particles of dust, and successive arrivals of reinforcements were unending like the revolutions of the sky.

When the chiefs and commanders of the Hindustani army got ready to fight, the lowered flags of heresy and the reversed banners of blasphemy were raised. The elephants in the battlefield became furious like the turbulent surface of the ocean when the wind blows. The elephants covered with armour ran like fortresses of iron. Their blood shedding tusks were dyed with the blood of the heart of the Mars. By inflicting wounds they caused bruises on the face of the moon and the

back of the fish (that supports the earth). Their dragon-like trunks some time became a collar round the neck of heavenly Lion (The Leo) and at other time a girdle round the Gemini, and also a ring round the Pleiades. It appeared as if cloud-like body of the elephant has dabbed the earth with indigo, and that its huge body has raised Alexander's rampart. Due to the neighing of horses and the trumpeting of elephants, the moon had lost her way in the sky. The sound of the battle drum conveyed to the monotheist the happy tidings that 'victory is trom God'. The sound of the conch and brass pipe had reached the Capella and lifted the veil of doubt (about victory) from the minds of the people.

By the reflection of multicoloured banners that looked at the Constellations of the Eagle and the lyre, the air of the battlefield appeared like the plumes of pheasant and pea-cocks, and due to the splendour of the flags of different colours that tucked the Arcturus and Spica Virginis, the ground of the battlefield resembled a rose garden and a bed of tulips. Armies on both sides stood in battle array like two mountains of steel, and were seething with excitement like two oceans with waves billowing with swift winds. The vast plains of Hindustan proved as inadequate to accommodate the horde of horsemen and soldiers as the site of the Resurrection.

The shouts of the Unitarians praising God, crossed the sphere of Saturn and the cries of crusades glorifying the Almighty unnerved the fierce lion. The atmosphere of the battlefield became steely on account of the presence of soldiers wearing cuirasses and chain armours, while the air of the arena of combat became fiery due to the sheen of swords and flashes of daggers, you would say that instead of rain drops, arrows and lances were falling from the clouds of malice,

and that in place of vegetation coral was growing on the soil of the battlefield. The ears or the steeds were adorned by the points of lances and the reins in the hands of the warriors were being pulled to right and left. As the horsemen bent and turned the rings of their armours developed cranks. As a result of the clashes and assaults of the valiant warriors, war elephants fell on one another, and due to the fire of skirmishes and combats the arms on the bodies of soldiers became hot. Awe-struck by the battle, the face of the azure sky assumed the hue of fenugreek (turned yellow). The soul of the brave soldier came out of the his body like the sweat from its pores and got an opportunity to move from the low earth to the highest of heavens.

Terror stricken by the sight of sharp swords even the fierce lion showed signs of cowardice, fire entrenched itself in the heart of stone and the interior of steel, and birds and beasts withdrew from high air and wilderness of the jungles respectively.

Fear forced the bird of the sky to stop its movement. The pen of the Mercury, the scribe, had abandoned its normal course of gliding conpaper. The singer, Venus, began to cry and lament. The sun (the cavalier) of the heaven withdrew his head behind shield of the revolving sky. The Mars the swordsman cast aside the cloak of immunity like the Jupiter, and the malignant Saturn became a recluse like hermits.

The hoofs of horses raised so much dust that the heavenly spheres became the centre of the earth, and by the strokes of the shoes of the steeds the earth began to revolve like the skies. The dust of the Day of Judgement appeared at night and the bright mirror of the air turned as black as pitch and tar, and the shining face of the sun got hidden behind a veil. The eye-

piercing arrows tore apart the rings of armours and the links of cuirasses. The breast-tearing two headed arrows stitched the helmet on to the heads of the cuirass-wearing soldiers and burnt the hearts of famous combatants and heroes with the fire of wounds in the manner of lightning. Eyelashes more numerous than thorns got into the eyes of the soldiers, and set free the birds of their soul from the cages of their bodies to soar in the air of the world of souls. The blood shedding lance caused blood to fall from clouds as if it was a vernal shower. The sharp fire scattering edge of the sword caused a coral-coloured flood to flow on the battlefield. The hard arrow covered the face of the moon with spikes of arrow-heads making it look like the back of a fish, and with its diamond like point bored the blood-shedding tusks of the terror-striking elephants, and like a meteor burnt the breasts of furious lions and terror-striking tigers.

DESCRIPTION OF THE SWORD

The sharp sword caused blood to drip on a dark cloud, and extracted coral out of steel, and forced the soul to leave the body. Molten ruby could be seen on blue surface of the blue sword and cornelians rolled on its diamond like surface. The sword tied red veils on the pitch-black faces of Hindustanns, and caused the blood to gush out of the blue bodies of the elephants. The sword passed over helmets, coats of mail cuirasses and horse armours like lightning and kindled fire in the whirling waters of the river of the battle like a thunderbolt. By the blow of its strokes it caused the heads to drop from bodies just as leaves fall from the trees when the autumn wind blows.

The bright sword shone in the dark dust like a lamp in the moonless night, and glittered like flame of fire engulfed by smoke. It chopped off the heads of the great chiefs of the world and the heroes of the time. It cut down the trees of the lives

of the enemies that were standing in the garden of the country. It dyed red the surface of the earth with blood, and gave the colour of yellow perfume and safflower to the dark soil.

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE LANCES

The crocodile like spears rose like dragons and changed the battlefield and the ground of conflict into reed-beds and bamboo groves. It appeared that in their eagerness to fight they had girded up their loins like reed-pens, and due to their enthusiasm to combat they were restless like snakes and in the dust of the battlefield, the blood-stained lances looked like a burning coal in smoke and shone like stars in dark midnight. The point of the spear caused a fountain of blood to gush forth from the eyes of the elephants and thus a torrent of blood flowed on the soil of the battlefield. When the soldier fought with spears, roses, (drops of blood) fell on the ground turning the battlefield into beds of roses and tulips. The heavy mace smashed the helmets on the heads of commanders, and the brains of the arrogant rebels intermingled with dust and blood.

DESCRIPTION OF THE LASSO

The loop of the lasso became a collar in the neck of the rebels and a girdle round the waist of the warriors. Its ring which was the snare for catching the bird of the soul became a hook for hanging the heads of the Rajas. The angel of death had inverted the cap and cloak of their lives. The cap (*kulah*) when its letters were reversed became *halik* (dead) and *qaba* (cloak) when its characters were reversed became *'aabiq* (one who has fled). The troops of the enemy were either dead or they fled. The hand of death provided them with the beds and pillows of the ground dust, and shrouds of their armours and cuirasses. Time turned the bright day of the polytheists and the

misled into a dark night. The heads of the insurgents and soldiers of Hindustan dropped on the ground, and the soil of the battlefield was besmeared with the tar and pitch of their corpses. Due to the piles of the limbs and members of their bodies it was difficult to move there. The level ground resembled hillocks and mountains. As the steeds trampled on the blood of the heart of the dead, their forelegs acquired the colour of the ruby of *Badakhshan*. In the midst of wounded bodies thorns and straws became red like cornelian and coral, and the soil of the battlefield was kneaded with the blood of the horsemen. Anemone sprouted in the expanse of the desert, and instead of green grass madder grew on the soil. There was so much blood that the battlefield began to seeth with billows like the Caspian sea, and Euphrates and Tigris of blood could be seen flowing all over the site of the combat. The torrent of blood flowing from Hindustan joined the Jaxartes and Bactrian streams in Persia. The moisture seeped down the earth and reached the fish (that supports the earth) and the vapours ascended beyond the moon and the Pleiades. The dust raised by the army veiled the sky, while the surface of the ground became variegated by the reflection of the blood. The waves of blood rose as high as the scarlet sky with the result that the Constellation of the Eagle and the Lyre began to dive in the stream of blood like a water fowl. The fish of sky (the Pisces) began to swim in the river of blood. The bull down below (on those horns the earth is supposed to be resting) got stuck up in the rose bed of blood. There was so much blood that the crystal palace of the sky became red like tulip, and the glass like revolving dome (heaven) was filled with blood like the bottle of a phlebotomist.

The Raja of Banaras had been very proud of his huge army

and furious elephants. However a bird-like dart from the king's bow made its way into the casket of the pupil of his eye. A lethal two headed arrow hit the vital part of his body, and he fell down on his face from his *farqad*-touching resting place on the back of the elephant.

The star of his ascendancy had moved away from the sky of majesty and the height of perfection. The bough of his life had been chopped off from the tree of kingdom. His head, which had become the pigeon house of wishes and desires, a nest of the hawk of vicious passions, and of the falcon of hope and aspirations, and in which the bird of self-delusion and heedlessness had laid eggs, and which had grown the wings and pinions of the malevolence of insurgency to fulfill his ambition to become a sovereign ruler, was caught in the noose of the rope of the gallows. The body of the arrogant Raja was thrown on the dust of ignominy and disgrace at the exalted court.

The plains of Hindustan were purged of the wickedness of the Raja and the evil of his blasphemy. The ropes of revolt and insubordination were snapped. The substance of mischief and malevolence was completely eliminated. The basis of heresy was completely eradicated and the foundation of deviation was totally demolished. Gaping holes and big breaches appeared in the wall of polytheism, the sight of which dazed the eyes of the viewer. The functionaries of the state and loyal servants of the empire laid their hands on so much booty that the accountant of fingers got tired of computing it.

When the king of planets (sun) strutted from the silvery terrace (the sky) towards the western horizon and the world-illuminating beauty of the day was hidden behind the veil of darkness, the Hindu of dusk overpowered the army of light, and

rubbed ambergris on the violet coloured locks of hair, and applied pure musk to the blue forehead of the azure sky, and the hair-dresser like a comber darkened the tresses of the bride of day and night. The bead-coloured crow of night spread its wings on the white cheeks of the day and covered the face of the atmosphere with its dark feathers. The rook of sunset coated the visage of the world with pitch and tar, and consequently the carpet of the firmament and the surface of the earth assumed the form of tar. The expanse of the world became the race-course of the Ethiopian troops. The army of Ethiopia appeared from behind the terrestrial globe and advanced towards the skies. The white universe covered its head with a black blanket, and the bright world cast a blue mantle and a dark sheet on its shoulder. Due to the overwhelming darkness of night even breath faced difficulty in finding its way out.

The far-sighted reason was wandering in the valley of cogitation. The swift fancy was caught in the desert of aberration. The painter of thought was denied freedom of action. Due to prolonged darkness the spy of the sky (moon) had lost its way. The emerald-coloured courtyard of the sky had acquired splendour and elegance from the flowers and blossoms of planets. The topaz coloured dome of firmament had been embellished and adorned with the pearls of fixed stars. The luminous heavenly bodies were shining in the casket of blue firmament as bright as shining red gems. The pearls of shining stars were glittering on the blue surface of the celestial globe looking like bubbles on the surface of water. The brightness of stars appeared like dots of light in the pupils of the dark night, and it seemed as if streaks of white hair have appeared in its musky tresses.

There had gathered on this candle-lit-roof (sky) an assembly of beautiful pretty damsels (stars). The ear and neck of the light-headed sky were burdened with the necklace of the Pleiades and the collar of the Gemini.

The milky way had tied a belt of silver round the waist of this blue water-wheel-like firmament, and caused streams of milk to flow across the verdant meadow of the sky. You would say that the reflection of metallic mirrors is falling on the azure surface of the heaven, or lines of light have been drawn across the blue tablet of the sky. It appeared as if the sovereign of the moon has put her head out of the green curtain of the litter of the sky, and has risen like the sun from behind the white screen of the firmament and the horizon of the mirror-like celestial sphere. It looked like a glass bead that has come out of this azure casket and heaven-like garden. It revealed itself on this rust-coloured carpet and blue throne (sky) like the cup of Jam (which revealed the universe) and adorned the neck and ears of the bride of the clever sky with the necklace and ear-rings of light respectively. It further embellished the wrists of the veiled lady of the destitute firmament with golden bracelets and its shanks with silver anklets.

The moon began to roll along the edge of the mirror-like sky like a ball and adorned the ceiling of turquoise with the light of her face. You would say that the shield of the moon is trying to resemble the drummer of the king to show its superiority and the battle-axe of the crescent was imitating the royal bow with its golden string to assert its higher status.

The planet Mercury, the writing master, turned up at the rendezvous of the stars, picked up the pen of prudence and deliberation in the fingers of intelligence and competence, and drew the figures and numerals of fixed stars and planets

on the boards of heavens. The lady of the sky, the planet Venus, made her appearance at the bridal apartment of the east and emerged from the green dome and the golden cradle of the sky like flowers coming out of the sea-green canopy (grass).

The sun proceeded to the seclusion of solitude and retired in the dormitory of the west, and the carpet of the earth on which his rays fell became dark and dusky. The bellicose Turk (the planet Mars) appeared on the blue dome and resembled a golden helmet on an iron shield, and unsheathed his blood-shedding sword with the hand of violence and terror.

The judge of the sky, (the planet Jupiter) sat down on the throne of mercurial sky and reclined on the pearl-set couch of the firmament, and adorned the centre of honour and dignity with light and splendour.

The slave of the seventh palace (the planet Saturn) was standing on the roof of the world as an on-looker and like the cruel Mars raised a javelin and a lance in a hostile manner.

It held aloft the banner of revolt and insurgency and raised the flag of malevolence and mischief. The long night became short like the lock of the hair of a Negro. The army of darkness rubbed white powder on its tar-like face, and with its bright sword washed away the dust of darkness from the face of the universe. With its furbished sword it removed the rust of gloom from the surface of the mirror of the air, and by one blow separated light from darkness. The false dawn (the tail of the Lion) scattered the herd of the night (stars) into the desert of non-existence. *Suha* (the star) concealed its head behind the veil of modesty like a newly married bride. The Capella picked up the chess man of its fame from the blue board of the sky, and the tablets of the heavens were emptied of the pictures and images of stars and planets.

The milk of the day-break began to flow from the breast of the Divine decree towards the children of the world. The glow of the daylight spread on the dark face of the night. The silver-plated bridle of the dawn became visible on the cheek-straps of the black horse of the night. The ivory morning raised its head from the collar of the east and removed the blue curtain and black veil from its world adorning beauty. Dark screen was lifted from all over the world, and smoky curtains were removed from the faces of the stars in the firmament. With its glass, hand it (dawn) tore the blue garment of the sky and scattered the pearls of the *Sha'ri* (Sirius) and *nasra* (Cancry) from the skirt of the azure heaven. It snapped asunder the silvery ropes of the Milky Way that held the blue tent of the celestial globe. With the pen of light it drew silvery lines on the tablet of the sky. The puff of the daybreak lit up fire on the surface of the dark air and thus the black crow of the night was burnt in the crucible of the sphere of fire.

The gray hawk of the morning spread its shining wings all over the world, and lifted the white flag of the day from above the black banner of the night. As the white standard of *Rum* rose the dark banner of the ruler of Hindustan was lowered. The army of Cathy and China overpowered the troops of Ethiopia, and suspended the mirror of the king of China (the sun) on this lofty round ceiling and hanging dome (sky) like a candle.

The tiger rider of the sky (the sun) drew his ruby like sword from the sheath and took out a vermillion-coloured shield from the surface of the rusty sky. It opened a golden parasol at the corner of the white horizon, and with its golden spear removed the silver ring of the moon from the field of the sky, and raised its multi-coloured flag on the gilded terrace (sky) and placed the crown of its beams on the silver white head of the day. It

drew variegated ropes from the luminous spring on the high atmosphere and lit the world-illuminating candle (the sun) in the green canopy of the sky.

Its reflection adorned the surface of the atmosphere with the plumes of pleasant and the tail coverts of peacocks, and covered the courtyard of the earth with thousands of Venus and Pleiades. The world of heaven-like splendour became the focus of light, and the converging point of sunbeams. The brightness of the sun cast a quilt of anemone on the azure dome (sky), and covered the heads of the stars in the firmament with a golden veil. He (the sun) built a dome of light on the summit of the azure sky, and drew golden lines on the blue tablet and emerald-coloured throne of the heaven.

The planetary configuration showed a sign favourable for the royal movement, and consequently the king proceeded toward the fort of (Kashi) Koshi which housed the treasures of the Raja. Thus the king took possession of a variety of precious articles and riches the quantity of which was beyond the range of thought and surmise. Thence the king, under the influence of auspicious stars moved towards Banaras, which was the best city, and the very centre of Hindustan, when the royal banners cast their shadow on that territory, a new country became the seat of the faith. About one thousand idol-temples were converted into abodes of the righteous and the devout men and the shrines of icons and idols became mosques and charity homes. The source of heresy and the centre of blasphemy became the horizon of the sun of monotheism. The light of faith spread the light of right faith and set up the practice of the prevailing Islamic law.

All the vestiges of heresy were obliterated and the foundation of sedition were demolished.

The duties and guide-posts of the Islamic laws were clear and visible, and the basis of the faith and the empire became firm and strong, and the pillars of the kingdom and the community were duly strengthened and consolidated. The Muslim faith tied the ropes of the canopy of its sublimity on the horizon of eternity. Bedecked with the ornaments and robes of the flowers and blossoms of justice, the garden of kingdom acquired renewed freshness, the surface of coins (*Dinar* and *diram*) were re-embellished with the name and titles of the king.

The administration of state affairs was carried on, according to sound basis and healthy conventions. The top ranking functionaries of the state showed uprightness in performing their duties, and won the confidence of the people. Everybody tasted the sweetness of a comfortable and carefree life. Permanent residents and visitors, commoners and soldiers lived peacefully in the cradle of care and kindness. The heaven touching stirrup of the king tamed the restive horse of times, and the turbulent rebels were subdued and slavishly joined the ranks of his servants.

The market of peace and tranquility became brisk, and the dark night of oppression and disorder took to flight. Fire withheld the hand of its tyranny from the skirt of cotton, water no longer complained of its proximity to the rocks.

The wind abstained from doing harm to the dust as it lay in its natural habitat and real abode. The breeze did not tear the vest of the tulip and the collar of the bud. Gazelles and stags became companions and associates of lions and leopards, and partridges and quails developed friendship and intimacy with sparrow-hawks and falcons. Weak sparrow made its nest in the eye of a hawk, and fierce eagle settled in the neighbourhood of a pigeon. The royal orders were obeyed in

the four-flung areas of his kingdom in spite of long distances and varying local conditions. The sundry thoughts and varying desires crystallised in the form of love for the powerful empire. The position of the courtiers on the issues of conquering new territories and expanding the empire were clear beyond all doubts.

The strength, influence, power and superiority of the loyal and obedient people had been amply demonstrated. Consequently the Rajahs and brave warriors of Hindustan had joined the ranks of servants and slaves of the king. The rulers and dignitaries of the surrounding area entered the service of the king, and became his submissive vassals either spontaneously or out of fear. The governorship of that territory was assigned to a functionary of the renowned position and approved status. One who would endeavour to attend to the needs of the royal servants and soldiers and men of letters. He should also protect them from trouble likely to be caused by contact with heresy and exposure to seduction from the dualists and the misguided. Whether he is moving from place to place or has settled at a station he should not ignore people. He should do all that he can to carry out the wishes of the people, and resolve their problems. He should take all necessary measures to protect forts and citadels. In course of time he should strengthen the foundations of charity and the edifices of works of public benefit and thus leave, for all time to come, a good name in the world.

When his noble heart had finished the work of settling the general affairs of the city and its surrounding areas, and had established perfect peace and order by his bright judgement and sound acumen, the problems of the needy were solved and the needs of the charitable foundations were met. All

important matters, affairs of the state and issues of aims and objects of the people were successfully dealt with. The foundations of the kingdom and faith were strengthened according to the royal wishes and the affairs of the empire and religion were arranged in the string of his desire. The fame of the glorious deeds of the king and the memorable achievements of the monarch spread in every nook and corner of the inhabited quarter of the earth, and an account of famous assemblies and well-known military expeditions were written and recorded in books of history. The royal mandate to issue dispatches announcing his victory was promptly executed.

DESCRIPTION OF THE SECRETARY

The secretary, from the brightness of whose mind, the Jupiter sought light, as the moon seeks light from the sun, and in whose presence, Jupiter, the scribe, being the writing master of the heavens, stood with his loins goaded up for service, wrote down with his pearl-scattering pen the substance of what the king wanted to be conveyed about his aims and desires. He arranged the pearls of thought in the string of felicitous words and concise phrases. He displayed remarkable skill in using niceties of language, and employing rhetorical devices. By his wonderful power of expression he lent a unique charm to the language. With the tongues of his pen he inscribed magic of oratory on the surface of the silk-cloth, and by skillfully using his fingers he drafted the despatch in a highly flowery style. It appeared as if the tip of his pen rubbed the pure musk of the night on the face of the camphor of the day. It seemed to be sprinkling ambergris, drawn from the spring of tar, on the ground of ivory, or pouring musk-perfume obtained from the ocean of pitch in the sand of silver.

After sometime when the gray horse of the day and the dark steed of the sky had raced across the hippodrome of time, and the juggler of the green casket of the sky had circumambulated the bead of the earth, the exalted stirrup (the emperor *Shahabud Din Ghori*) turned toward his capital *Ghazni*. However, the flags of the victorious king (*Qutbud Din Aibak*) under the shadows of victory and triumph, remained fixed in the fort of Kashi for a few days. The dignitaries and grandees of the neighbourhood appeared before him with a large variety of gifts and presents. Ruling princes and nobles

prostrated themselves in his august court. Kings and gallant warriors of the world kissed the ground of the court. Powerful chiefs and proud rebels pledged loyalty and allegiance to him, and mighty rulers and potentates were reduced to submission, ever ready to obey his orders. For the maintenance of peace and order and the smooth administration of state affairs, a noble was appointed for each district of the province. The sole authority to carry on the work of governing the empire vested in the most eligible and clever men available. Due attention was paid to the prompt disposal of state business and to the quick settlement of public problems.

THE KING PROCEEDS TO KOL AFTER ENTRUSTING THE GOVERNORSHIP OF THAT TOWN TO *MALIK HUSAMUD DIN GHALBAK*

Thereafter the king set forth for the fort of Kol, one of the most impregnable ones of Hindustan. The triumphant monarch mounted his steed which was swift like lightning. It neighed like thunder. Its body was as large as a continent. It was as vindictive as the Saturn. Its temple shone like the Jupiter. It possessed the boldness of the Mars. Its forehead was as bright as the sun. It was merry like the Venus and frivolous like the Mercury. It could move constantly like the moon. Its buttocks were as huge as a mountain and it had the tail of a bull. It was as intelligent as an elephant, and as furious as a lion. It roared like a tiger and struck like an eagle. It had the eyes of a gazelle. It was as elegant as a crow, as wily as a partridge and as elegant as a peacock.

In that area there was a band of malcontents who always lay in wait for an opportunity to display their treachery. Wily as they were, they were foolish enough to act with deceit and subterfuge with the valiant warriors (The Royal army), ignorant of the import of the following verse:

When a hawk is entrapped in a pigeon-house, none of his cunning will help him against the pigeons.

All of them were put to sword. The souls of the enemies were dispatched from the pleasures of this world to the hell-fire of the next, and were lodged in the prison of the innermost recess of hell.

The basil-coloured surface of the sword was besmeared

with the blood of idol-worshipping warriors, and turned red like ruby. The effluviums of blood rose to the starry sky, and the vast expanse of the earth was covered with the blossoms of the Judas-tree. Anemones sprouted on the mossy surface of rocks, and roses and pomegranate flowers grew in place of thorns and shrubs.

That part of Hindustan was completely purged of idols and idolaters. The foundations of infidelity, blasphemy, heresy and perversity were patronage. He gave first priority to promoting the cause of true religion (Islam) and to showing generous patronage to learned men. Magnanimity towards men of erudition embellished his noble character and charming disposition. He spared no pains in looking after the welfare of the people and in fulfilling their needs.

The light of the sun of justice dispelled the shadow of oppression and injustice from the surface of the wall of the kingdom. The dignity of the life of his subjects remained safe from the stain of tyranny, and all the oppressed people lived happily in perfect security under the benevolent rule of the king.

The sole authority to govern the town of Kol was assigned to *Malikul Ahrar Hussamud Din Ghalbak*. He enjoyed the rank of the sky. He was the sun of the firmament of sublimity, the Jupiter of the sphere of grandeur, chief of the pillars of the state, head of the courtiers of the court, an embroidery on the garment of merits, the beauty of the face of times, the pearl of the ocean of bounty and generosity, and a ruby of munificence and liberality. So the choice of appointing a governor fell on that man of great gallantry and extraordinary wisdom. Finally orders were issued that the functions of the vice-regent will be performed by that peerless man who was gifted

with sound judgement and brilliant administrative acumen.

By his double-edged sword he restored splendour to the kingdom and faith, and removed rust from the surface of the mirror of the face of the world. His brilliant intellect and clear-headedness could be depended upon for protecting the rules and conventions that went with this office. He was deputed to deal with the affairs of the state because he was not only celebrated for his extraordinary intelligence and sound judgement but also well-known for his keen intellect and abundant wisdom. What was at first just a conjecture, fancy or surmise about his suitability for this position soon rose from the lower level of opinion to the pinnacle of conviction. He believed that the performance of deeds, approved by God would ensure perfect felicity. By honouring scholars and distinguished men and revering noble personages and leading lights of the time alone, one can be known to possess a noble character and charming manners. He should hold in highest esteem men of letters the tip of whose pen is an index of what is written in the diary of merit and excellence. Though he should show all respect to them and confer favours on them, yet he should see that they do not show arrogance to anyone. He should grant them favours and gifts according to the rank and status of each one of them. He should think it his bounden duty to show all kindness to his soldiers and look after their interests because in the event of war it is the tongue of their blood-thirsty sword, which proves to be the guide to victory and conquest. Further he should provide them the things they ask for, and show unstinted liberality in showering favours and benefits on them.

He should endeavour to see that the hearts and minds of his servants, soldiers and people in general, are adorned with the ornaments of love and good-will. To win over the people

who have been alienated, he should offer them allurements, and furnish them with all the means of well-being so that they become his loyal and devoted well-wishers.

While performing his functions as governor he should think it obligatory to adhere to this laudable habit. In order to manage the affairs of the state with perfect thoroughness he should always act with careful and minute consideration. Without brave fighters, it is not possible to maintain peace in the country. And brave men cannot be got without conferring benefits on them. And it is not possible to grant benefits without gains of prosperity. The profits of prosperity flow from the virtue of justice, so in all matters he should strictly follow the path of moderation. He should stick to the middle path in all matters and look upon this mode of conduct as the central pearl of the necklace of habits. He should keep clear of baseness which tends to lead one to excess and deficiency. When performing his duties he should never catch hold of the skirts of transgression because that is something unworthy and loathsome. On the other hand he should follow the example of the Prophet (peace be on him) and set before himself as a model of graceful nature, the noble character of the Prophet, which can be aptly described as an embroidery on the robe of charming manners.

He should bear in mind that without performing good deeds one cannot claim the honour of being called a human being. Differences in the ranks of human beings are determined by the attributes of virtue that characterise each individual. The superiority of one over the other is based on merit and excellence. The image of manliness and generosity is reflected in the mirror of righteousness and beneficence. Altogether he should see that he is not shorn of the ornament of decent

manners and the embellishment of love and friendship. He should take care to see that he is not enamoured of external beauty which is completely devoid of the qualities of head and heart. He should counteract the effect of the deadly poison of the serpents of evil deeds with the antidote of good deeds.

While dispensing justice he should treat even-handedly all people, high and low, and firmly enforce the laws of equity. He should lower the flags of tyranny, and efface all traces of oppression. He should never turn a deaf ear to the call of help from the oppressed. He should make every effort to see that while he earns a good name in this world, he also achieve salvation in the next, so that he does not hang his head in shame when he finds himself in the row of despotic and tyrannical rulers on the day of Judgement. He should also perform his duty of waging war against the infidels. He should fully exert himself in executing the decrees of the Divine Law and discharging his religious obligations. He should also refrain from precipitancy in dealing with state affairs. If on any occasion he loses his temper he should not allow himself to act in an arbitrary and despotic manner, and bear in mind the consequences of what he does. He should cover the faults of offenders with the skirt of forgiveness and accept their apologies.

Do not inflict severe punishment and torture on an offender without seeking the advice of reason which is a fair-minded and discerning judge. No verdict should be executed without a clear proof of the guilt, because even the slightest element of doubt will expose you to the wrath of God. Maximum vigilance and caution is also to be exercised in all cases of granting amnesty. In all affairs he should eschew what has been forbidden by the Islamic law and discarded by reason.

He should never lend his ears to slanderers and backbiters. He should shun the company of self-seekers, and never comply with their desires, nor even ever agree with their views. He should not trust calumniators and traducers and foil all attempts of your enemies to deceive you.

An ill-wisher should not get an opportunity to slander nor have the temerity to calumniate. Dissolute debauchers and mischief-mongers should be punished and reprimanded and repressed to such a degree that their life becomes miserable. At the same time he should not deviate from the path of the Prophet's tradition and the straight road of the law of God, when setting out to punish the wicked and the vicious. Peace and order in the dominion demand the safety of roads, highways, bridges, and military posts. It should also be considered necessary to protect the traders who act as messengers that propagate moral virtues. The things required and sought by a deserving person should not be covered by the veil of deferment. The needs of travellers should be promptly met, and public business should be disposed off expeditiously. In the field of hope which is not specious, one should firmly hold the reins of the steed of generosity. One should keep away from bad company because it's consequence is the denial of the blessings of the next world. One should not obey the dictates of lust and sensuality because they bear the fruit of remorse. One should take to beneficence before the hostile world could violate the bond of friendship.

He should make strenuous efforts to hoard virtues and garner good deeds that would bring him reward hereafter. He should regard righteousness and compassion as merchandise to be carried to the next world, and as provision for life to come. In all circumstances the proper management of the affairs

relating to life to come, should be considered more worthy of attention than looking after what concerns this temporary world. He should confine all his efforts to earning a good name, so that people speak well of him. He should also bear in mind that performance of pleasing customs and perpetuation of noble traditions which are pearl-strings of life and means of winning glory.

When he was free after setting in order the affairs of Kol, and by the blessing of the attention of his noble heart, peace and order had been established in that area, the king set out for the metropolis of Dehli which is considered the *Qibla* of good fortune by people all over the world. As the king and his retinue rode forward, the entire soil of the ground was covered with arch like marks of crescent made by the shoes of the nimble steeds.

With the arrival of the king, the splendour and elegance of faith and laws of religion, and community were considerably enhanced. The hand of grace pruned the thorns of mischief from the rose-garden of the kingdom, and showed the forearm of triumph and the proof of conquest to the rulers of the world. The furbisher of justice removed the dust of tyranny and the rust of oppression from the surface of the mirror of the empire. The soft and fragrant breeze of royal compassion and kindness began to blow from the wind-word of grace, and the fragrance of the king's justice and equity spread all over the world, and was inhaled by all men. All mankind that inhabits the world heard about his fair-mindedness and benevolence.

Justice was so firmly established that the talons of a kestrel could not reach the breast of a pheasant, nor could the claws of lion touch the buttocks of a deer. The wings of eagle served as a crown on the head of a parrot, and as a canopy above

the head of a francolin. Under the auspicious influence of the *Huma* of justice, the high-soaring falcon flew out to show its affection to the pigeon, and the intrepid partridge had the temerity to pick out grain from the crops round the neck of a hawk. There was so much peace and order that no sentries were needed to guard the treasury. Even a herd of sheep could do without a shepherd. The onager felt secure from the violence of a ferocious lion. The deer lived in ease and comfort in the neighbourhood of terror-striking lion. The mountain goat found a safe abode in the hiding-place of the panther with sharp claws. The wolf and sheep drank water from the same drinking place. The bat gave up the habit of losing its way. The crab gave up the habit of walking obliquely.

The magnet abandoned its tendency to oppress the iron by attracting it. The amber also refrained from controlling the straw. The sun put an end to the cruelty he showed to the warp and woof of linen and Tuzi. (It was believed that the texture of these fabrics fell apart on exposure to the sun). The moon also abandoned the practice of stealing light from the resplendent sun. In the whole world only the zephyr and the musk bore the epithet of tale-bearers. The mention of thieves and thefts, previously the talk of the town, and on everyone's lips, was buried forever. In the religion of generosity and the creed of bounty revocation of the practice of repayment of loans by Muslim was considered an essential duty. At the same time the needs of the skilled workers were met and their desires were fulfilled. He showered his unbounded bounty, compassion, benevolence, kindness and honour on the world and the people of the world. From the cloud of his grace and beneficence he caused the rain of favour and benefits to fall on all those who had pinned their hopes on his generosity and

munificence. Like lightning he dropped diamonds of wrath and revenge on the hearts of the groups of concealed satans:

He gave abundant sweet water of his favours to those who were thirsting for his bounty,
while the enemies of the country had to taste bloody death from the fountain of his sharp sword.

AN ACCOUNT OF HOW AJMER WAS CONQUERED ON THE SECOND TIME

In the year 589 reports were received at the imperial court, the *Qibla* of hopes and converging point of desires that *Harraj*, the ruler of Ajmer, had gone astray and had raised the banner of revolt. The fire of enmity, which had lingered in his heart and eyes, had suddenly begun to blaze. The path of sedition and insurrection, which had so far been kept closed on some excuse or the other, was suddenly thrown open. He showed unmistakable signs of rebellion and clear indications of insurgency. Unlucky as he was, he slipped the reins of ambition into the hands of Satan and cherished the desire to rise to the position of a king and an independent ruler. He deceived himself with false hopes which always cast a dark veil on one's reason.

Jaiter (Chhetr), who was in the forefront of his helpers and was a great support to his army, came running to Dehli. With his arrival people had a very bad time on account of his tyranny and oppression. Muslim, in particular, faced a serious threat to their life and property.

When this news reached the victorious king (one at whose threshold monarchs become slaves, while his slaves attained to the status of rulers) he made up his mind to take preventive measures and make all-out efforts to repair the damage.

The world adorning judgement of the king, which was like light-diffusing dawn of the days of disturbing events, and a lamp that dispelled darkness during nights of difficulties, which was the means of opening the door of conquest and the key to scoring victories — decided that one contingent of the army should be mobilised and be under his command. While the rest of the troops be deployed in putting down local disturbance in different parts of the empire, and in dealing with any crisis that might crop up at the frontiers. They should take concerted action to overpower and subdue the accursed enemies of the empire and the faith. These orders should be strictly and promptly carried out.

The standard of the sun-like splendour was raised to the sky and the imperial army, greater in strength then the number of meteors in the sky and rain-drops of clouds on earth, proceeded to annex Ajmer. It was an extremely hot summer. Due to the intense heat of the sun, the armours on the bodies of the warriors were blazing. The bodies of the combatants seemed to be burning under their armours and cuirasses. The sword in the sheath was melting like wax. The sheen of the sword was glistening like cinders. The points of spears and lances looked like molten cornelians. The stars in the roof of the high terrace (sky) had been burnt down. The heat of the hot wind had turned the terrestrial sphere into a centre of fire.

The heat of the sun reminded one of hell. It appeared that the heat of the airs had turned the earth into a furnace. The summer was so intensely hot that one could feel and see the sparks of hell-fire in the air.

King, the champion of faith, whose flaming sword cannot remain idle, and whose swift horse is ever restive, decided to push forward with a contingent of his victorious army at night.

At that time it appeared as if the Hindu of darkness had daubed the courtyard of the sky with tar and pitch. Or we might say the Abyssinian army had overrun the earth and a black flag and canopy had been spread in the blue dome of the sky. A veil of smoke had been tied on the face of stars. A musk-coloured sheet had covered the air, and the landscape of the world had been hidden in an ink-coloured garment. The blue garden of the sky had become so murky that it resembled an ocean of tar. The blue casket of the heaven had been emptied of all the gems of planets and fixed stars. The bead coloured crow of the night had covered the yard of the earth with its feathers and wings.

The bay horse of the king, swift like a meteor, galloped across the vast expanse of the country with the speed of wind, and covered long distances so swiftly that even the fast couriers of thoughts could not keep pace with it, nor could the messenger of the fast-running sky get near the royal retinue not even by the flight of imagination. The sun, even though it moves so fast, could not penetrate the dust raised by the elegantly trotting steed. The strokes of its hoofs on the surface of the earth hurt the back of the fish (on which the earth rests), while its ears grazed the face of the moon. When its fire-kindling shoes stamped the ground the soil assumed the shape of a chain-armour resembling the rippled surface of a pond of water when the wind blows. The nails of its shoes striking the rocks produced sparks that filled the air with stars as bright as the Venus and the Pleiades. When Jaiter (Chhetr) learnt that the king had carried out his decision, and later, got the news of the arrival of the victorious flags, he found himself in deep perplexity and confusion.

The hordes of cares and worries overpowered his heart, and

unshakeable apprehensions, which could not be dispelled, occupied his mind. He was so deeply disturbed that his breath burnt his throat like a flame of fire. So much terror-stricken was he, that his eyelashes become sharper than spears, and the hair on his body stood like thorns. The rust and dust of danger had made the surface of the mirror of a refuge where he could rest in peace, dark and dim. Without applying his mind to the matter he intuitively felt that he would not be able to stand up to the royal army in the battlefield, and that tricks and wiles will be of no avail against brave soldiers.

Not prepared for war and with no proper arrangement of arms and ammunition, he tied the girth round the body of his horse and took to flight. He rode on and on with the speed of wind hoping that by running away he would escape from the chains of the king's wrath, and thus free himself from the meshes of hardship and misery. He believed that he had, thus reached the shore of safety after clearing the deep waters of death, and was out of the striking distance of the death dealing sword of the king.

He hid himself in that impregnable fort, just as a tortoise withdraws its head in its shell. He regarded the four walls of the fort as his refuge, a shelter and haven of safety. But it was just like a fly that hangs in the web of misfortune. Indeed his action resembled that of the silkworms that weave their shrouds with the thread of their own saliva. So he virtually remained a captive in the cage of sufferings and privations like a sparrow, and entangled like a pigeon in the snare of distress and perplexity.

The king, keeping pace with the momentum of his victories, was in hot pursuit of that wretch. The crescent of the royal flag, marked with sun-like splendour, rose from the horizon of glory

in the plains of Ajmer. The royal army was as mighty as the sky and as vast as the ocean with their swords the soldiers could drive the lion from the forest, and pull the moon down to the earth with their spears. Harraj also stood there fully armed. In his zeal to fight he thought that showing valour was like making love. His army was so huge that their number could not be calculated even by the numerator of fancy nor could the girdle of language encompass it. All of them hid themselves in their cuirasses and armours like the griffin that remains concealed behind the mountain *Qaf*.

He was behaving like a pigeon, but instead of an ankle-ring his feet were proudly dragging the skirt of an armour. He appeared like a bellicose cock, but in place of a crown, had a helmet on his head. He resembled a mirthful nightingale, that preferred clanks of swords and daggers to the notes of songs and music of harp. In a situation that called for courage he was displaying remarkable boldness and was bragging about his valour and intrepidity. He held the shield of gallantry to ward off the blow of blood-shedding spears, and although thoroughly scared he unsheathed his sword to demonstrate his prowess. He rushed into the battlefield unmindful of all risks, and rode like a despot on his wind-like swift steed. Though he was in the whirlpool of destruction, he raised aloft the banner of heresy, and while deep in distress, he ignited the fire of combat.

The Muslim soldiers rushed forward like wind and rain, and like hurricane attacked the enemy from right and left, and soon reached the fort. The sound of the drum and the blast of the pipes filled the air with peals of thunder, and the marks of the horseshoes covered the soil of the ground with the figures of crescent. The dust raised by the horses formed a dome of dark clouds in the sky.

The faces of the lion-hunting heroes turned red like the eyes of a lion due to anger and hatred, and the palates of the devoted soldiers had an unsavoury taste on account of the dust of the battlefield. The haze of the dust turned bay horses into black ones, and covered the air with a dark veil while the cloud of dust and the vermillion of the blood made the black horses appear like bay horses, and the air got a dark veil and the ground a red carpet.

Scared by his mountain-piercing arrows, even death concealed its head like a tortoise. Hit by his double-headed arrows the bodies of the warriors were covered with thorns of arrow like the back of a porcupine. The rock-piercing darts rested in the almond-shaped eyes like kernel in a pistachio. The dragon-like spears held aloft the heads and necks of the leaders of the rebels as fruits in a tree. The points of fire-scattering spear-heads were shining in the iron-pieces of cuirasses and rings of chain-armours like meteors. The lightning of the flashing sword kindled the fire of combat, and the breasts of the soldiers were glistening like embers after being struck by the thunderbolt of the fire-raining scimitars. The mails on the bodies of the heroes had become hot like a furnace. The marrow in the skulls of the commanders had melted like silver in straw.

As the spear struck it bent. As the sword was wielded it flashed. The grating sound of the pen and the clank of arms entered the ears of the soldiers wearing chain armours and cuirasses as the call of the angel of death. The flash of the lightning of death-dealing sword filled the air of the battlefield with death-raining clouds, the dawn of victory and triumph revealed itself from behind the blood-dripping scimitar that cut short the life of the enemy. The hands of death grabbed the collar of hope, and the threads of life and death were woven

like warp and woof. The souls of the dead rose up from their bodies like vapours, and from the low earth moved up fast like air and fire towards their original home and real abode. The sight of the flight of the birds of souls conjured up the image of a world of spirits under the blue cage of the sky.

As a result of the havoc wrought by the death-dealing sword and the head-injuring spear of the king, headless bodies were seen floating in the pool of blood like fish in the water. The corpses of warriors and potentates of Hindustan lay on thorns and weeds, with their heads resting on the pillows of bricks and stones. Harraj (Hari Raj), with tearful eyes and burning heart threw himself on a pyre, unable as he was, to face the blaze of the king's wrath which could impart the property of fire to the stream of *Kausar*, and the hot wind of whose anger could make the terrestrial globe restless like the celestial sphere. In this way the harvest of his life was swept away by the wind of destruction as if it was a handful of ashes. He completely ruined himself. The dwelling of his life was demolished by the wave of perdition. The strong wind of death pulled down the tree of his life, which had grown on the soil of heresy, with its roots spreading deep down in the water of polytheism.

Had he not made futile efforts to retain his kingdom, and not indulged in pipe-dreams, and had he rolled before the well-tempered sword of the king like the water flowing on the surface of the earth, before giving up the ghost and surrendering his soul to God in the whirlpool of death, the skirt of his life would have remained unsoiled by the dust of disasters caused by the whirlwind of events, even if the whole world had been inundated with water or burnt down by fire.

The servants of the empire proudly climbed up the impregnable and supposedly inaccessible fort, the like of which had

not been seen by anyone's eyes, and which was so strong and so well-fortified that the Alexander's rampart would have paled into insignificance before it. It was so high that it touched the belt of the Gemini and the constellation of the Virgo.

They easily went up the ramparts of the fort, the turrets of which were higher than the tops of the Pleiades. The moat around the fort was deeper than the bottom of the earth. The flags of victory were raised to the height of the Capella. The sun of triumph cast its rays all over the great empire, and the lights of the stars of conquest could be seen on the blade of the lustrous sword (May it always remain shining, bright, radiant and luminous).

This impregnable fort- a major barrier, which was one of the most famous stronghold and edifices of Hindustan, was captured and occupied by a military operation that commenced when the vanguard of the day drew the sword of dawn from the sheath of the dark night, and the skirmishers of the Ethiopian troops took to flight from the surface of the earth. It concluded, when the golden shield of the world-adorning sun stood right in the middle of the silvery space of the sky, and his ruby-like canopy reached the mid-point of the blue dome and the rust-coloured tent of the heaven.

By the grace of God, the gates of the treasures of "Thou giveth kingdom to whomsoever you wisheth" were opened, and the empire was blessed with the choicest Divine favours and heavenly aid. He became the absolute monarch of Hindustan, exercising authority over all its lands and rivers. The moon of his light-diffusing flag lent charm and splendour to all his dominions. By virtue of the power and magnificence of the king, who enjoyed the rank of Solomon, the world again became as prosperous and orderly as it was during the reign

of Alexander. The royal throne acquired enhanced charm and elegance when the king sat on it.

The dominion of Ajmer regained its original charm and splendour. The affairs of this district which had been thrown into utter disarray, were restored to the old state of stability. As days and nights passed and time rolled by, the conduct of state business acquired refreshing elegances, and the public affairs began to be administered, as was desirable, in an atmosphere of peace and tranquility. All the matters pertaining to religion and governance were set in order. The strings of events concerning the dominion and its subjects were arranged and consolidated according to the wishes of the king. The Muslim laws and the specific signs of the true religion were given wide publicity, and sanctuaries and shrines were duly repaired and properly maintained. The road to sedition was blocked and the doors of rebellion were closed. The banners of aberration and seduction were lowered.

The branches of injustice and oppression were cut down from the tree of the kingdom. The sources of unbelief and polytheism were eliminated. The bases of heresy and idol-worship were eradicated. No traces were left of vicious and immoral practices. Places which had been polluted by idols and icons were converted into pulpits (of mosques) which were adorned with the copies of holy Quran. The dwellings of the wicked and the vicious become safe abodes for the pious and the devouts. Call to prayer of the *Muizzen* and the intonation of elocutionists who recited the Holy Quran resounded in the vault of heaven. Due to the protection provided by the gracious king, the falcon scared by the king's severity, began to fly to show its love for the pigeon. The griffin of disturbance had become a recluse behind the mountain Qaf of seclusion.

Even the lion had withdrawn from human habitations to live in ruins with the owl. There was so much safety and security that the shepherd with his herd in the meadow has no ground of complaint against the wolf.

Roads and bridges were cleared of thieves and brigands and shrines and military posts were made safe from the depredations of robbers and rebels. Peasants and plebaians were set free from the shackles of hardships and meshes of distress. Splendour of the light of justice dispelled the darkness of oppression from the surface of the world, and foundations of tyranny and injustice were completely demolished.

The dust of disorder was cleared from the face of the hopes and aspirations of the people. Everyone whether Muslim or non-Muslim, peasant or soldier, was able to achieve his aims and objects. The needs of travellers, monotheists and stipulators were met and the gates of benevolence and kindness were thrown open to all people far and near, Turks and Tajiks. The means of well-being, comfort, peace and tranquillity were fully provided to the people.

In the face of the radiance of the sun of royal benevolence the dark night of poverty and indigence withdrew from the world, and the army of the drought of frustration was put to flight by the generosity of the cloud of the king's munificence. Limpid water of justice and beneficence flowed from the fountain of king's bounty, and entered the palate of his subjects bringing to them health and happiness. His general magnanimity and boundless liberality lent a new charm to the countenances of the people of the world.

The Muslim divines were the special beneficiaries of the maximum share in royal honours and favours of the king, and had the exclusive distinction of receiving precious gifts and

valuable rewards. All men whether obedient or rebellious, living in the neighbouring or in remote areas, cherished feelings of love and amity for the powerful empire. People present in the court of the king prayed for the blessed regime, while those away sang the praises of the imperial rule in remote areas. The haughty chiefs of the world made a beeline for the royal court to which leading rebels kept coming with alacrity. The royal camp was jam-packed with the crowds of Rajas and Ranas. The floor of the court, as sublime as the sky, was completely worn out, because so many warriors and notable personages of Hindustan had rubbed their foreheads on it.

Sovereign cast the saddlecloth on their shoulders like slaves, and put rings in their ears as a mark of servitude. They girded up their loins like slaves to carry out the orders of the king as his humble servants. Each one of them received a variety of favours and gifts proportionate to his sincere devotion; and tasted the wholesome fruit of laudable service. They got a very large share of the king's bounty and generosity. Under the shadow of the royal benefits and favours, their night of suffering changed into the dawn of the fulfilment of their desires. At the end of every campaign that he undertook the perfume of victory filled the air even when he did not unsheathe his sword. In whichever expedition he set out, the breeze of the fulfilment of hopes and desires began to blow before his spear shone in the battlefield.

All kinds of divine graces and felicities accompanied and supported his firm determination and consequently a large number of victories and conquests were achieved under the shadow of the royal standard.

He scored such notable victories even the thought of which had never crossed the mind of anyone nor could the blue

dome of sky hear the echo of such conquests.

Every day a new territory was annexed and added to the Muslim empire, and an impregnable and inaccessible fort was captured and occupied. Thus a large part of the sub-continent had come under his sway, and the fame of his holy wars and conquests spread all over the world. Even people living in remote areas of the empire had learnt about his glorious deeds, and accounts of his brilliant achievements were indelibly inscribed in the annals of the world.

A number of books had been written in an elegant style and beautiful language dealing at length with the benefits and favours that accrued to the people from the sovereign. All accounts of his dignity and sublimity, and all records of his pre-eminence and grandeur were characterised with singular charm and elegance. There was abundant evidence to prove that the reign of this ruler was in every respect superior to the regimes of all his predecessors.

When the noble mind of the king had disposed of the important affairs of the state, as also all matters pertaining to general administration and public welfare had been settled to his satisfaction, and peace and security had been established on roads and highways, he turned the victorious reins of his steed towards Dehli — the centre of prestige and prosperity. Soon his standards that always traversed the road to victory reached that majestic city — the metropolis of charms. At the sight of the luster of king's judgement and his standard, the populace rose from the abysses of hell to the gardens of paradise. They found abodes of pleasures and dwellings of delight in the gardens of justice and equity.

AN ACCOUNT OF HOW THE FORT OF THANKAR WAS CONQUERED

After the lapse of some time, while the piebald of time had been galloping across the surface of the earth, and the hand of the sky had been measuring the terrestrial globe with the cubits of days and nights, the world monarch, who always takes into account the result before starting any work, and reckons the consequences of every action before commencing it, conceived the idea of elevating the word of God and performing the duty of (fighting) waging a holy war. For this purpose troops of the royal army and variousgroups of his attendants assembled under the king's standard, and after raising aloft the royal flags and unsheathing the victory-winning swords, he set out on a military expedition.

While *Khusrau* was moving, the reports of the arrival of the retinues of the *Sultan* poured in. When this happy news was received, people became more cheerful and happy and the promise of joy and gaiety was confirmed.

With flowers and blossoms of fulfilled desires the tree of hopes appeared all the more fresh and green, and its boughs seemed to be laden with needs satisfied and aims achieved. As these reports created a commotion the star began to dance in the azure sky and Venus, the musician, shared the cup of delectable wine with the Jupiter.

Those who were fighting for the cause of truth (true religion) displayed re-doubled vigour in pushing forward the conquest and subduing their adversaries, and thus there was a thousand fold increase in their strength and ability to over-power and crush the enemies of the faith.

To demonstrate his genuine love and extraordinary loyalty *Khusrau* received the *Sultan* at Hansi (by people). He performed the duty of obeying sovereign's order and affirming his loyalty, which to him was like worshipping the Almighty. He kissed the ground in front of his throne (may God elevate its legs). He had the good fortune of being able to kiss the hands of the emperor, and in return he was honoured with the gifts of robes of honour. Being closer to the monarch, acquiring greater authority, and receiving numerous favours, he achieved singular distinction among the contemporary rulers. He got a very large share of what the cloud of king's bounty and the ocean of his generosity gave. The *sultan* conferred on him costly gifts of choicest garments and horses with trappings. He forthwith adorned his tongue with the expression of gratitude for the favours and benefits he had received from the king. However, at the end he pleaded his inability to do justice to his sense of gratitude for the large variety of king's gifts and favours in the garb of the following words:

It is not due to old age that my back is bent. Rather it has doubled under the burden of your kindness and favours.

I cannot fully express my gratitude for your bounties even if each limb of my body becomes a tongue.

With each passing day, the Emperor's favourable impression about the excellence of his work increased, and he held his laudable services and remarkable deeds in high esteem. One could see the tree of sincerity bearing the delicious fruits of love and devotion. As he had created a highly favourable impression on the Emperor, his rank and status were raised. Soon the marks of the Emperor's kindness and benevolence were clearly visible on the countenance of his hopes, and he became the focus of the rays of the sun of royal grace.

In 592 A.H. under the shadow of good fortune, the reins of triumph were turned toward Thankar, and the imperial flags in the manner of *Huma*, spread the wings of felicity on the world and the people of the world. The air was bedecked with painted figures like the plumes of pheasants and peacocks, or the eyes of partridge and cock. The falcon of the sun-like canopy spread its wings of triumph, and cast its shadow on the constellation of Eagle and Lyre high in the sky.

When the army, moving under the thick umbrage of felicity reached the outskirts of Thankar, this centre of unbelief and perversity became the encampment of glory and splendour. The ropes of the royal pavilion reached the Capella, and on account of the tents of various colours there had appeared hundreds of skies. The soldiers riding steeds as swift as falcon, and as strong as eagle surrounded the fort like an iron wall. They stood in rows each soldier so close to the other that even air could not pass through them. Then with the force of hurricane they made a powerful assault on the impregnable fort.

The foundations of this fort were as strong as the Barrier of Alexander. Indeed they bragged to be stronger. The towers of this fort were higher than the signs of the Zodiac, higher than even the planet Saturn. Its moat was as deep as the legendry fish on which the earth rests, and could give an idea of the bottom of the sea. Its battlements were higher than the Arcturus and as high as the lofty empyrean. It was so hot in the battlefield that the helmets on the heads, and cuirasses on the bodies of the combatants became red-hot. Due to the fire of the conflict flames instead of breath were coming out of the mouth of the soldiers.

The eagle of destruction was flying in the battlefield, and the falcon of death was catching the souls of the warriors with

its talons. The cloud of the sword was shedding tears like the cup of wine, and the flash of the sword was laughing like a chalice at the death of heroes. The blood-stained blade of the sword was shining from behind the black curtain of haze like the sun from behind a cloud. The red body of the sword was glistening behind the dark screen of dust like flames of fire engulfed in smoke.

Scared by the arrow that inflicted wounds like the Mars, and was malignant like the Saturn, the blood and spleen of the Venus began to boil. Terrified by the sharp javelin the rain water sought shelter in the midst of rocks, and fire made its abode in the iron. In the hands of the horsemen, the spears of Khatt girded up their loins to wreak vengeance, and twisted and bent like the dreadful dragons. The armours looked like a cobweb before the sharp spearhead, which pierced through the heart of rocks and whetstones. The heart-tearing arrows stitched the helmets to the heads of the combatants, and pierced through the helmets and armours as easily as the needle passes through silk cloth. They also cut through the iron pieces of the shining cuirass-like lightning and thunderbolt and perforated the surface of the shield turning it into a sieve full of holes. They fixed in the eyelids of the enemies arrow-heads much larger in number than the eyelashes.

In an hour the rampart of this strong inaccessible fort suffered so much damage that due to its numerous holes it looked like a chain armour or a beehive. Battered by the nun-shaped (ن) shoes of the steeds, the rampart developed so many breaches that it assumed the shape of a seen (س). Thus, with heavenly aid and assistance and the blessings of the king's efforts and his ever- increasing good fortune, was conquered that strong fort which other rulers of the world had failed to

capture.

The Raja of *Thankar* had been proud of his huge army and impregnable fort, and had great confidence in his arms and military equipment. However, when he saw the legions of the royal army, his heart was assailed by the raiders of distress and fear. He did not know how to meet the challenge. There was no way of escape either. His mind was filled with distressing thoughts and baseless misgivings. The face of his hopes became gloomy and the eyes of his expectations were dazed. Care and worry disturbed the peaceful tenor of his life. Brain in his skull and gall-bladder in his body began to boil. The skin of his body turned yellow like the eyes of the narcissus. The blood congealed in his veins, which then looked like tulips. Weak and helpless, he was overcome by remorse. He was no longer arrogant and insubordinate. From the height of power he had fallen into the abyss of humiliation and helplessness. To save himself he had to resort to supplication and entreaties. He spoke in a humble tone.

He sued for mercy, and like a slave kissed the floor before the king, by the heat of whose indignation the water in the heart of steel turns into fire, and the stone inside the rock becomes molten ruby. As was widely known about the noble character and admirable qualities of the world-ruler, and, as was the wont of his kindness and benevolence, he regarded showing forgiveness to someone whom he had the power to punish as an essential element of a highly moral disposition and an ethical virtue, and so he covered the crime and misdeed of the Raja with the wings of kindness and the skrit of forgiveness.

The king caused the rain of his grace and mercy to fall on the plains of his mistakes and errors, and washed away the

records of his crimes with the water of sympathy and compassion.

Kanwar Pal, the Rai (Raja) of *Thankar*, who in his zeal for infidelity had exposed himself to the arrows of calamities, and the sword of hardship, and had stood firmly and resolutely in the centre of the circle of deviation, ultimately pledged loyalty to the king, and entered the realm of peace and security.

God, Most High, by his grace, bestowed on the king the successful conclusion of this expedition. Signs of his abundant grace were evident from the conditions prevailing in the world. All affairs pertaining to the governance of the country and the faith of the people were in perfect order, laws regarding general administration and matters of religion were firmly established, and that region had been rendered free of the evils of polytheism and heresy, and all the people Muslims and Non-Muslims, soldiers and civilians lived together as law-abiding citizens. People were ever ready, like slaves, to demonstrate their loyalty, and to discharge the obligation of paying land revenues. In that sanctuary of justice and security no human being could indulge in truculences, insurgency, oppression and injustice.

AN ACCOUNT OF HOW BAHAUD DIN TUGHRIL WAS APPOINTED GOVERNOR OF THANKAR

The powerful noble and commander-in-chief, Alp Arsalan Bahaud Din Tughril was appointed the governor of that province. Bahaud Din was the moon of the sky of sublimity. The Mercury of the firmament of intelligence, the Venus of the heaven of gracefulness, the sun that rose from the horizon of generosity, the Mars of the battlefield of gallantry, the Saturn of heavenly rank. He had been groomed by the state, was a foster brother of wealth, a prominent and leading noble of the

court. He had a charming personality with the additional merit of sincerity and proximity to the king.

References to the admirable devotion and laudable services he had rendered to the king, had enhanced the elegance of the chronicles of the state. A description of his attainments and bounties occupied the top of the diary of noble deeds. In all these accounts, light was thrown on his skill and competence in administering the province, and his courage and gallantry in leading the army.

The Firman of the king was orally read out to him. He was urged to exert himself to the full to raise aloft the banners of *Sunnat*, and give publicity to the provisions of the Muslim law. He should not allow any change in the basic structure of the pillars of the faith; nor permit anyone to pollute the water-trough of Islam. He should convert the shrines of idols intc *madarsas*. He should always preserve the laws of justice, and elucidate the stipulations of equity. In all circumstances he should act in such a manner that he leaves behind good deeds and a fair name.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE CONQUEST OF KALIVER (GWALIOR)

In the later part of 592 A.H. after the administrative affairs of the province had been settled and all the matters relating to public welfare had been looked after, and also when he had the blessings of the leading men of the city, the royal troops were ordered to proceed to *Kaliver* (Gwalior) the central pearl in the strings of cities, and a gem in the necklace of forts. On their arrival at *Kaliver* (Gwalior), the troops encamped outside that impregnable fort, which was so high that even the fast blowing morning wind could not rise from the ground to the top of the fort, nor could the rapidly sailing cloud could cast its shadow on the tower of the fort. The fleeting fancy could not climb up to its pinnacle and the eyes of the heaven were dazzled by its height.

In order to perform the duty of engaging in a holy war and to kill the enemies of the faith, each soldier drew his sword, which was azure like the sky and which produced a hundred thousand Venuses and Pleiades from its shining blade. It looked like fire but acted like water and, struck with the fury of lightning and thunderbolt. Its lustre concealed the sharpness of the fangs of a snake; and on its surface one could clearly see the line of ants. The furbished sword used the skull of the combatant as its sheath as it cut his body right from the crown of the helmet down to the skirt of the chain-armour as if it was the cloak and armour of a tulip. By covering the blue faces of the dead with blood, it made them look like jujube. The ground of the battlefield seemed to have been painted with the red dye of

Brazil-wood, and was covered with *arghwans* and pomegranate flowers. The spear before the stroke of which rock and anvil seemed slender like a thread of silk, appeared like saffron and tulip above the breasts and faces of the enemy. They were killed in such a large number that their blood turned the battlefield into a rose garden and their bones formed a bed of jasmine.

It was a strong fort with a huge crowd of valiant warriors on its ramparts, and blooming garden with a flock of fierce lions at its base. To the human mind the conquest of such a fort would have appeared impossible. It was so strong and inaccessible that even reason which solves all difficulties regarded its conquest something beyond the range of possibility. However, by the heavenly aid, the *Huma* of victory and triumph cast its shadow on the army of the king, and the sun of good fortune and happiness revealed itself from the foreheads of the helpers of the true faith, and glorious victory and convincing conquest embellished the royal flags, and was inscribed on the imperial banners. Time helped in the fulfilment of desires and the achievement of aims. People of the world were convinced of the ability of the king to score victories and subdue his enemies, and clearly saw that he had the will and determination to surmount difficulties and tide over crises.

The Raja Salkhan Pal (Sulakhshan Pal) had raised the banner of heresy and aberration and was proud of his huge army and a large number of elephants. He lay in the ambush of deceit and perfidy, ready to shoot the arrow of hostility. He had fanned the fire of disturbance. The roots of rebellion and hostility had gone deep into his heart, and the tree of oppression and sedition, standing in the courtyard of his breast, had spread its leaves.

His heart broke down when he saw the awe-inspiring might of the army of Islam. As he watched the falcon of the king's umbrella, possessing the splendour of Huma, spreading its wings, he felt deeply distressed like a bird caught in a snare. He found himself in the grip of apprehension and bewilderment. Fear of imminent dangers cast its shadow on his mind. The face of his hopes become gloomy and he found his fortunes declining. Terror-stricken by the awesome severity of the king, his face turned blue. The heat of the king's harshness caused the skin of his body to be lacerated like the rind of a pomegranate. He realised that due to his negligence he acted in a heedless manner and committed the indiscretion of overreacting, with the result that he made a terrible blunder. He looked around to see if he could find a way out of that predicament. But to his utter dismay he found that all the points of escape were blocked by the claws of sharp swords and the finger-nails of blood-shedding spears. The means of his deliverance had crumbled. He, therefore, pinned his hope on the inherent quality of forgiveness and the unfailing forbearance of the king. He was compelled to come down from the height of self-assertion and obstinacy to the depths of humility and helplessness. He put in his ears the rings of servitude and obedience. He fulfilled all the conditions of allegiance, and sought a place among the personal attendants of the king. He made the offer of riches as a means of his emancipation, and in this way saved his life. He sent ten elephants to the king as a magnificent present.

The king, known for his abundant compassion, displayed his habitual kindness and customary grace by forgiving the Raja and ensuring his safety. The Raja was re-assured that there was neither any threat to his life nor to his security. Consequently the

Raja put the collar of his servitude to the king round his own neck like a ring-dove, and began to sing the praises of the king on the rose-tree of devotion like a nightingale. He opened his mouth like tulip and lily to extol and eulogise the king.

Poor as the earth is, how can it sing a panegyric in praise of the sky. Nor can the obscure *Suha* do justice to an eulogy in praise of the sun.

The king declared that the Raja would continue to govern the fort as well as his dominion as before. He issued a mandate establishing Raja's authority so that he could continue to tread firmly the path of devotion, and perform his duties as a functionary of the state. He was expected to demonstrate his sincerity in freely disposing of business in hand. He had to keep a close watch on all matters, and set in order all affairs concerning the welfare of the people, and continue to send magnificent presents to the king.

He should regard it obligatory on his part to show respect to all those who are in the service of the king including soldiers writers and poets. He should deal with all matters concerning the administration of the dominion and the welfare of the people with honesty and rectitude. He should forthwith abolish a custom that carries the stain of oppression and a practice, that smacks of injustice. He should be wary of the consequences of neglect and procrastination in executing the orders of the king. He should always be on his guard against the mischief caused by delay and consequent waste of time.

Soon the dominions were cleared of the enemies of faith, who had entrenched themselves in various forts, All the Rajas of Hindustan had joined the ranks of the tributaries and vassals of the king. While the face of the ruler glowed with grace, the ruled appeared well-disciplined. Protected by justice and

benevolence, all the people, high and low, were happy and prosperous under the banner of peace and security.

Under the influence of his lucky star and with good augury from the auspicious bird, the Lord of the world (May time ever remain his slave, and sky ever obey his orders) made up his mind to make a move, and his lofty (Fargod-touching) stirrup proceeded towards Ghazni, which was the centre of the flag of empire, the seat of the throne of glory and the Qibla of the rulers and crowned monarchs of the world.

On reaching the great capital he started the work of strengthening the pillars of Islam and consolidating the foundations of the established Muslim law in such a way that a description of its excellence and merits will keep the cheeks of the world rosy. He made such efforts to renovate the charitable seminaries and public foundations that the lights of their evidence would ever illuminate the world, and his good name and story of his excellent work, will endure till the end of the lives of the people of the world and the termination of the revolutions of the sky. Indeed, the fame of his moral virtues and brilliant deeds will float like clouds in the sky, and blow like the wind across the whole world.

Consequently, by dint of his laudable qualities, he was able to expand the empire. The signs of Divine grace were visible on the countenance of the empire and in every nook and corner of the dominions. Affairs of the people were elegantly managed according to the world-adorning judgement of the king. The needs and wishes of the people were fulfilled to their satisfaction. As a result of sound administration all parts of the country wore a look of splendour and elegance.

KHUSRAU, THE SUBDUER OF HIS ENEMIES, TURNED HIS

VICTORIOUS REINS TOWARDS DEHLI

That sun among kings, was returning triumphantly to the sky of his court after he had hunted in the royal fashion to his heart's desire.

His sword had fire and blood, and his arrows were poisonous and swift like the wind.

The sky and mountains were the led horses in his cavalcade, and clouds and oceans were his reins.

Following in his footsteps was the falcon of victory and triumph, whose wings covered the whole world. The auspicious plume *Huma* of his government was casting the shadow of prosperity on all mankind. With its triumphant wings the *Simurgh* of fulfilled desires had pushed the entire world into the fort of its protection. With his moon-like umbrella and banners, the air seemed to have been filled with the plumage of pheasant and peacock. The good luck brought by the auspicious footsteps of the king made the populace happy. The entire dominion had turned into a rose-garden. All eyes could sleep except those of the narcissus, all ears could hear except those of the violet.

The gallant king withdrew from the battlefield and made for the estrade of the royal court. Convivial assembly of amity took the place of the war-front of valour. The fairy-faced singer, on whose countenance the sun of beauty was shining, and the brilliance of whose fiery face had over-shadowed the splendour of the full moon, was singing as if he was a nightingale on the branch of a rose-tree. His melodies, as sweet as those of the apostle David, were performing the miracle of Christ (restoring the dead to life), and by the magic of his music he had caused the pebbles to float on the surface of water like bubbles. By the notes of his reed and sarod he would completely destroy the harvest of patience (of the audience). By his song, steeped in

pathos, he would cut short the day of sorrow to the size of the night of union. By his captivating melodies he would throw dust on the face of the lute-playing Venus. When he blew the Pandean pipes, the birds soaring in the sky would come down. As the plectrum struck the chord of the musical instrument, the fire of yearning was stoked in the inner most recesses of one's heart.

The face of joy and mirth flushed on hearing the Barbud like melodies, which lent the delight of erotic poetry to the soul, and were the due share of a wounded heart. The musician raised the banner of joy by singing in *Khurasani* notes which rob one's heart of sorrow and show the way to happiness. Fascinating music brought together kindred souls. The captivating voice of the musician made Venus, the musician, to dance in the sky. The morning of mirth smiled as the wine dropped from the spout of the flask. The flower of joy blossomed from the bud of hope, and the heart inhaled the fragrance of solace coming from the garden of fulfilled desires. The soft breeze of delight began to blow from the direction of success. The tree of joy grew up in the garden of life. The branch of pleasure bore fruit in the garden of delight. The cypress of cheerfulness became fresh on the bank of the river of love. The army of sorrow dispersed like the stars in the constellation of the Bear, while the troops of happiness assembled in the string of hope like the Pleiades. The wholesome wine destroyed the harvest of grief.

The charming cup bearer was offering cups of pure wine of the colour of molten cornelian. He was circulating among the people the cup of wine as if it was the golden cup of the sun. Due to the radiance of the wine it appeared as if roses and pomegranate flowers were growing in the garden of his cheeks, and that tulips and Judas-trees were blooming in the park of

his heart-illuminating countenance. Due to the reflection of the sparkling wine, the crystal cup became the horizon from where the bright sun rises. The Syrian glass container became the mine of cornelion and ruby. The odour of wine refreshed the soul as if it was the perfume of pure ambergris, and the assembly hall of the heart became full of fragrance like the shop of a musk-seller. Thus, the wine of the colour of blood scoured the rust from the mirror of life.

The smiling ruby-like lips of the cup-bearer were scoffing at the moon and the sun. The string of corals (lips) was revealing the Pleiades. The ruby lock of the casket of pairless pearl (lips) was opened, and pearls and bright stars emerged from the fountain of honey. A string of pearls came out of a lump of cornelian-coloured sugar. He showed night-illuminating gems from the oyster shell. Sometime the laughter of his sugar-scattering pistachio (lips) pillaged the heart of the lovers, and some time the curly lock of his hair, which like a polo-stick struck the charming ball of the chin, would plunder the caravan of the heart.

The emerald of his bright ruby-like lips put to shame the emerald (azure hue) of the sky and the ruby of the sun. The hyacinth of his twisted hair adversely affected the sale of fresh ambergris and musk (rendered ambergris and musk unsaleable). The lam (ل) of his polo-stick-like tresses made the wide world appear smaller than the circle of *meem* (م) in the eyes of his lovers. The *noon* (ن) of his bow-like eyebrows bent the *alif*-like (ا) form of his lovers into the shape of *jeem* (ج) and *dãl* (د).

His curved lock of hair was serving as a canopy on the rose and the jasmine (of his face), and his curly tresses were screening tulips and jonquils. It seemed as if the very thought of his black hair had drown the veil of a dark night on the bright

day of his face, and the scorpion of his bow-like curls had placed an amber-coloured net on a red rose. His emerald-coloured down had made a thorny hedge of twisted hyacinth round *arghwan* and silk (face) or perhaps with fresh violet carved figures of pure silver on jasmine and lily (countenance). Perhaps the hand of disturbance had splashed the petals of jasmine with pure musk and ambergris, or had placed a hundred chains and fetters of tar on the halo of the bright moon.

The moon had girded her loins like lily to serve that silver-faced sweetheart. The Mercury was writing with his musk-scattering pen on the rose-petal of the cup-bearer's face. The Venus was wearing in her ears the ring of slavery, made of his violet-coloured curls. Jealous of the pomegranate flower of the face of the cup bearer, the sun was perspiring with shame. The Mars was suing for mercy before the narcissus of his half-asleep eyes. Filled with shame at the brightness of the cup-bearer's tulip-coloured face, the Jupiter, due to the lack of lustre on his colourless face, was picking up chessman of light from the chess-board of the sky. The lasso of his musky hair proved to be a collar round the neck of the Mars, and a belt round the waist of the Gemini. His crow-like tresses were casting their shadow on the wings of a parrot (down), and moved round the box-tree of his form and the violet of the cheek.

Sometime his seductive eyes would shoot an arrow in the manner of *Arash* (a celebrated legendary archer) from, the bow-like arches of the eye-brows. Sometime his jasmine-rubbing down would make small rings of chain-armour on the petal of a fresh rose (cheek) and sometime his moon-touching hair would kindle fire before the face of a blooming tulip.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE BATTLE OF NEHARWALA (ANHILWARA) AND THE DEFEAT OF THE RAJA OF NEHARWALA (ANHILWARA)

In 591 A.H. when Ajmer and its surrounding areas had acquired renewed elegance from the presence of the lights of the victorious troops, and all parts of the dominions had been adorned by the pomp and splendour of the royal flags, a piece of intelligence was brought to the notice of the king's enlightened mind, which was so bright that the radiant sun felt shy of drawing out his shining sword from the scabbard of the east; and the moon, the reflector of light, out of sheer jealousy, concealed her silver shield in the sheath of the west. At this time the news was conveyed that the chief of a band of rebels, (that was capable of creating great turmoil and disturbance, and could be a source of incalculable mischief), had been shooting arrows of perfidy from the bow of truculence, he had withdrawn his head from behind the shield of war and conflict. With hostile intentions, he was covering his body with cuirass and his head with helmet and was sharpening his blood-shedding spears for fighting. He had tempered his head chopping sword with the poison of hatred and malice. He regarded a sharp spear as ineffective as the point of a widow's spindle, and had treated the assault of a majestic lion as tricks and wiles of a fox.

He regarded the assault of the blood-thirsty elephant as the move of the rook in chess and caused one rook to face the other on the chess-board of mirth. While playing the backgammon of war with the cruel sky he had altogether lost the game

in the last desperate move.

In the battlefield of supremacy he had ignited the fire of hatred, and raised the dust of disaster. He had exposed his conceited head to plunder and pillage. He had thrown the shield of misery and ignorance on the surface of water. He had risked his life and wealth to earn name and fame. He raised his head from the collar of impudence in the manner of the cruel world. Like the calamities of life he made one mistake after the other. He shamelessly placed the bridle of obduracy on the neck of the horse of self-conceit. Like a pair of compasses he firmly, stood on the centre of hostility. In a state of confusion he took to the path of bewilderment like a circle. He had slipped the thread of rectitude and the reins of uprightness into the hands of the devil, and madly went out into the valley of heresy and aberration. In the hollow recesses of his brainless head he had started building castles in the air. Due to his evil nature vicious thoughts began to assail his mind. The fire of passion to fight was fanned into a blaze by his sense of honour. His composure was disturbed like the particles of dust and drops of water.

Couriers and spies were despatched to Neharwala (Anhilwara) with the news that a group of Turk attendants had reached Ajmer. They do not possess adequate arms and ammunitions. If some succour is immediately sent and the enemy is suddenly attacked at night, the veil of weakness and cowardice hanging before the sun of their valour and bravery would be removed, and the dust of shame and disgrace will be washed away from the surface of the mirror of gallantry and manliness by the shower of the volley of arrows. Consequently, the sharp edge of the shining sword will clear the rose-garden of life of all the thorns of mischief and trouble. If on the day of

the battle even one enemy soldier escapes from the talons of the eagle of death, or is not caught in the snare of misfortune, he will flee for his life from the sharp swords, so stealthily that even the sun will not be able to see his shadows. He would run so fast that the wind will not pierce through the dust raised by him. He will reach Dehli post haste but in utter confusion.

When in this way, the truth was being concealed and confusion being created, was discovered and the degree of deception and misinformation was fully exposed, the world-adorning mind of the king took a firm decision to perform the duty of waging a holy war to carry to the end his campaign of annexing other parts of the Hindustan sub-continent.

It was summer and it was so hot that the earth had become a hearth full of fire. Due to the intensity of heat the water was boiling. The heat of the summer wind had made the oven of the earth fiery without fuel. On account of the heat of the sun the air had become as hot as the air of hell. So, the king attacked the vanguard of the army of non-believers before sunrise. He was at a head of a company of soldiers, who rushed at the enemy with such fury that the messenger of the sky (the Moon) had not seen even in her dream the dust raised by the horses of these soldiers. The dust raised by the hoofs of the horses of these soldiers was so thick that even the tiger-rider of the heaven (the Sun) could not pass through it. He assaulted their right and left flanks with his dragon-like lance, and raised aloft the heads of the rebels with the point of his blood-shedding spear as if they were flags.

The king raised dust from the ground of the battlefield to the blue dome of the emerald-coloured sky, so much so that, the dust caused ophthalmia in the eyes of the bright sun. The king created the turmoil of the day of Resurrection with his blue

sword, on the shining surface of which the death could see the reflection of its face. With his flashing scimitar, from the sharpness of which even the fire sued for mercy, he caused the waves of blood to surge to the surface of the blue firmament. By shooting his eye-piercing arrows, he caused blood to gush forth from the eyes of his enemies, as if these were rings of an armour or sieves. The air of the battlefield was full of the souls of the slain, while the ground was covered with piles of their corpses. The lion-hunting Khusrau burnt the breast of the tiger-rider of the sky (the Sun) with the fire of his sword. As he rode across the battlefield on his swift steed, he kindled the fire of conflict and shed so much blood that the water of the battlefield became red like wine.

Next day, when the sun showed forth his gilded shield against the back-drop of the silvery sky, and unfurled his yellow flag in the blue dome of the heaven, the army of the heretics and unbelievers got together. Fully armed and equipped, they were now ready to fight. It appeared that in their eagerness to engage in a skirmish they had severed their ties with their life. Their overpowering passion to be in the battlefield had brought about their union with death. They had girded their loins like lily to commit perfidy. Like the gilly-flower, they had washed their merciless faces with blood. Like a crimson rose they held red shields in their hands; and like a bud they had sharpened the arrow-heads of insurgency and hostility.

Khursau, who possessed the power and authority of Divine decrees, was so awe-inspiring that even the lion, scared by his sword, would slink into thick forest, and the eagle, afraid of his arrow would soar high up in the air. Taking along with him a few helpers of the empire, the king made such a virulent onslaught on the enemy troops that the dust rose from the earth to the

dome of the heaven. The surface of the earth was adorned with valiant soldiers, while the spring of the sun was filled with dust. Groups of the armies of Islam and Hindus made a circle round the centre of the battlefield. The soldiers of belief and unbelief fell on one another like the waves in the ocean, and with their blue spears caused a torrent of blood to inundate the battlefield. He dyed the shagreen of the earth with blood with his fire-like sword, and gave the colour of Morocco leather to the dark soil with his scimitar glittering like the Canopus.

All of a sudden, an arrow coming from the enemy's side wounded the mountain-like steed of Khusrau (king). In this confusion some Muslim soldiers and warriors of the army of faith also lost their lives and attained martyrdom. Fortunately, Khusrau came out unscathed from the depths of the ocean of combat and the flame of the fire of the skirmish.

Just at this time, troops of Neharwala (Anhilwara) arrived to join these soldiers and alighted at a distance of one *farsang* from Ajmer. This body of warriors was so huge that with its reserve forces and its numerical strength and equipment it blocked the passage of wind blowing from any side. Even the informer of thought and the numerator of fancy would find it difficult to compute the number of men and elephants.

Due to their false impression and miscalculation they had guessed that the helpers of faith would desist from kindling the fire of warfare, would retreat from the battlefield, fight shy of engagement, abandon the idea of continuing hostilities, turn away from the battlefield, move away from the area of malice, and finally depart from the battlefront.

However, the Muslim soldiers were firmly determined to fight, and were eagerly waiting for action in the battlefield. They had girded belts round their hearts to fight in defence of their faith.

They had cut loose the ropes of helping one another. When the moon brought out her silver shield, and the sun held in his hand the hilt of his blood-stained sword (rays of twilight at sunset), they mounted their Arbian steeds, as swift as wind, and as quick as flames, with tails like reeds, and hoofs as hard as flint:

Its tail was like a rope made of twisted silk,
Its hoofs were iike a mortar made of steel.

It was decided to send to the Imperial Court at Ghazni one of the high-ranking nobles who had the reputation of being a persuasive orator, and was well-versed in protocol, and adept in observing court manners. He was to place before the emperor (May the legs of his throne rest on the head of the Saturn and the pair of *Farqad* stars) all details about the army of the enemy, and bring expeditiously the imperial edict containing directions to be observed in fighting the holy war, so that the operations of mobilising the soldiers and drawing them in battle array could be carried out in accordance with the orders of the emperor. It would also afford the soldiers an opportunity to display their valour with genuine devotion.

On reaching the capital of Ghazni, this dignitary made an impressive speech conveying the message of the king. The emperor honoured this noble by lending his ears to his speeches and issued an edict expressive of his infinite kindness and benevolence. He invested the victorious Khursau with the sole authority to subdue and crush the insurgents. At the same time he placed a huge army at his disposal. The army was so vast that whichever side one looked at, one saw nothing but the soldiers. With this army he sent some of the most outstanding warriors of the time such as Jahan Pahalwan Asadud Din Qilij, Naseerud Din Husain, Izud Din son of Muayyad and Sharafud Din Mohammad Jarak. They were so mighty that their awe and

majesty caused the heart of the lamb in the sign of Aries to burn. The brain in the head of the bull (the sign of Taurus) burnt like silver in straw. The heart in the body of the Gemini suffered torment like a pigeon pounded in a mallet. The fickle-minded crab (the sign of Cancer) would take the straight course at the time of rising. The unflinching lion (the sign of Leo) would conceal its nails in its paw. The irresolute Virgo would give up the vices of stratagem and hypocrisy. The Libra, with the tongue of the scales steady in the eye, would cast away the make-weight from the equiponderent scales. And, the malignant Scorpion (the sign of Scorpio) would cause honey to flow from its sting. Sagittarius, the archer, would throw away the bow of injustice from his chain-armour. The Capricorn, though of an earthly temperament, would be turning its face towards the meadow of the sky. Due to the revolution of the water-wheel of the sky the bucket of Aquarius, though always full of water, would come out empty. The light-hearted fish (the sign of Pisces) would not take its head out of the ocean of the sky.

Simultaneously, with the arrival of the army, the disc of the sun slid from the ear of wheat (the sign of Virgo) into the scales of balance (the sign of Libra), and the season of the month of *Tir* made the world straight like an arrow (the sun is right on the head). The vanguard of the army of winter drew its sword from the scabbard, and the advance guards of the month of Dai (a winter month) stretched their hands to unsheathe their scimitars. The season of military expeditions and invasions had come.

In the middle of the month of Safar 593 A.H., the world-conquering Khusrau moved from Ajmer and set out with troops of various grades to subdue the Raja of Neharwala (Anhilwara).

When the Huma of the banner of sun-like splendour cast the

shadow of its wing on *Balidandol* and the falcon of the moon-shaped flags fluttered in the air of these reputed forts before which even the palaces of emperors acknowledge their inferiority, the inhabitants of that city, terrified by the eagle-like might of the king, took to flight like pigeons. They ran away like ducks, awe-stricken by the falcon-like fury of the king. They fled from their homes to save their lives. With the result that victory showed its comely face even before the arrival of the army.

He turned these two forts into dwellings of owl, the tops of which were higher than the constellation of Eagle and Lyre, and even the high soaring bird could not cast its shadow on them. He destroyed their fortification, which could be the gems of the bangle of the Venus and of the crown of the sun. He also pulled down the turrets of the forts which were higher than the nine heavens. Their walls, which were as high and as strong as mountains, were demolished so completely that they sank deep down in the earth becoming dark like hell.

In trying to save his wealth and heresy, he suffered an increasing loss of glory.

Couriers and informers had been constantly bringing reports that the Raja of *Dwarbras* had mobilised his troops as numerous as the particles of dust, floating in the sun, and as countless as the drops of rain water, and had entrenched himself as firmly as a mountain in a valley at the foot of Mount-Abu. He was fully armed and equipped for combat and was itching for a fight. Each soldier of his army was as stout hearted as a lion, as huge as an elephant, as dashing as a panther, as bold as a crocodile and a leopard, with body as solid as steel like the body of a wolf and that of a tiger.

Khusrau also came to the foot of the mountain with his big army, which could strike like a meteor, and was as compact as

Pleiades, awe-inspiring like a flood, and majestic like a lion. His amber-coloured spear could remove a mountain from a mound of dust as if it was a blade of straw, who in the momentum of an assault regarded a heavy mountain as light as a straw. The point of his mountain piercing lance could cut through a flint. With his diamond-like bright and thunderbolt like destructive sword he could cut the surface of a solid rock.

The cavalry and infantry of Neharwala (Anhilwara), and various types of other Hindustani troops were so numerous that the number of soldiers even in one battalion and a huge auxiliary force could not be surmised by human mind, nor could the pens of the people of the whole world were enough to record the total number of their detachments. Waiting for a good omen, they did not cross the valley. The reason was that on a previous occasion the emperor happened to pass that way and due to vicissitudes of times met with a disaster. A detachment of victorious army along with some troops that were defending the frontiers retreated from their position as it was overcrowded.

When Hindustani soldiers saw this, they were extremely jubilant and began to prepare themselves for combat with genuine zeal and enthusiasm. They drew up their army in battle-array, which looked like a mountain of iron, and proceeded from the skirt of the mountain towards the battle-field, which was indeed the ground of name and honour. Their military equipment was so enormous that an equal amount of it could not be seen in the picture-gallery of imagination. The horseman of fancy, however fast it might ride, could not penetrate the dust raised by their legions. The falcon of thought failed to soar high enough to be able to perceive their strength. A painter could not move his fingers to draw the contours of

the face of their characteristics.

They had got the impression that their arms and strength had filled the hearts of the defenders of faith with dread and fear, and that awe and panic had taken roots in the minds of the protectors of religion. They were convinced that.

The sky will draw your enemy upwards,
But not beyond the top of the gallows.

The two armies stood facing each other for four days, all the time busy in arranging arms for the battlefield and setting in order the equipment for the combat and setting in order the equipment of war.

On the night of Sunday, Rabiul Awwal 13, the moon-like flags of the king moved from their position. By the morning they had reached the camp of the enemy. When the sun showed its red canopy on the silvery horizon and displayed its vermilion-coloured sheath in the rusty firmament, the armies moved forward to fight at close quarters. The Muslim soldiers had already changed from clothes of daily wear to battle-dress and stood in the battle-array like pieces on the chess-board. Each one of them was as tall as a spear, with his fingers as straight as an arrow; as obdurate as a bow, with his chest broad like a scabbard. His fingers were as sharp as arrow-heads, his manners polished like a spear-head. He had washed his face with his heart's blood like a sword. He was thirsty for battle like a dagger. The diamond death was concealed in his heroic head as in the point of a javelin. Like a helmet he proudly swept the ground with his coat of mail. Like the iron pieces of a cuirass each one of them stood behind the other. Resembling the rings of a coat of mail, one row of them was entangled with the other.

Before such a big, well-armed and reputed army, as huge

as a mountain and as vast as the ocean, the hordes of infidels raised the banner of polytheism and errancy to the height of the Saturn. Like the Pleiades in the sky they arranged the position of the centre of the army and its different wings. After the right and left flanks had been arrayed in the customary fashion, they got ready to fight.

Like a spear each one of them had tied the belt of tyranny and malice. He had enhanced the intensity of the fire in the crucible of the battle like a javelin. In the operation of warfare they displayed the uprightness of an arrows. When shooting the arrow of tyranny, they bent their backs like a bow. They had been sharpened like an arrow-head by constant collision with the whetstone of the flames of battle. They had turned their breasts into shields as targets of the arrows of malice. Their faces had become bright like a sword after they had been sharpened by the wheel of hardship. Their quality of gallantry revealed itself like the sheen of a scimitar after drinking the wine of the warfare. They were frowning with anger and hatred like a cuirass. Overpowered by their passion to see the battlefield they had become all eyes like a coat-of mail. They had been furbished by the polisher of the mace of the battle in the manner of a helmet. Like a dagger they had become as sharp as a diamond after being whetted on the mill-stone of warfare. They had opened the corner of their eyes like gems to taunt and strike. They had washed their faces with pure blood like the surface of a javelin.

Huge elephants, with legs like mountains, with cloud-like manners, sky-like bodies, meteor like impressions awe-inspiring like thunderbolt, violent like lightning, were covered with armours; Pearl-strings like the girdle of the Gemini, and necklaces like the ones worn by the Pleiades, were hung round

their snake-like trunks, which were, like the plastic of the crescent, pushing the ball of the sun in the ground of the sky or could be called a fetter in the feet of the constellation of the Eagle and the Lyre, or a net to catch the Pisces. It could also be the girdle of the Turk warrior of the sky (the Mars), or a collar in the neck of the Hindu watchman of the heaven (the Saturn).

Auspicious banners and royal flags were raised and the whole place began to look like a battlefield. The two armies moved forward and began fighting. The sparks of battle rose from the earth to the top of the sky, and the fire of combat flared up. The blood-spilling tusks of the huge elephants caused torrents of blood to flow on the ground of the battlefield. The air of the arena of warfare become green on account of the crowd of the mountain-like elephants. The light-emitting spring of the sun was hidden behind the dust raised by the hoofs of the horses. The face of the moon turned black like the record of the misdeeds of sinners on the Day of Judgement. Due to the dusty winds, the air became dusky like the face of a negro. It appeared as if with so much dust available, the sky had put on the garment of soil. While the earth with so many mail-clad warriors was wearing a cuirass, and looked like the sky. The basil-coloured sword had caused torrents of blood to flow on the green surface of the earth and lily-coloured scimitar was kindling fire with its shining blade. The halberd of Dailam had pierced the intestines of warriors, and the Hindustani trident had penetrated the heads of generals. The head-breaking mace was pounding the breasts and arms of the rebels.

The breast-pricking javelin had stitched the rider with the horse. The arrow with four feathers had sunk in the skull of the combatants. The hair-splitting two headed arrow had hit the

eye-lids as its target. The spear of *Khatt* quenched its thirst with the blood of the heart of the champions. The death-dealing lance made its abode in the bodies of the defenders of the motherland.

Since the sun had risen from the silvery horizon, the flames of the conflict had been leaping higher and higher, but with the approach of mid-day the fire of combat had died down. The army of unbelievers and errants took to flight. Frightened by the severity of the Muslim army, they fled into forests. They were in such a hurry that in confusion they could not distinguish between stirrup and reins, nor between descent and ascent.

Most of the leaders of the Hindustani army were taken prisoners, and about hundreds of the soldiers were dispatched to hell-fire by sharp swords.

Due to the piles of the dead and the wounded, plains had become level with hills and mountains. The heads of the rebels were rolling like balls in the hoofs of the polo horses.

The waves of blood painted the black watchman of the palace of the seventh heaven (the Saturn) red like the ruby of Badakhshan. The silvery seat of the judge of the sixth courtyard (the Jupiter) became red like the Judas-tree and ruby. The azure sword of the executioner of the fifth territory (the Mars) turned into the beds of roses and tulips. The tunic of the horseman of the fourth race-course (the Sun) appeared red like orange and jujube. The golden bangles of the singer of the third roof (the Venus) were dipped in rose-water and rouge. The ink-pot of the scribe of the second court (the Mercury) was filled with pure wine and molten cornelian. The golden robe of the messenger of the first palace (the Moon) was besmeared with the vermilion of Rum. The effluviums rising from the seas of blood were reaching the scarlet sky. The blood seeped down and

made the silver-plated cuirass of the fish that supports the earth red like a red willow. The fickle-minded Raja, who out of arrogance, had raised his head to the ninth heaven, mounted the horse of vain desire and ambition. Hoping that his desire will be fulfilled he rode post-haste to the battlefield to fight with the brave Khusrau. But ultimately he took to flight and fled like a fox.

Terror-stricken by the sword of the victorious king, the Raja left the battlefield as fast as an arrow shot from the bow. The dread of the poniard of the gallant Khusrau caused him to flee as a pigeon does when attacked by an eagle. All the way brackish water was his wine and thorns of acacia as pleasant as sweet basil. He regarded the forests and rugged paths as gardens and orchards. It appeared that the wretched man, accompanied by a handful of the enemies of faith, believed that he would cover the whole distance to a place of safety in one day. But, what actually happened was that due to the terror created by the sword of the king, he was forced to carry his defeat from the battlefield to the first heaven. The booty included more than twenty thousand slaves and twenty eight elephants. The number of the heads of the cattle and the quantity of the arms captured were beyond computation. The Muslim soldiers came by so much cash and gems that each one of them became a mine of wealth and sea of strength. The immeasurable spoils made them rich and carefree. It appeared as if the doors of the treasuries of all the kings of the world had been opened and the buried treasures of the whole world had been presented to them.

Thus, Neharwala (Anhilwara), one of the most famous maritime cities, situated in a different climate was added to the empire. The sun of royal favours and benefits cast its rays on

all and sundry. A whole world come under the protection of justice and compassion.

The flowers of justice and equity lent splendour to the gardens of the law of God and the traditions of the Prophet. The banners of victory and triumph were raised to the top of the blue heaven, and signs of conquest and good fortune were portrayed on the sun and the moon.

An account of these famous victories was recorded with musk-scattering pen by the scribe of enlightened mind. He wrote so fast that even the fast-travelling moon bit her fingers with amazement at the fast speed with which he wrote. The Mercury of sound judgement was filled with shame at the clarity of the scribe's mind, and deep in reflection, put his fingers under the teeth of bewilderment. The sweet-voiced Venus grew jealous of the grating sound of the scribe's pen and angrily dashed her flute and harp against a stone. On seeing the radiance of the scribe's brilliant diction the world-illuminating sun picked up his pieces from the chess-board of the sky (to wind up the game after defeat). The Mars, the swordsman, put aside his poniard after he had observed the sharpness of the diamond of the scribe's tongue. Before the pearl of his language the pretty Jupiter would not talk (mention) about milk and sugar.

The Saturn in his lofty palace became a bearer of the saddle-cloth in the retinue of his superb phraseology. He wrote in a style which was fluent like limpid water and bewitching like legitimate sorcery. It was like threading pearls and gems in the necklace of language.

Water and fire were perspiring with shame, envious of the scribe's mind which was also like fire and water. The wind was casting dust on its head in distress, ashamed at the scribe's fast

moving mind and thoughts. Like a diver he would bring out precious pearls from the depths of the ocean of his mind. Like a money changer, he would test the coins of words on the board of his wisdom, and like a coiner, mint the gold coins of ideas in the mint of his mind.

His yellow pen would form a musk-coloured mole on the face (page) of the note-book and draw a line with ambergris on the surface of silk. It ran fast on its head on the ground of ivory. It adorned the forehead and cheeks of the bright day with the tresses and mole of the dark night. It appears that the nib of his ghalia-eating pen was infatuated with the desert of pitch, and the tongue of his black pen had fallen in love with the ocean of tar.

After the prudent scribe had finished the job of drafting and writing out the dispatches of victory, in which he had displayed his skill in the art of calligraphy, and used choice diction to explain subtle points, the chief dignitaries and nobles of the court were given costly robes of honour. The king showed them kindness and benevolence in an unusually large measure.

Thereafter, the banners of the victorious king set out for Ajmer under the thick umbrage of good fortune.

On the arrival of the royal stirrup at Ajmer, there was universal jubilation among the people. He stayed outside the city for a few days to ensure the well-being of the people and to make proper arrangements for the administration of charitable institutions. The ropes of his magnificent tent touched the top of the tent of the sky. The leading men of the city assured him that the religious affairs were in perfect order, the honour of the faith was intact and the authority and stability of the state had been maintained by the chiefs of the army.

From there the auspicious reins turned towards Dehli, which

was the horizon of the sun of good fortune. After he had arrived at the seat of honour and glory, under the influence of lucky star, he, as was his wont, opened the doors of treasures and gifts, and unlocked the coffers of bounty and munificence. He started giving away the hoards of oceans and mines with his gold-scattering hands. He also sent a variety of precious articles and a substantial amount of cash to the court of Ghazni (Shahabud Din Ghori) as a magnificent gift in token of his genuine love and loyalty. In this way, he won the praise and pleasure of the exalted court.

Adorned by the ornament of the grace of the lord (Shahabud Din Ghori) (May he ever occupy the cushion of glory on the throne of the empire like the heaven decorating sun), his position acquired fresh splendour and charm. With each passing day the glorious deeds of Khusrau, the king of the world, as transmitted by tradition, came to be known to the people in the remotest part of the world; and the rank and status of the ruler rose higher and higher in proportion to his kingly endeavours.

Ultimately, a stage came when the flute-playing Venus used the (horse) shoes of the boy and black horses of the king as her bangle and ear-rings. The malicious Mars lovingly held aloft the king's *Farqad*-touching flag and canopy. In front of the king's heaven-touching stirrups, the emperor of Rum (Greece) threw on his shoulder, the golden saddle-cloth, which resembled the shagreen of the sky. The sovereign of China ran along the royal retinue like the shadow, that follows the sun, and tied the silver belt of the king round his sword, in the manner of the milky way and the Gemini.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE CONQUEST (CAPTURE) OF THE FORT OF *KALINJAR*

After sometime when the Greek-like day (the Sun) attacked the Hindustani of the night, and the sword of the sun, caused a chink in the silver cuirass of the sky, and the golden battle-axe of the crescent assumed the shape of a shield (full Moon), the king, with Jupiter-like judgement, girded up his loins to wage a holy war and fight with polytheists and errants. By the light of his judgement he could solve the difficulties of the ethereal sphere; and by his ingenuity, he could know what fate had in store for him. He could see the image of the future in the mirror of the present, and foretell today what is going the happen tomorrow by seeing the writing on the wall (today). His kingly ambition was so lofty that its head touched the dome of the sky, and its feet rested on the cupola of the moon and the Pleiades. His royal determination which out-stripped the Buraq of Zephyr at the time of its execution, and excelled the donkey of hurricane in the speed with which to carry it out, decided to capture all the forts of Hindustan.

In 599 A.H. he turned his triumphant reins towards *Kalinjar*. The time was auspicious and lucky. The moon had raised the flag of her love for the king. The Mercury was reciting encomiums and panegyrics in praise of the king. The Venus was wearing the bangles of help and support in her wrists. The sun had tied on his waist the belt of love and friendship for the king. The Mars had put the ring of slavery and servitude in his ears. The Jupiter stood firm in his friendship and loyalty. The Saturn had cast the saddle-cloth on his shoulder as a servant of inferior rank. The sky had sent the happy news that his wishes would

be fulfilled and that he would achieve his aims and objects. The angel had conveyed the happy tidings that his rank would he elevated and his empire would expand. The emperor (Shamsud Duniya Wad Din) *Shamsud Din* set out towards Kalinjar under the sun-touching and world-adorning banners. The fortunate ruler, the Lord of the world, the just and mighty Sultan, Rustam in war, the gallant warrior of Iran and Turan, hero of happy conjunction, Hatam of his time, giver of the world as a gift, with his dignity as high as sky, occupying the palace of the Saturn, possessing the disposition of the Jupiter, acting in the manner of the Mars, bright like the sun, looking like the Venus, with fingers like those of the Mercury, using the crescent as his polo-stick.

Shamsud Din - the sun of the world and the faith, (May his kingdom and sovereignty last forever and his rank and dignity be exalted). Signs of victory and conquest were evident on the luster of his sword and the blade of his sabre. The felicity of the Jupiter and the benevolence of the Venus were clearly visible in the brightness of his radiant face and the luminosity of his sun like forehead. Mankind received light from these two victorious and valiant capturers of enemies. These sovereigns of bright judgement who always won battles.

The arms and wrists of the kingdom and empire were strengthened by these two monarchs who held in their hands the banner of Jamshed. The soldiers who were fighting a holy war got the support of these two horsemen of the race-course of war. You might as well say that two lucky stars had got together in the sign of kingship, or two gems of nobility were together in the casket of good fortune. Two fierce lions have had raised the banner of gallantry and wisdom on the surface of the moon and the Jupiter.

Neither the eyes of the old heaven had seen such a brave, victorious and fortunate emperor, nor had the ears of the world heard about such a king who combines with a strong body of all signs of royalty. The one could run faster than the swift-running Zephyr when pursuing the execution of his determinations, while the other (who) outweighed the heavy earth when he firmly stood by his resolution. The water could not claim equality with the former in benevolence when there was a convivial assembly, nor could the fire brag of superiority over the latter in severity in the event of a war. This one is a twin-brother of spear and arrow and a foster brother of trident and sword. The other was born with bounty and beneficence and had subsisted on generosity and liberality. One revived the pleas of the needy people with the pen of benefits and favours, and recorded the names of those who were cherishing desires in the diary of benevolence with his cloud like hand. The down like smile of the disturbance-quelling sword of the one opened the door of victory on the day-break of the kingdom, while the tears of the cloud of the pearl-scattering hand of the other taught the cloud to rain. The wind acquired the property of completely burning itself out like fire from the heat of the sharp sword of the one; while the dust was completely perspired with shame like the water with jealousy at the pearl-scattering hand of the other. The effluvium of the blood, shed by his sword, was so thick that as it rose and spread in the air the dark horse of night and the grey horse of day turned into sorrel horses. On account of the abundant bounty of the one, the sea of generosity got so agitated that its surging waves filled the world with silver and gold, making it as rich as a garden in autumn. The other, with his sword, caused torrents of blood (molten cornelian) to flow, with the result that the onyx of the earth

turned into the cornelian of Badakhshan. This one caused so much rain of benevolence with his cloud like hand that the courtyard of the earth was flooded with *dirhams* and *dinars* like the shop of a coiner. Nay, rather his sword caused the heavenly spheres to roll in the waves of blood, as if they were in the street of a phlebotomist. At the same time the hand of the other embellished the carpet of the Morocco leather of the earth with pearls and gems, turning it into the shagreen of the sky. The one untied the belt of the Gemini and the knot of the constellation of the Dragon with his strong forearm. This other snapped asunder the necklace of the stars and the girdle of the milky way. Nay, the other due to his earnest desire for fighting regarded the thorns of arrow-heads and the nails of spears as rose-gardens and beds of tulips respectively. While the excessive thirst for a combat made this one consider the brightness of the sabre as wine and diamond like sharpness of the sword as sweet basil.

That one had covered his body with the cuirass of revenge in the manner of the mirror-like sky, and, like the Mars, unsheathed his blood-thirsty sword, and composed these verses:

I am holding in my hand a sword which has the colour of the cloud but pours down blood as rain.

The glitter of my sword kindles fire and its points carries away the brains of elephants.

This one had tempered the fire-scattering heads of his arrows with poison, and shot four-feathered darts from his heavy bow. His lance-like tongue describes him thus:

I am used to fighting with brave warriors. I am the refuge of the heroes of Iran. I chopped off the heads of many men for whom there was no shroud except the dark earth.

Whenever I take out my bow of *chach* from its case, numerous arrows raise their heads from the quiver eager to be shot.

That one, holding his blood-shedding sabre in his hand, placed the helmet of war on his head and tied the girdle of victory round his waists in the manner of the dragon-like spear, and recited the following line in words on which pearls could be scattered:

If the sky does not revolve according to my desire. I shall pull down its loop.

The other one holding forth his coiled lasso, and disturbance-quelling mace, and resting his sky-like spear on the ear of his dark horse with shining forehead, expressed his thoughts in the following lines:

Mounted on a dark horse and holding a mace in my hand. I can face a male dragon as courageously as a lion.

I can mercilessly chop off the head of the dragon of the sky. Then why should I be scared of a dragon on earth.

The other with Judas-coloured belt round his waists, put on a rust-coloured coat of mail and looked like a wild basil. Then, holding a blue sword in one hand and a red shield in the other, like a rose, he bored fine royal pearls with the diamond of words (composed verses) in this manner:

Scared of the blade of my leek-like sword the heart of the sky is not less pale than a seed of rice. This one wearing a tulip-like chain-armour, and putting a helmet on his head like narcissus, was speaking eloquently (like ten-tongued lily):

In the battlefield the world makes way for me even before I order it "stand off". The other one held in his hand of malice a green dagger resembling a branch of willow, like a rose-tree, shot a bud-like arrow from the thumbstall of fury, and opened

his mouth like the notch of an arrow to declare:

Even the mountain would not dare to face my dart if it knew what intrepidity means.

Scared by his twisted lance, the Arcturus is trembling like mercury.

Seeing the flying dart of this one as a threat to his life, the flying vulture (constellation of the Eagle) is in the grip of panic like a pigeon. How strange that the leek-like sword of that one has caused so much carnage that the effluvium rising from the blood of the slain had caused the meadow of the sky turn red-like tulip. Equally astonishing is the sight of the rue-coloured sabre of this one ducking the ball of the earth into the surging waves of the ocean of blood. Scared by the sharpness of the sword of that one the fish in the bottom of the sea has put on a silvery cuirass. While fearing the stroke of the sabre of this one, the sun had hidden his face behind the rust-coloured shield of the sky. That one had shown the sharpness of the fangs of a snake in the diamond-like edge of the sword that pierces the mountain. This one has produced a firmament full of Venuses and Pleiades out of the sheen of his mirror-like sword. Sometime, this one came out of the haze of the dust, like the face of an angel peeping out of the clothes of the devil, and sometime that one could be seen behind the screen of dust like the sun of conviction in the heart of the sceptics. Who has ever seen a sun like body revealing scintillating embroidery behind a cloud of dust? Who has ever noticed a fire-like gem producing golden flames behind the smoke of dust?

Sometime, high up in the air, the firmament-travelling horse of that one would become a fellow traveller of the moon, and sometime deep down, the desert-traversing steed of this one would become intimate with the fish (that supports the earth)

That one (horse) produced fire by striking its shoes against rocks; while this one would cause injury to the sun and the moon with its lance-like ears. How strange is it about that swift horse that galloped like the wind, yet the earth did not feel the touch of its hoofs! Equally astonishing is the phenomenon that this horse of fiery temper ran like water, yet the heat of its speed remained undiminished. In bounding forward neither Buraq nor the lightning had the means of claiming equality with that horse. In running even *Rakhsh* could not run side by side with this horse, just as the shadow cannot keep pace with the sun.

The moon of the banner of these two rulers of sun-like splendour rose from the horizon of glory, and shone on the plains of Kalinjar. Each one of them could bear the pearls of the bright stars with the diamonds of their arrow-heads, and remove the precious stone of the sun from the signet-ring of the sky with the meteor of his spear.

Owing to the dust raised by the iron pieces of the cuirass, that one (ruler) could not be seen like the bright surface of a Chinese mirror when covered by rust. The rings of the chain-armour made the air so hazy with dust that like the spring of the bright sun this one (ruler) was hidden from view.

The soldiers of the victorious army drew their fire-like swords from their sheaths to repulse the troops of Satan, and to strike at the roots of polytheists. They placed their mischief-quelling spears on the ears of their steeds, and drew up in battle-array in the battlefield like the planets in the revolving sky.

They all resembled a rose-tree with their red flags, tulips and narcissus with their helmets, willows and buds with their two headed arrows and javelins, and lightning and thunder with their lances and swords. They were like the wind when spearing the enemy and were like fire when striking him with sword. When

standing firm they were like the earth, when running they were like water. Each one of them, holding a spear in his hand, was like the Arcturus, a javelin-thrower was like the Saturn. Each one of them was bright-minded like the Jupiter, fighter like the Mars, swordsman like the sun, wine-drinker like the Venus, pen-holder like the Mercury and shield-holder like the Moon.

Parmar advanced into the battlefield with innumerable soldiers like planets in the revolving heaven. His troops were so numerous that even the star-counting fancy could not compute their number. It was a huge and well-equipped army, beyond the reckoning of reason, which neither a wise man nor an accountant could count. Each one of them was armed with sword and spear, and was mounted on a saddled horse. They moved in the battlefield like the planets in the sky.

The loyal servants of the state whose sharp mountain-piercing swords could grind a hard rock into particles of dust, and the point of whose hair-splitting spears could crush a particle of dust into a hundred pieces, moved forward like the vanguard of light in front of the squadron of darkness. There were elephants as huge as mountains, fighters like the sky, looking like clouds, with bodies like those of the demons, who could strike like lightning, and shoot like meteors, could run like clouds, and roar like thunder, seething like the sea and noisy like the flames, were racing across the battlefield like clouds and winds.

The clamour of the warriors and the shouts of the monotheists magnifying God and affirming. His unity deafened the ears of the sky. The loud sounds of the battle-drums shook the mountains and created tumult in the heaven. The blare of the brazen trumpet combined with the sound of the drum seemed like the trumpet-blast of Resurrection. The dust raised by the

shoes of the fleet of steeds turned the luminous fountain of the sun into a spring of tar. The dust rising from the hoofs of horses forced the air to cover its face with a black curtain and a blue veil. The world draped itself in the garments of the Abbasi Caliphs (black garments, the sign of affliction), and put on clothes of mourning. The same dress was put on by the monks and Brahmins respectively.

The tongues of swords and spears were confiding secrets into the heads of generals, while the heads of the army, on their part, were suing for mercy with the tongues of swords and spears. The spear of *Khatt* turned the cage of the brest into a trap of the pigeon. The Hindustani trident made a hundred holes and windows in the oven of the body. The dart, with four feathers, ripped open the skull in such a way that it began to look like the open mouth of the notch of an arrow. The trident of the Saturn became red like the ruby of *Badakhshan* with the effluviums of the blood of the slain Hindustanis. The clothes that the Jupiter was wearing turned red like jujubes. The battle-axe of *Dailam* that the Mars was holding in his hand became ruby-coloured and the golden cup of the sun acquired the colour of the pomegranate-coloured ruby. The silver bangles of the Venus became red like the cornelian of Yaman. The reed-pen of Mercury was dyed in the water of brazil-wood. The fragmented shield of the moon and rust-coloured chain-armour of the sky were daubed with the vermillion of Greece.

Raja of *Kalinjar* had been entrapped in the snare of misfortune due to his own negligence. Deluded by the Satan, he had become arrogant like a leopard. But ultimately, scared by the lion of the royal flag, he took to flight like a fox, pursued by the splendour of the king's canopy. He ran in all directions like a weasel.

The supporters of the faith and the empire moved upward to the top of the fort like flames of fire. They strove to overcome the enemy at the peak of that safety mountain that raised its head from deep waters to the top of clouds. The tower of the fort was so high that it stood face to face with the signs of the zodiac. The feet of zephyr could not stride on its *farqad*-touching battlements, nor could the hand of the swift wind touch its ocean-like moat. Even eagle could not possibly fly with its powerful wings from the base of the fort (of which even the mountain *Shahlan* was just a fringe) to its peak. The fast flying falcon, hard as it might try, could not (by any effort) possibly cast its shadow on the fort, of which mountain *Judi* was just a skirt. The army of Islam so thoroughly battered its tower, that with numerous holes and openings, it looked like a dove-cote.

When the accursed *Parmar* saw such a superior power, compared to which the exploits of Rustam were lost in the folds of oblivion, and the accounts of the episodes of *Haft Khwan* and *Mazanderan* stood obliterated, the awe created by the sun-like canopy of the king made him consumptive like a shadow, while with the terror stricken by the moon of the *Farqad*-touching banner, he became pallid and lean like the crescent. However, he made some use of his intelligence and sagacity and saw what could be the consequences. He wisely decided to pursue the right course. He withdrew the reins of pride and self-conceit and climbed down from the peak of truculence to the level of humility and submissiveness. He put his neck in the loop of servitude and wore the collar of submission. He entered the circle of service and loyalty, and pledged allegiance to the government. He revived the memories of the kindness shown to his ancestors during the rein

of *Yaminud Daula Sultan Mahmud.*

He sought the intercession, of some leading nobles and courtiers, so that they might implore the king to show him mercy and spare his life by accepting the offer of riches and elephants, so that he may live in peace and security. This was the situation when due to the events caused by the revolution of the skies and the conjunction of the heavenly bodies the bird of the soul of the wretch was caught in the spring of death, and buffeted by the successive blows of misfortune the horse of his life tripped, and the boat of his existence, which had remained fastened to the pegs of death for a number of days, reached the shore of annihilation. Caught in the whirlpool of errancy and the deep waters of misbelief he surrendered his agonised soul to the Almighty God, and the surface of the earth was rid of an evil minded polytheist like him.

Mahto Jaidev (the minister) slipped the reins of his desire into the hands of the devil, and threw the ball of deceit and malevolence into the field of helplessness. He raised the dust of rebellion and spread the sparks of insurgency. He set ablaze the fire of hostility, and twisted the rope of disturbance. Evil suggestions of the devil crept into his mind. He entertained false hopes that prompted him to resort to betrayal and breach of faith. Absurd ideas conjured before his eyes the images of falsehood and dissimulation. When it came to honouring the promise of giving elephants and sending money, he acted in the manner of *Urqoob* (a man notorious for breach of promise). The birds of pride and perverse ambitions made their nest in the airy house of his head. When it came to name and fame, he boasted that he would bury himself in fire rather than face disgrace. Though overwhelmed with fear he sought shelter in patience and resignation. Weak though his position was, he

shot arrows of fear from the bow of risk. In sheer desperation he drew his sword to demonstrate his courage and bravery. Girding the belt of hostility and aggressiveness, he opened his mouth to speak insolently. For instance he said, "Since it is not possible to parry the lethal arrow of death, which does not accept ransom to spare the life of its victim; nor does the blood-spilling spear of death brook any obstruction or delay, what justification is there to submit oneself to ignominy and disgrace, and catch the skirt of helplessness, and make one's home in the abode of humiliation." So, in this hired house (the world) where one stays, at the most for five days, he wrote the word of gallantry with the pen of cowardice, and inscribed helplessness and weakness on the page of valour and martial skill. He went on uttering these absurdities with unabated prolixity, and saw no reason why he should refrain from making such pugnacious remarks. He did not think it necessary to save his life in that dangerous situation.

The import of the following verse was neither written on his heart by the guide of reason, nor was it whispered into the ear of his intelligence by some poet:

While sometime a verse puts a crown on some one's head.
It also sometimes removes the head from the shoulder just as the crown is removed from the head.

He persisted in his misbelief and perversity pinning his hopes on a few springs of water, which he regarded as a source of easy life, a trough of sweet water of happiness, a road to pleasure and comfort, and a means of care-free existence. He displayed the boldness and intrepidity of an absolute despot. In spite of his humiliation he began to build castles in the air. He engaged himself in futile pursuits such as drinking the water of his desires and aspirations in a sieve. Thus, he suffered

humiliation by igniting the fire of battle. Driven by conceit he cast dust into the eyes of reason. He did not learn any lesson from the disastrous consequences and ultimate decline in the fortunes of all the enemies of the state.

All of a sudden something wonderful happened by virtue of the splendour of the king's ever-expanding empire, the merits of which, on the basis of circumstantial evidence, were no longer just a matter of opinion, but had become a conviction and obvious indications and positive proofs of which had removed all doubts and misgivings from the minds of the people. The water in the streams and a few ponds, which had brightened their prospects and had brought the freshness of spring in their lives, started decreasing fast, and soon dried up. The intense heat emanating from those dry fountains moved up to affect their minds. At the sight of those springs Jaidev shed tears of blood. Due to the dryness of those streams trees of sorrow grew up beside the streams of his eyes. Blood-stained tears trickled down from the fountain of his eyes on his tarred face, and instead of tears, pure blood of his heart gushed forth from the fountains of his eyes. The pupils of his eyes began to swim in the waves of their own blood. It was so hot that his heart turned into a furnace. Filled with tears, his eyes resembled the Nile. His eyes, though fountains of visions, turned into fountains of blood. From the sieve of his eyes tears of blood were rolling on his checks. No, it was a torrent of blood that flowed down from the battlements of his skull and entered the lattice windows of his eyes. The smoke of grief and sorrow rising from the fireplace of the heart entered the windows of his eyes. The hot wind of fear, inspired by the king, damaged his heart and mind. The marrow in the bones of his body melted like gold in the crucible and silver in straw. Even though there was no

fire, the blood in his veins was boiling like syrup. In the chains of the king's wrath the bird of his soul was writhing in agony like a pigeon in the claws of a falcon. His tar-like face became pale like orpiment and saffron.

The army of fear and panic seized the hearts of the inmates of the fort, and troops of dread and terror overpowered their minds. On Monday, the 20th *Rajab*, they came out crestfallen, deeply disturbed and humiliated. They had been forced and compelled to vacate their sweet ancestral homes. The ever increasing good fortune of the king seized the reins of success and triumph, and good luck grabbed the saddle-straps of victory and conquest. The dawn of the morning of divine aid and victory revealed itself from the horizon of the empire, and the fringe of the royal standards (may they ever flutter all over the world) cast their shadows on the sky.

With the sword of their fury, the valiant and disciplined warriors, and forts-occupying and enemy-capturing heroes conquered the fort of *Kalinjar* which was reputed to be as strong and impregnable as the fort of Haroman (in Egypt) and was as famous as the rampart of Alexander, (the Wall of China) for its inaccessibility and fortifications. The ambition of acquiring that fort had never been entertained by any ruler before, and no king had ever cherished the desire of capturing it. The sun of the endeavour of the people of the world had set, in their efforts to fulfil that wish, and the moon of the aspirations of mankind to seek the rose of conquering that fort had got nothing but thorns of frustration.

Thus, this famous part of the country was the latest addition to the Muslim empire. People in large number pledged loyalty and allegiance to the king. People far and wide, enjoyed the fruits of royal justice, which make the world prosperous and

ensures peace and order in society. The flags of various branches of theology and the banner of the prestige of men of learning and skill was raised aloft. The places of worship of Brahmins and idol temples were converted into mosques and charitable institutions. The loud voice of monotheists praising God and the call of the Muezzin, glorifying the Almighty, reached to the top of the Pleiades. Words like idols and idolatry and heresy and heretics sank deep down the earth; and the customs and rituals of polytheists and errants were abrogated by the lights of the verses of the Holy Quran. The Muslim soldiers became extremely rich by acquiring immense wealth, one could say, mountains of rubies and oceans of pearls. They held in their hands cups of cornelians like roses, and goblets of gold like the narcissus. Besides these, fifty thousand slaves, wearing collars and in chains, were also captured.

There were so many huge elephants that the level ground assumed the shape of lofty mountains. The pitch black faces of Hindus turned the surface of waterless deserts into lakes of tar. Roads and thoroughfares were jam-packed with piles of weapons and countless heads of cattle. All over the world one could see signs of elegant houses and attractive inns. The news of his illustrious deeds and glorious achievements spread to the remote parts of the world and was heard by all mortals.

AN ACCOUNT OF HOW THE GOVERNORSHIP OF THE FORT OF *KALINJAR* WAS ENTRUSTED TO *HIZABRUD DIN HASAN ARNAB*

After placing the fort of *Kalinjar* in charge of Hizabrud Din Hasan Arnab, one of his most trustworthy servants and a favourite courtier, he turned the reins of victory towards *Mahoba*. The above mentioned noble was the central pearl of the string of sagacity, a ruby of the mine of generosity, a pearl of the necklace of manliness, and a bezel set in the ring of humanness. His administrative acumen was an embellishment to the faith and the empire. His disturbance-quelling sword was the caption of the record of victory and conquest. His exuberant energy and vast knowledge formed the embroidery of the robe of merits, and an account of his noteworthy deeds was too well-known to the people to need any elaboration.

He was authorised to take preventive measures against any outbreak of disturbance and breach of the peace in that part of the dominion. He was told to seek instruction from the king in a situation, which he thought, he could not successfully deal with. He should deliver the people, who were facing hardships and privations from the clutches of injustice and tyranny, and ensure that they led a peaceful life in the cradle of security. He should do his best to show kindness and consideration to foreigners and make it a point to offer them generous gifts and favours suiting each one s position.

He should keep the morale of his soldiers and other functionaries high by bestowing on them favours and gifts, as stipulated, from time to time. He should regard the excellent

conventions and old traditions of the powerful empire as models to be strictly followed in carrying on the administration of the dominion.

He should follow the example of the courtiers and nobles of the court while dispensing justice and distributing favours. He should completely renounce tyranny and oppression, and should on the other hand, ensure the safety and security of the oppressed. He should seek the fruit of salvation from the tree of righteousness, and turn his days of good fortune (may God join them with eternity) into a store house of generously given reward for good deeds, and thus leave behind a fair name and well-deserved praise which would last till the end of time.

When his noble mind had disposed of the urgent matters of the state concerning the orderly administration of the dominions, and the conditions appeared normal, and the desires and aspirations of the people had been fulfilled, the sun-like standard of the king was turned towards *Badayun*, one of the principal cities of Hindustan.

Subsequent to the arrival of the *Farqad*-touching stirrup and world-conquering reins of the monarch at *Badayun, Ikhtiyarud Din Mohammad Bakhtiyar*, who was one of the helpers and supporters of the empire and was distinguished for his courage and bravery, came from *Avand Bihar* to pay his respect to the sovereign. He kissed the ground (the surface of the soil) in front of the royal court, which the rulers of the world used to kiss, and where the powerful kings used to prostrate themselves. The above mentioned dignitary had displayed exceptional courage and valour, in protecting the enclosure of Islam and defending the frontiers of the faith. His virtuous efforts and laudable deeds were talked about in Hind and Sind, and the fame of his well-known holy wars had spread all over the world.

He presented to the king a variety of gems and cash gifts. To this gifts he added twenty huge elephants, so blood-thirsty that even the constellation of the dragon, scared by their dragon-like trunks withdrew its head under its tail, and the lion of the sky (the sign of Leo), frightened by their blood-shedding tusks, concealed its nails in its paw. Each one of these elephants could rush upward like the flame of fire, and run downward like water, could move as fast as the wind and remain patient under heavy load like the earth. He rendered fresh services as remarkable as the previous ones. By displaying the spirit of self-sacrifice in battlefields and other perils he grabbed the skirt of the adage "High ranks lay in dangers", and thus attained a favourable position. The tree of sincerity, standing on the soil of genuine love, yielded the fruit of royal grace. The strings of his affairs in the service of the exalted court were well-arranged. By virtue of the kindness and benevolence of the king and the favours and patronage of the sovereign, he reached the top position among his compeers.

When he went to take leave of the king, a fresh *Farman* was issued augmenting his dominions. In fact the sovereign showed him boundless magnanimity by bestowing on him a royal pavilion, a flag and the privilege of the beating of drum at his gate. To these favours were added, a horse with trappings, a waist band, a sword and a set of royal robes.

Under the influence of lucky star and with good omen, the auspicious flags and banners of the king made a move and the reins of righteousness were turned towards Dehli, which was the capital of prosperity and the *Qibla* of favours.

On the arrival of stirrup of heavenly glory, the affairs of the empire became orderly again and acquired a fresh stability. The foundations of the pillars of the empire were strengthened,

and the star of the sky of success began to shine from the sign of the divine aid, and the pearl of the oyster of good luck revealed its brightness from the casket of dignity. The denizens of the silvery firmament and the stars of the revolving sky proclaimed to the world:

O, king ! the vast space of the earth is just a corner of your empire,

And the kingdom of *Solomon* is as small as the point of a hair before your kingdom.

The aged slave of the sky (the planet Saturn) felt proud to be the watchman of the *Farqad*-touching palace of the king. The brilliant preacher (Jupiter) of the silvery palace (sky) opened his lips in praise of the king. On the blue roof (heaven) the narrow eyed Turk (the Mars) cast the shoulder belt of the galaxy on his shoulder like a slave. The tiger-rider of the black dome (the Sun) set his hands to dye the ruby of *Badakhshan* to be set in the crown of the emperor. The lady of the blue firmament (the Venus) began to pour out melodies like a nightingale in the paradise-like assembly (the court of the king). The scribe of the turquoise-coloured roof (the Mercury), was busy writing an account of the victories and conquests of the king on the royal mandate. The torch-bearer of the gilded court (the Moon) had placed her head on the threshold of the royal court, which was as sublime as the sky.

All over the world the edifice of justice had been strengthened by the hand of the divine aid to such an extent that the partridge listened to the sound produced by the bells on the neck of the hawk as if it was music. The parrot -coloured sword had rolled up the carpet of tyranny in such a manner that the pledge of the falcon to love the pheasant had received the seal of perpetuity. The eyes of the murderous eagle became

the nest of the pigeon.

All the mankind escaped from the darkness of tyranny into the bank of the spring of the water of life of justice, equity, fair-play and righteousness, and led happy and carefree life in the gardens of safety, security, repose and happiness. They drank deep from the water reservoir of the beneficence and liberality, and *zamzam* of the bounty and generosity of the king.

Imams and divines were placed in the string of magnificence, since they are like gems set in the signet-rings of the religious law. They are, indeed, the central pearls of the necklaces of tradition. They are the gems of the casket of piety and centre of the circle of knowledge, polestar in the firmament of learning, the moon of the sky of merits and the sun of the sphere of spirituality. Their status is as high as that of the apostles of Israelites (peace be on them).

By virtue of their enlightened minds and clear-headedness they had acquired a knowledge of the mysteries of philosophy and the abstruse problems of jurisprudence.

The bright dawn of salvation and success is a product of what they have written. The sky has caused the sun of righteousness and prosperity to rise from the horizon of the legal decrees of each one of them. These imams and divines were specially honoured by the king, who bestowed on them robes of honour and horses with trappings.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE RETURN OF THE SOVEREIGN SULTANUS SALATEEN MOHAMMED, SON OF SAM (MAY GOD ELEVATE HIS ORDERS) FROM *KHWARAZM*

In the year of 600 A.H., when the exalted banners were returning from *Khwarazm* a band of the soldiers of *Khata*, got together, and attacked the victorious army which was moving in the vicinity of *Andkhud*. These raiders who were innumerable like the stars in the sky, and infinite in their strength like the moles of dust, dealt a severe blow to the great sovereign lord, who having suffered defeat at their hands left the battlefield and proceeded to the court at Ghazni.

Aibak Pak Baz, who was one of the closest favourites of the king, and one of the leading members of the fighting force, brought up and indeed groomed by the illustrious court, also took to flight from the site of the combat. He had come to believe that due to vicissitudes of times misfortune had befallen to the person of his master or perhaps the revolution of the sky had afflicted the king with a calamity. He hurriedly mounted his horse and galloped towards Multan as fast as the wind.

When he met *Amirdad Hasan* (*Amir Alam*) he began to act in a funny manner, he resorted to cunning and falsehood, and showed signs of deceit and malice. He also played diplomatic tricks and fox-like wiles and took to mendacity and dissimulation.

He averred that a royal mandate (which is of course always executed) has been issued to the effect that a secret conference be held in the august palace to discuss all the

recent developments, in such a manner that their good and bad points do not come to the knowledge of common people. In no case should these matters be talked about by friends and foes. Everything should remain concealed in the heart and inner most recesses of mind. If any lapse occurs in this matter, and necessary steps are not taken to maintain secrecy, swift punishment would follow for the divulgence of these secrets : The tree of divulgence will produce the fruit of remorse, and we would forfeit our credibility and trust. Next day, there is threat of a major disaster and disturbance. Then the fire of sedition and turmoil may assume alarming proportions. Consequently, the noble mind of the sovereign may be afflicted to such a degree of irritation that the picture of its cure may not be found even in the picture-gallery of fancy and fantasy, and the far-sighted reason and acute mind may try in vain to remedy it. Even the hand of rectification might fail to reach its skirt, and the feet of endeavour repair the damage might remain tied and unable to move.

Amir Dad was highly impressed by these pleasing but false statements couched in a flowery language. There was unmistakable evidence of malice and mischief in his outward behaviour. He did not care to consult reason, man's true guide and companion that always tenders sound advice and helps one in difficulties. Instead he thoughtlessly and imprudently proceeded to the roof of the palace, which was as high as the sky.

Poor fellow, he was absolutely ignorant and unaware of the fact that the centre and sides of the army and its right and left flanks had been arranged to kill him, that the blood-shedding sword had been drawn from the sheath of hatred; that the spear of indignation had been tempered with the poison of

malice. Further, that the girdle of brutality had been tied on the waist of malice and cruelty, and that the hand of tyranny and oppression was bent on committing breach of the pledge of love; and that it had accumulated mischief and deceit; that it had set the chess board of subterfuge to play the game of tricks and wiles. In the last desperate move he had pushed forward the pawn of fraud and stratagem. While he had staked the cash of concord on the leather-cloth of hypocrisy, and had surreptitiously made an oblique move in the manner of the queen. Though outwardly he showed himself to be upright like the castle, he had actually pushed forward the knight of perfidy and the bishop of cruelty from the square of treachery. Then, in a desultory manner he placed the king of the life of *Amir Dad* in the enclosure of hardship by surrounding it with two pawns and castle so that it had become an easy target of check-mate.

To his face *Aibak Pak Baz* made kind and even flattering statements. He showed as if he was highly obliged to him for his magnanimity in coming to that place. He maintained the dignity of hypocrisy, while all the time he was looking for an opportunity to carry out his sinister design. He was casting glances right and left, indeed in all directions and had been making obscure statements and using all sorts of stratagems. He made incoherent statements and forcefully uttered enigmatic remarks, while these talks were in progress, he abruptly made a sign to some one to despatch the wretch, and forthwith a murderous Turk, who had been assigned this job, with lightning speed, dealt a fatal blow with a sharp sword to the head of that dignitary.

It appeared as if his body could not bear the burden of his head.

Many a time has the unfaithful sky offered people honey mixed with poison, and the perfidious world turned a song into lamentation and a banquet into an assembly of mourners.

Aibak captured the city and the fort without the least obstruction from the enemy.

He was happy to note that the province was being ruled in an orderly manner, and the affairs of the government were in a sound condition. He had no apprehensions about the consequences of rebellion, and the misfortunes that usually overtake the ungrateful. He remained ignorant of the fruits of the tree of mischief, and the abundance of harvest that tyranny and oppression yield.

For long the mystery of this affair remained unsolved. According to one of the two rumours that made its rounds, he had been imprisoned on the orders of higher authorities. However, after some time when servants of various grades learnt the details of this episode, and the news of this happening spread all over the dominions, and it began to be talked about in places far and wide, a section of the *Kokars* regarded this incident as something unusual, strange, and abhorrent. They remarked: "It would be obvious to anyone with a grain of intelligence and wisdom, as also to one who applies his reason and sound judgement, that, had the noble Sultan (May he ever remain adorned with the jewellery of perpetuity, and may he continue to occupy the throne) not been stripped of the ornament of life, and the sacred body of the king (May he ever remain the target of the hopes and aspirations of the people) not been deprived of its soul, such a foul deed would not have been perpetrated by *Aibak Pak Baz*, nor could his friends and companions have shown such a degree of rashness. But, unfortunately the mighty sovereign substituted

the bed of earth for the royal throne. He went over from the royal palace and this abode of love to paradise and concealed his radiant face in the veil of dark soil. The unfortunate occurrence led the Hindus to entertain wicked thoughts. While the sons of *Khokar Bhikan* and *Sarki* harboured the desire of annexing *Lohur* and becoming independent rulers. The ambition of conquest and kingship wrested the reins of discretion from their hands. They withdrew their heads from the yoke of loyalty and disengaged their necks from the loop of concord. They overstepped the limits of subordination and loyalty. They started devastating villages and driving away the cattle of the villagers. They set ablaze the fire of turmoil and disturbance in the land lying between the *Jehlum* and *Saddra* (*Chenab*). They took to pillage and plunder by joining the bands of miscreants who were the followers of the devil, and who ravished the rosebud of joy and peace, and spent their time in the garden of mirth playing on harp and lutes, and started plunder and rapine.

When the madness of these people had exceeded the limits of tolerance and forbearance and they responded neither to gentle warning nor to harsh threats, neither to promises of favours nor to warning, a number of state functionaries, leading nobles and prominent citizens rose in revolt. They had girded their loins to extinguish the fire of disturbance and put down the sparks of mischief. They were united like shields to fight shoulder to shoulder with the sole object of repulsing the wretched adversaries and crushing the enemies of the empire and the faith. They were led by *Bahaud Din Mohammad*, governor of *Shukwan* and his brothers who had fiefs in the vicinity of Multan. They were so brave that when engaged in fighting, the ocean appeared to them as small as

a spring of water; and the swordsman of the sun, scared by their blue poniards, would hesitate to show forth his red scabbard from the east.

After a prolonged contest with the heavy troops of the Hindus which were as numerous as the leaves of a tree, and which had also been receiving reinforcements as innumerable as the particles of dust or the drops of water from vernal showers, some of them felt too tired to fight anymore: They seized the girdle of flight acting on the maxim. "Flee when you have no strength to fight".

Others who continued to fight were caught in the snare of hardship and distress; namely, either they were killed or injured or taken prisoner, or just cast away. As the days went by, the polytheists gained in strength and had the upper hand, and there was disorder and turmoil all around.

Sulaiman, the commander of the army was a gallant warrior. At the sight of the flash of his sword, the lion in the forest shed tears of blood, and the morning of triumph and victory smiled when the cloud of his scimitar shed tears (caused carnage). He was inclined to fight, but soon realised that the strength of the enemy was too much for him to overcome, and that all that he could possibly do was to flee. He acted on the adage: "Even flight, when the situation demands, is victory".

He at once jumped on to the back of a swift horse, a horse as fast as the wind that blows across the world. His horse of fiery nature went on galloping till it reached its destination.

He recited the following couplet as an excuse for running away from battlefield:

A brave man who is afraid neither of an elephant nor of a lion deserves to be called foolhardy rather than brave.

For a long time the veiled damsel of wish and the bride of

desire did not show her face, and the countenance of the moon of victory and visage of the sun of conquest remained hidden behind the screen of horizon.

The great emperor is so powerful that scared by his shining sword the sky would tear the garment of its body by striking it with its sword (ray of light) like the morning, and the morning, terrified by his sky-like sword, would wash its face with the water of indigo.

The mind of the sovereign was so bright, that in front of it, the splendour of the sun hid its face behind the veil of shame; and the planet Jupiter would cover his head with the scarf of modesty at the sight of a flash of the luminosity of the king's mind.

When the details of this incident were conveyed to him, the fire of his fury and valour burst into a flame. The signs of anger were visible on his auspicious forehead.

With his bright mind the sovereign decided to wage a holy war against the non-believers, and start a campaign with the object of eradicating heresy and hostility. The king made up his mind to issue orders for starting a holy war. His decisions are so irrevocable that the sword of fate seeks protection from their expeditious execution, and the dagger of destiny sues for mercy from their being speedily carried out.

Royal mandates were issued to mobilise army and the imperial flags moved from the capital of Ghazni.

Sirajud Din Abu Bakr, the chief chamberlain, who belonged to the inner circle of the courtiers, hastened to the court of world-giving and world-conquering *Khusrau* to inform him about the imminent arrival of the sovereign.

On getting this news, the victorious retinue of *Khusrau* immediately moved from the court of Dehli:

"Wherever your retinue goes, good luck follows it like a slave". In the season in which the tiger-rider of the sky (the Sun) had shot an arrow from the bow of the sky (the sign of Sagittarius), and the rose-plant had been shorn of the decoration of buds and jewellery of blossoms, and the trees were stripped off the ornaments of fruits and the embroidery of foliage. Days had become short like the curly hair of Negroes, and the nights became long like the tresses of the sweethearts. The day appeared short like the night of union when the hand of the evening catches the foot of the morning; whereas the night appeared prolonged like the day of separation. The morning of which has not seen the body of the evening. Rather we could put it in this way that the day began to shrink like the body of the love, while the night leaned against the cushion of perfection, fully grown like the stature of the beloved.

At every stage that the moons of the royal standard, and the sun of the banners of the king appeared, the informers and courtiers announced the happy tidings that the great sovereign has withdrawn his generous hand from fighting, and has put his blood-shedding sword in the sheath. The army was looking forward to the arrival of the king of Iran and Turkestan (the Ghorid ruler).

At the request of the victorious *Khusrau*, orders were issued that the troops that were coming should surpass the north wind in speed, and carry the palm of superiority from the zephyr. And when they come upon the river that separates the two armies, they should immediately cross it and the same day attack the Hindus like the unquestionable argument of a musalman to a non-believer. They should fight back the hostile rebels with their blood-shedding spears. They have to extinguish the blazing fire of blasphemy and heresy with their sharp swords. They should

eliminate the sources of mischief and disturbance with their leek-like swords that can, like the rue, liquidate the off-springs of the enemies of the state.

The *Khusrau*, who possessed the splendour of *Jamshid*, enjoyed such a high rank that even the Saturn and the Jupiter could not brag about their sublimity and superiority before the sun of his sublime dignity. When *Khusrau* is in the battlefield, the Mars holds his silvery sword, when he is holding a banquet the Venus holds a golden goblet.

He rushed forth post-haste on a steed which ran as fast as fancy, and raced across mountains and forests. The speed of that horse put to shame the fast-moving zephyr who wiped the sweat of shame from its forehead. Even the fast-running hurricane was bathed in perspiration with envy at the speed of that horse. Its rock-breaking shoes raised sparks that rose to the dome of the moon and the top of the sun. By its stone-splitting hoofs the horse adorned the surface of the earth with scales, making it look like the back of Sheem fish. It appeared that due to the fire of joy his horse of charming pace did not feel comfortable on the carpet of the earth. Carried away by the momentum of high speed his horse that galloped like *Shabdiz*, and would not turn away even from a journey to the sky.

Near the river *Saddara*, there were four lions so fierce that their roar would cause the heart of the Ox of the sky (the sign of Taurus) to bleed with fear, and the bellicose. The quarrelsome Turk of the heaven (the planet Mars) would recoil from a stroke of the nails of those lions. Even the cavalier of the sky (the Sun) would be scared into surrender by the spear-like canine teeth of those lions. And the Hindu of the heaven (the Saturn) would quit his seat out of extreme fear. The king on his part, was so

strong that before his sword even the lion of the sky (the sign Leo) felt as helpless as the figure of a lion on a hot bath; and the lion in the jungle, when threatened by the king's blood-shedding poniard, appeared as passive as the design of a lion on tapestry on the door of a royal palace. These lions suddenly charged the king, who in one onslaught killed them on the spot with his sharp sword that inflicted wounds like fire.

On the 10th day, the king crossed the river from the ferry of *Saddara*, and joined the victorious army, which was the refuge of Islam and the asylum of the faith. On the bank of the *Jehlum* he kissed the ground before his master, the great Sultan, and received royal favours and gifts. The rulers and sovereigns of the world grew envious that he was enjoying the good will and grace of the sovereign.

Then he and his soldiers mounted their steeds as fast as deer with buttocks like those of the onager. These were Arabian horses with plaited tails, shining forelocks, with buttocks like mountains and hoofs like hard stones. They swam in the river like the fish and crossed over to the other side with the speed of wind. On the bank of the Jehlum they discussed in strict privacy the subject of the war, and held deliberations on the strategy of fighting and preparations necessary for that. *Khusrau* in his speech used words which were like pearls, and consequently the ears of the listener became a mine of gems, and the eyes grew jealous of the ears which alone perceived the well-arranged string of diction. He adorned his tongue with the praise of the Lord of the world.

He spoke in this manner! "Since the dignity and sublimity of the throne of the sovereign of the world (may He remain the champion of the universe with all the mankind as his subjects) rests on the Saturn, and the major segment of the inhabited

quarter (the earth) is under the authority of the functionaries of the state; and the fame of the empire has not only reached the ears of the recluses of the world but also the angels in the heavens, he need not turn his victorious reins to rectify any and every delicate problem, created by a faceless foe. Rather he should assign the task of dealing with these problems and averting these distressing events to the competence of one of the humble servants of this court of heavenly sublimity, one who has been raised by this court to a status as high as the Saturn. To this end the sovereign may, by issuing a royal edict, honour him so that by the glory of the powerful empire, and through the blessings of bright days, he may put in such efforts in subduing and overpowering the enemies of the faith and the empire, and in crushing the rebels of the country and the people, that their traces and marks would leave an everlasting impress on the foreheads of the sun and the moon, and the fame of the good service rendered by him will endure for ever."

After saying all this, the enemy-capturing and forts-conquering king rose and rubbed his face on the ground before the world-conquering sovereign with utmost love and warmth, and departed. He put his feet in the stirrup of the horse, the forehead of which was as bright as the Venus and which moved as fast as the moon. Then with his triumphant hands he lowered the reins of that dark horse with crescent-like neck.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE ARROW

Seated on the horse-armour he picked up his arrow with which he could stitch the pen on to the finger of the scribe of the heaven (the Mercury). On account of his skill in archery he could split a thread of silk with the point of his arrow even in a dark night. His hand was such a powerful weapon that even after dismounting from his horse he could pull out the peg of

the mountain from the forehead of the earth just by the strength of his fore-arm. His arm was so strong that it could stop the mill-stone of the sky from revolving. With his bright morning-like sword he could remove the black fur of the night from the faces of the four Turks (four watches) of the day. With the point of his spear, he could remove the earring from the ear of the Venus and crown from the head of the sun. With his lasso he could bind the legs of the lion of the sky (the Leo) with the constellation of the dragon. With one blow of his mace he could smash the casket of the sky and crush the head of the sun. At the time of the evening prayer he left the army camp.

Before the sun showed his face from out of the silk veil, he reached the camp of the army of the enemy. When the dark night came out of the gem-studded scabbard (star-lit night), he ordered one detachment of the victorious army to fight. The arrows they shot from their bows could terrify the moon into throwing her silvery shield. Over-awed by their swords the sun would be forced to put down his golden poniard. They all gathered at the ferry of the Jehlum and arrayed the army in battle lines.

In the battle their minds were as bright as fire and their vision as clear as water. They were firm like the earth and carried out what they decided with the speed of wind. In their hands they held maces which resembled the tusks of elephants and the heads of their arrows were like the nails of lions.

Against the army of Islam, there stood, like a mountain of hard stone, the troops of Hindus of incredible strength, so numerous that they could not be computed. Their centre and sides were in correct position. In the wide battlefield they were seething like the waves in the ocean. Each one of them held a shield like the sky, and drew his sword from the scabbard. They

had put their fiery arrows on the bow for the fight, and kept their serpent-like lassos ready for the conflict. They were holding dragon-like spears in their brawny hands and had tempered the points of their spears with the poison of hatred. Mounted on swift horses they were ready for the engagement. They were all attention to hear the order to start the conflict. The armies of Islam and the Hindustani troops began to fight at close quarters like the waves of the ocean and intermingled like day and night or light and darkness.

The fighting lions and the battling elephants made the battlefield look like the court of the last Judgement.

The banners and flags had turned the vast plain of the battlefield into a meadow and a bed of jasmine respectively. There were so many spears in the hands of the supermen that axes seemed to be floating in the yard of the desert. The reflection of the blood-shedding spears filled the air with bright meteors. By the reflection of the rue-coloured swords the face of the moon acquired the greenness of the wild basil. Terrified by the sky-shaped sword the fingers of the Mercury (the scribe of heaven) were shaking, just as a branch of jasmine does when the wind blows. The nails of the Venus turned blue like the leaves of violet. The eye of the sun became yellow with jaundice like the narcissus. The blood of the heart of the Mars shot into his eyes making it look like a Judas tree. The countenance of the Jupiter became blue like the petals of a water-lily. The face of the Saturn appeared darker than the tar and pitch like the heart of a tulip. The majesty of the figure of the lion on the flag caused palpitation in the heart of a fierce lion. The blast of the brazen pipe rose to the dark sky, and the sound of the conch reached the blue casket of the heaven.

The cloud of dust covered the green horse of the firmament

with a black cloak. Due to the haze of dust the ash-coloured horse of the day looked like the black horse of the night.

The lion-hearted *Khursau* was so strong that scared by his sword even a lion would become wily like a fox, and the elephant will flee like a mosquito to save itself from a blow of his mace. He slit the eyes of the enemies of the faith with his greenish dagger. He magnetically attracted the souls of the Hindus with his amber-coloured spear. So powerful is the thunderbolt of the stroke of that greenish glittering spear that it puts the diamond dust concealed in the heart of steel. By the lightning of its thrust, its yellowish body causes molten gold to flow in the crucible of mine. It seems that his glittering sabre is a crocodile that has kindled the fire of *Barzin* (name of a fire-temple) in the furnace of its mouth. His twisted spear is a dragon that is pouring out poison of hatred from the teeth of its head.

How wonderful is the crocodile that magnetically attracts the body of the dragon from the top of heaven by the power of its breath. Equally astonishing is the sight of a dragon that conveys to the halo of the moon the sparks coming out from the fires of the wounds of the injured in two battlefield. Who has ever seen a crocodile that shows its teeth from the whole of its belly to save its life? Who has ever seen a dragon that has tied a girdle all over its body in its eagerness to go to the battlefield?

At the head of the army of Islam and the support of the warriors of faith was the second Alexander, *Shamsud Dunia wad Din*, the Sultan of Sultans. He was so valiant that his mountain-piercing arrow rendered a war elephant unfit for battle. Before his blood-shedding spear even the intrepid tiger became helpless and miserable. Due to the terror created by his fire-scattering sword the stone in the head of the dragon of the sky melted and milk in the breast of the tigress turned into

blood by the terror struck by his glittering sword.

The great Sultan mounted on his steed, rushed into the battlefield and attacked the enemy like a leopard and leapt into the deep waters of the combat like a crocodile. His horse had the speed and appearance of the lightning, and like a salamander he regarded the fire of battle as a plaything. It could run fearlessly on the surface of water like fish, which reminded one of the ways a deer runs across the desert.

He raised dust from the surface of the armour-clad water to the cuirass-clad sky and thus poured the collyrium of dust into the shining spring of the sun, turning it into a spring of tar.

By indulging in carnage he made his mint-coloured sword red with blood like a Judas tree, and on its green blade one could see a blooming tulip. Indeed, it appeared as if pure molten ruby and cornelian were flowing on its diamond-like bright surface. With his spear-head he could cause a rain of blood to pour down from the eyes of his foes, and like the twilight, dye the body of the combatant with blood with the meteor of his javelin. With the edge of his stone-splitting scimitar, he would cause a torrent of blood to flow from the heart of valiant warriors. By a blow with his helmet-smashing mace he would cause the blood in the heart of a fighter to boil. He would cause a river of blood to flow on the surface of the ocean from the jugular veins of his enemies and then throw the dark-faced natives like a duck into the deep flood of blood, and then teach the Arabian horse to swim in the whirlpool of blood.

He caused so much bloodshed that the dark horse of the night acquired the colour of the sorrel horse of the day. The dust of the battle changed the sorrel horse of the day into the black horse of the night. The heaps of corpses turned the level ground into a hill, and the blood of the wounded flowed on the dead

like the water of log-wood. With his glittering sword he gave the form of *Pleiades* to sand and rocks and kneaded the soil of the battlefield with the blood of famous Rajas. The waves of the ocean of blood rose from the Jehlum to the great sky. Its effluvium covered the face of the lion of the sky (the sign of Leo) and its moisture seeped down to the back of the bull on the horn of which the earth rests. The reflection of blood turned the meadow of the heaven into a bed of tulips, and its brightness seemed to have covered the heaven with Judas-trees. With his glittering sword he swiftly despatched a number of humbler men into the fire of hell. The heads of the chiefs of the army of *Khokars* hang on the spears of *Khatt* like flags. All the people of the city were killed, so that there was not a single soul in a house and nobody to kindle the fire.

The scribe of fate inscribed the edict of victory and conquest on the scroll of the empire, and the hand of destiny stitched the fringe of death on to the sleeves of a hundred thousand natives. They came by enormous booty consisting of horses, slaves, and arms, so numerous that no enumerator could count them with his fingers. The travellers of mind and fancy could not cross the limits of the highway of their number. Nor could the land measurer of thought and speculation enter the field of measuring it or extracting even a fraction of it.

One of the sons of *Khokar* had twisted the rope of hostility. He had stirred dormant turmoil and played mischief by creating disturbance. He snapped the tie of accord and cast it into dust. He started the fight. But soon the heat of the battle and the hot wind of the combat made him restless like the wind. He along with a number of the accursed soldiers (verily a group of devils), threw himself into the river *rud*. Fear of the sharp sword unnerved him and he ran away from the battlefield as swiftly

as the wind. Scared by the morning-like dagger, the dawn of hoariness revealed itself on his evening-like face. Lily and powdered camphor grew in the midst of violet and pure ambergris; Riding alone frustrated and terror-stricken, he threw away one of his weapons at two or three steps.

In the four-square of the chess of distress he was unable to use his five senses. With no way of escape in the *Nard* of calamity, he could not distinguish the seventh table from the eighth. He sought refuge at some place ten stages higher than the ceilings of the nine heavens. As he was fleeing he added the hours of the day to those of the night. Routed in the battlefield, he withdrew to the fort of *Koh-e-Jud* to spend the rest of his life there after narrowly escaping from the death-dealing swords. He sought refuge in that impregnable fort, the peak of which was higher than the battlements of the palace of the moon and the top of the zodiacal sign of the sun; and the bottom of whose moat touched the backs of the bull and the fish on which the earth rests; What a pity that even after he had mustered an army more numerous than ants, he, like a snake withdrew his head in the prison of the cave and rocks of that fort. It was a memorable victory, the like of which the bride of time will not be able to produce even if the bridegroom of the world tries to deflower her. By the side of it the exploits of *Kaus* and *Kaikubad* stand cancelled and accounts of the achievements of *Dara* and *Urduwan* appear to be pieces of fiction. Naturally, the Lord of the world thought it incumbent on himself to bow in thanks-giving to the Almighty God for facilitating this victory, and to discharge the obligations of gratitude to God for such a favour.

Next day, he turned the reins of his steed towards the *Koh-e-Jud* the sky-like fort. This fort was like mountain *Qaf*, it touched

the sky, it had army like stars. The battlements of its rampart touched the girdle of the Gemini. The top of its tower was so high that it placed its feet on the heads of the sign of Leo and the star *Farqad*.

When his sky-touching stirrup and the moon of his standard, as splendid as the sun, reached there, the whole place acquired elegance by his refulgent charms, and the royal pavilion was as high as the revolving dome of heaven and the blue tent of the Saturn. The Hindu warriors drew into battle-array. All of the them were singing like nightingales on the rose-tree of valour. Like a wood-pigeon they were playing a Rud on the bough of bravery. They were happy like a pheasant on the verdure of sharp swords and daggers. Like a francoline, they were taking pride in the tulips of sharp javelins and spears. In the garden of the battlefield they were displaying their elegance like peacocks. Like a dove they were singing in the mansion of name and fame. On the rocks of manliness they were strutting like a partridge on the tulips of lance and spear. They were blowing pipe like turtle doves in the meadow of wisdom. In the market of plunder and war they were displaying eloquence of a parrot. They were violent like an eagle in the air of combat with spears and swords. They were cautious and scared at the time of fleeing. When fighting they were alert and circumspect like a crane. On the day of battle and skirmish they could be dependable guides like *Qata* (a bird of the tetra ride or grouse family, flying in large flocks, and knowing where water is to be found at a great distance). They could find their way in the dark night like a bat. In drawing the bow of treachery and attacking from the ambush each was as far-sighted as a vulture.

In the battlefield they appeared wise like the intelligent

raven. Shared the nature of owl in desire for ruins and evil. Compeer of a cock ever keen to fight and subdue. Resembling to a ugly looking crow, as quick as a falcon when attacking, and well informed.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ARMY OF ISLAM

Facing the army of the unbelievers, the huge and well-equipped army of Islam got ready for fight and combat. Each one of them coiled himself in the battlefield like a dragon. He rolled in the fire of combat like a salamander. He was prompt and swift in moving like a crocodile, eager to kill, intrepid like leopard, tumultuous and bellicose like lion. He was fierce and short-tempered like a tiger and assaulted virulently like hurricane in the manner of a rhinoceros. He shouted like thunderbolt and inflicted wounds like lightning in the manner of an elephant.

In this manner, the two armies ready for combat started the battle. In the yard of the battlefield they rushed like two furnaces spewing flames, or it appeared that two oceans with surging waves were seething with excitement in the plain of battlefield.

On account of abundant arrows of Hindustan and spears of *Khatt*, the vast expanse of the battlefield presented the sight of a sugar-plantation. With the presence of riders in chain-armour the plain of battlefield turned into an iron-fort. There were so many cuirasses made of small pieces of iron and an equally large number of armours of small rings that the ground of the battlefield appeared steel clad. The cuirasses of *Khatt* made of silver plated iron pieces looked like the scales of the *Sheem* fish. The armour made by David with its small holes resembled the musky ringlets and a chain of ambergris. The wave-like body reminded one of the lock of hair of a Negro,

and like geometrical figures and ambergris-coloured dooms.

It showed novel figures resembling the breast of a hawk and the skin of a snake. The moon, refulgent like a Chinese mirror, and the diamond-like sword, cast their reflection on the ground of the battlefield, which dazed the eyes like the deceptive mirage and the bright sun. With the dust raised by the horses the air covered its face with a dark mask and the sky cast on its head a blue veil made of the dust of the battlefield. The spring of the shining sun was filled with tar and pitch. The waves of blood drew a marginal line of vermilion on the rust-coloured carpet of the mountain, and placed an orange coloured fringe on the pistachio-coloured waist coat of the plain, and stitched rich embroidery on the basil-coloured cloak of verdure. The reflection of blood made the yellow (rue-coloured) sword (rays) of the sun (the King of the sky) jujube-coloured. The leek-like poniard of the Mars also acquired the colour of a Judas tree. The green shagreen of the sky also acquired the colour of the Morocco leather of *Taif*. The emerald-coloured firmament turned red like ruby. The topaz-coloured tablet of the stars assumed the shape of cornelion and coral. The blue signet-ring of the dome of heavenly splendour (the sky) was washed with red wine. The green robes of the nymphs of paradise were besmeared with saffron-water, and the wings of the angels (parrots of the sky) turned red like a jujube-tree. The nobles of state and the helpers of the people, who could remove the dot from the circle of the eye of the star *Suha* with their cuirass-piercing arrow, and with a stroke of their fast flying arrow snatch light from the spring of the shining sun, made breaches at a number of places in the wall of the fort. The leaders of Islam and the warriors of the faith took out their maces and drew the swords of victory and conquest from the sheaths of revenge.

They also held serpent-like spears in their strong hands. They shot meteor-like arrows from their royal bows and then rushed to the tops of the fort with the speed of water and fire. Fighting with Hindustani swords and arrows of *Dailam* they climbed up the rampart of the fort which was so high that from it one could see the revolving sky and whisper secrets into the ear of the planets.

It was an impregnable fort. In strength and inaccessibility its walls could claim to be equal to mountains of *Judi* and *Shahlan*. Its moat was so deep and unfathomable that it could be considered to be on equal footing with the depth of the ocean. Neither the swift-moving northern and southern winds could catch the fringe of its skirt, nor the eastern breeze and western wind were capable of crossing its threshold. But the towers of this fort were so mercilessly battered that they looked like the eyes of the armour and the gapes of *Sufar*.

The natives rushed down from the top of the mountain like a torrent, and overcome by fear of the blows of the sword that struck like fire, rolled on the ground like water.

The Raja of the *Koh-e-Jud* who was circumambulating the candle of disaster like a moth and had cherished impertinence, kindled the fire of sedition. He had washed the eyes of tyranny and scratched the face of faithfulness. He had firmly tied the girth of the steed of treachery and sought a wide battlefield. He placed the helmet of battle on his head, put on the coat of mail, broke the agreement and raised his head to the star Capella. He had withdrawn his neck from the collar of loyalty, and claimed to be a sovereign ruler. He had turned away from the path of subordination and had declared insurgency.

But soon he came down from the height of vanity to the level of being a subject and a vassal. He sought refuge at the

court of the king who enjoyed the rank of *Feredun*. He firmly attached himself to the exalted court, which is a more firm handle and a sure place of safety. He put on the robes of Brahmins, kissed the surface of the ground like a slave and placed his head at the hoof of the swift steed of the king. His fingers trembled at the sight of the king's majesty. Like one intoxicated, he put the rings of friendship in his ears and affixed the seal of silence on his lips.

As was his wont the breeze of beneficence began to blow from the inherent kindness of the king, and the rain of mercy fell from the cloud of his bounty. The Simuragh of compassion spread the wings of favours, and the *Huma* of forgiveness opened its wings on the crime of the Raja. The falcon of the endeavour of the king opened the wings of pardon, and the hawk of his severity closed the beak of reproach. The eagle of punishment withdrew the talons of wrath and the fire of anger and malice was extinguished by the water of love and goodwill. The strong wind of pride was tied to the soil of modesty. The Raja's life was spared and he escaped the fate of being killed by the sword of the king of the world. On the following day when the morning, wearing a gilded mask, drew its silver sword from the scabbard of the sky and the hand of the day-break tore the blue waistcoat of the firmament, when the light-diffusing face of the sun came out from behind the black screen of the night, and showed the Chinese mirror from the eastern horizon of the silvery sky. As the king of the planets (the Sun) drew its blood-stained sword from the silver-plated sheath of heaven and displayed his cap with golden sides from the firmament, wearing a green cloak, and its refulgence illuminated the courtyard of the sky with its heaven-adorning beauty, and adorned the surface of the plains with robes of

yellow velvet and cloth of gold, the bird of victory and conquest came flying and the vanguard of the army of divine aid, showed its face just as the sun was rising.

Indeed by this victory, for the first time a fort which was so high that it put its feet on the tent of heaven, and raised its head higher than the palace of the sky and the court of the Mars, was conquered and captured. It was a fort which kings and sovereign in the past had been making futile efforts to capture.

The banners of victory were raised to the top of the heaven, and the flags of heresy and seduction were lowered. Enormous booty was piled up on the battlefield. The booty was so large that it was beyond the limits of conjecture and computation. Even the swift-moving fancy, which galloped its horse with the *Buraq* of lightning, could not penetrate the dust raised by the army of the numbers of articles in the spoils, nor could the brave cavalier of thought that wins the pawn from the messenger of the sky could assess its quantity.

Thereafter, he turned the reins of his intention towards *Lohur*. The brave king moved along the standard of the sun-like splendour of the emperor. At the time of departure he went to pay his respects to the emperor and take leave of him. He was treated with great magnanimity, and was favoured with a robe of honour. So, happy and laden with spoils he proceeded towards the capital Dehli. The royal troops moved and soldiers and servants of all grades turned toward the sun of favours, benevolence and safety of the king (the shadow of God). He alighted in the vicinity of *Hamik* and encamped on the bank of the river. The water of the river was clean like a furbished mirror, full of reflections. When the wind blew it made on its surface ripples like the armour-like ringlets of the damsels in the form of chains and shackles. The royal tents were pitched in a

delightful meadow full of lilies, wild roses, and jasmines. It was more agreeable than the promise of the friend, and more pleasing than union of a lover with his beloved. Its water was more pleasant than the fragrant eastern breeze, and its air was pleasing than the wholesome water. The eastern breeze extracted pure musk from the twisted tresses of violets, and north wind obtained fresh ambergris from the curly locks of hair of eglantine. The sweet basil sent the gift of its fragrance to the nose of the heart through the breeze. The water conveyed what was in its mind through the voice of the announcer of purity.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE MARTYRDOM OF THE LORD SULTANUS SALATIN MUIZUD DUNIA WAD DIN MOHAMMAD BIN SAM

Lord of the world dismounted from his Kaikani horse and repaired to his sleeping tent. He was feeling very much concerned and perturbed lest he might be struck by an evil eye because as a poet has said: When your kingdom has reached the height of perfection it is liable to decline.

Bear in mind that only that perfection is permanent which is free from decay.

There is no way to ward off and repel the misfortune of the talons of death. No amulet and charm is effectual against the bite of the fangs of death. At about this time a group of heretics hatched a plot to seize the opportunity of employing the tactics of attacking and fleeing, when there were no attendants present in the court to guard the body of the king. The court was so august that the moon and the sun paid mullet to the moon of the royal standard and the sun of regal umbrella respectively.

It was the time of evening prayer. The sun had withdrawn its head in the western horizon. The luminous body of the sun was hidden behind meshes of the ambergris-anointed tresses of the night. The Negro of darkness was holding the spear of the *Arcturus* in a threatening posture like an Arab. The Ethiopian of the night (the swarthy soldiers of enemy) was shooting the arrow of meteor from the bow of wrath like a *Dailam*. The Hindu of the blue roof of sky (the Saturn) had tempered his Hindustani lance with the water of poison. The orator of the pulpit of the

green sky (the Jupiter) put on the black clothes of mourning. The executioner of the mirror-like heaven (the Mars) drew his blood-stained sword from the pitch-besmeared sheath. The cavalier of the racecourse of the rust-coloured sky (the Sun) took off his royal crown from the head of sovereignty. The lady of the turquoise-coloured sky (the Venus) took off the golden bangles from her hands and ankle-ring from her feet. The scribe of the mercury-coloured sky (the Mercury) put away his pen and silver inkpot. The torch bearer of the dome, set with pearls, (the Moon) lit the lamps of hardships and misfortunes.

The king of the world sat down on the prayer carpet to say his prayers. On the ground of loneliness and solitude, he rolled the ball of communion with God. He recited verses from the holy Quran praising, glorifying, sanctifying and hallowing the Almighty God. With the aid and help of God he loosened the fetter of the bird of his soul from the cage of the body. He looked at the approaching death with the eyes of discernment and listened to the Divine command, "O peaceful soul, return to your Lord", with ears of intelligence. He rubbed his forehead on the ground with humility to get the mark of prostration. The ink of the tears of repentance and contrition rolled down his cheeks.

At this time a number of accursed heretics, armed with daggers, rushed like clouds and wind towards the tent in which the king of the world was sleeping, and quickly killed three sword-bearers and two chamberlains, who were on duty. Then, a couple of these ferocious-looking men made for the tent of the king and in a trice inflicted five or six wounds on the body of the king of the seven climes. Forthwith, the bird of his soul eagerly flew towards the palace of seven heavens and the battlements of nine skies, flapping its wings all the way. It soared

towards the soul of the ten receivers of the happy news (reference is to the ten companions of the Prophet who had been assured by the Prophet himself that they would go to heaven), who dwell peacefully in the gardens of Eden, their eternal abode in paradise.

The star of the sky of dignities moved away from the sign of good fortune, and the star of the heaven of felicity slid down from the height of the palace of apogee to the low ground of the perigee of disaster. The violent and strong wind of death felled the cypress tree of the garden of good fortune, which was adorning the meadow of sovereignty. The rose of cheerfulness which was growing on the rose-tree of the garden of happiness dropped down by the assault of the hurricane of the fury of death. The figure of lion on the imperial flags and auspicious banners were inverted. The tree of bounties became fruitless, and the heaven of glory lost its moon. The carpet of the life of the ruler of the world was rolled up by the revolutions of the sky.

The letter of inevitable death was sealed with the stamp of: "Everything in this world is perishable." The full moon facing the sun that illuminated the kingdom suddenly vanished in the horizon of perpetuity, and the sun that adorned the sky of the empire disappeared, while it was still in the same sign as the moon. The Jupiter of the heaven of power descended from the point of apogee, and the Venus of the zodiacal sign of felicity moved down from the apogee of fulfilled desire to perigee of despair. The ears and neck of the birds of the empire were stripped of the ornaments of justice and the jewellery of the equity of the king of the world. Disturbances caused disorder in the peaceful lives of the people of the world. Disturbances that had been sleeping like the narcissus, mischievously and

shamelessly opened their eyes. Justice, moderate by temperament like the violet, placed its head on the knees of sorrow and despair.

The blue hypocritical sky put on blue and dark garments like the water lily. The rose of wish ceased to exist in the bud of hope, just as fidelity and the shadow of griffin had ceased to exist. The rose-tree of cheerfulness and repose was denuded of leaves and flowers. The plectrum of the sweet-singing nightingale broke down in the pursuit of love and joy. Disappointment demolished the edifice of desire and the army of patience and peace of mind was routed.

The cruel sky took back what it had given. The confused world justified the withdrawal of the pearl it had gifted. The heartless time drew a dark veil before the delightful morning of hopes, and turned before the eyes of the people the light-bestowing of spring of the sun into a pond of tar, and concluded the day of happiness, which is transient like the flash of lightning, and familiarity with thought, with the night of death. Joy was changed into lamentation and feast into mourning. The cunning world, which is the dwelling of vicious demon, made the agreeable wine of pleasure as bitter as colocynth. The unscrupulous world, the resting place of a venomous serpent, administered antidote mixed with poison. The coffin of the king of the world was transported to the capital of Ghazni and was buried in the *Madarsa* of Harra. Now people realised how brilliant were the merits and how noble were the qualities of the sovereign of the world, and how sublime was the status of this sun of dignities, just as the worth and value of the sun is known only after it has set.

It would, indeed, had been proper if due to this heart-rending tragedy the (disturbed) confused earth was dislodged

from its place in the universe and the powerless sky had ceased to revolve.

When this sad news was conveyed to the brave *Khursau*, he cast aside his crown and took off the royal robes that he was wearing. Troops of depression and dismay overran the yard of his bosom and the armies of sorrow and grief seized his heart from behind.

When alone, he caused the streams of blood to flow on his cheeks, but in the presence of others he concealed his grief in the core of his heart and did not think it expedient to expose his anguish so that people should know how deeply grieved he was. He read the following verse:

A man should remain cheerful while his heart is burning. But such men are few and far between. He forcibly closed the doors of pain and distress which had opened before him and seized the skirts of patience.

AN ACCOUNT OF HOW THE PROVINCES OF HIND AND SIND WERE ANNEXED BY MALIK QUTBUD DIN AIBAK AND HOW THEIR RULERS BECAME HIS VASSALS

Royal edicts were issued to all the parts of the country to win the good will of the people and to assure them of peace and security of life from harm. The feudal lords who had received Letters of Patent from the court, and the governors who had been issued flags of governorship, showed all signs of love and affection by their conduct, and proceeded to the sublime and heaven-like court to demonstrate their sincerity and genuine allegiance. Powerful rulers and mighty sovereigns prostrated themselves before the king as a mark of their loyalty and attachment. The great lords and proud rebels wore the collar of submission and put their necks in the loop of subservience. The great chiefs and nobles of the world prostrated on the soil of the august court, and the carpet of the court turned into the focus of kisses by the rajas of Hindustan and rulers of China.

After Malik Tajud Din had been routed, the keys of the administration of the court of *Ghazni* fell into the hands of the functionaries of the empire. Royal servants and loyal attendants acquired authority over the entire territory of Hindustan from *Barshoor* upto the sea coast on one side, and from *Sestan* upto the Chinese mountains on the other. The names and titles of the sovereign were mentioned in the sermons and were inscribed on the coins of dirhams and dinars.

People cherished love for the powerful empire. The rust of

hostility and bitterness was removed from the mirror of the hearts, and the gloom of enmity was dispelled from the mind of the people. The dust of anger and frustration was wiped off from the face of hopes and cheeks of wishes.

The yard of the mind of his enemies was cleared of evil thoughts and false notions.

The page of the living conditions of the subjects and underlings, was embellished with the grace and kindness of the king. People far and near talked about the favours and benefits bestowed on them by the monarch.

Lohur was made the capital of the empire. This city had been the seat of government of previous rulers. It was populated by men of true faith. It was the *Qibla* of virtuous men. The *K'aba* of nobility and liberal-minded gentry, the centre of men of piety and abstinence. It had produced many men of learning and jurists. It was the refuge of ascetics and devotees. It was the abode of great sufi saints.

The edges of the banners of religious law and *sunnat* fluttered with the breeze of the morning of guidance. The flags of the decrees, of the true faith were raised to the top of the Mars and the pinnacle of the revolving dome (sky). The mode of observing the religious laws of Islam became as clear as the day and the customs and practice of the Muslim faith were fully elucidated. The sun of felicity rose from the horizon of divine aid and cast its rays on all the cities of Hindustan. The moon of glory, shining in the firmament of success, showered its beams on all the provinces of the country. The garden of the faith acquired fresh verdure from sound reason, and the enclosure of Islam was gorgeously adorned by firm judgement. The face of the damsel of fulfilled desires showed its charm from behind the curtain of hopes. The dawn of success revealed itself at the

horizon of aspirations. The sparks of the fires of misfortunes disappeared from the world. The missionary of tyranny and oppression who had unfurled the flag of its fame like the sun withdrew its head behind the veil of concealment and obscurity. The messenger of corruption and disturbance who had drawn its sword from the scabbard of the east like the dawn, was chained by the shackles of the royal wrath. The inhabitants of the world heard about the fame of his justice and stories about his kindness; and the lights of his justice and equity spread far and wide.

Under his protection (in the shade of peace and security) the partridge was immune from the injury caused by the claws, of a hawk and the pigeon was delivered from the talons of falcon. Francolin found refuge in the nest of eagle and pheasant shared the nest of falcon. She-fox began to dwell near the fierce tiger and lion. Deer and mountain goat found a resting place under the protection of leopard of sharp claws. The malevolent wolf forged kinship with sheep and showed kindness to lamb. Water refrained from showing hostility and enmity to fire, and dust was relieved that it would no longer be overpowered and dominated by wind.

Turquoise ceased to be seen by serpent and yellow amber was relieved of the job of attracting straw.

Cotton-wool was no longer burnt by the inflammatory rays of the sun and Tuzi fabric was not damaged by the effect of the moonlight falling on it. The face of the moon did not turn black when covered by the tail of the dragon of the sky (she did not suffer eclipse) nor could the head of the huge serpent of the firmament darken the face of the sun. The sky abjured tyranny and oppression and the world refrained from injustice and mindless cruelty. Khursau was so great that the cavalier of

the sky (the sun) carried the saddle cloth of his globe-trotting horse on his shoulder, and it would have been becoming on the part of the Venus to have played on rud (a kind of harp) in his festive assembly. While the flag of enjoyment had been raised to the sky and armies of sorrow and anguish had been put to flight by the vanguard of happiness. Khursau thought of diverting himself from the rose-garden of merry-making to the pleasure of playing a game of polo.

A DESCRIPTION OF HIS HORSE

When on the ground, his horse would run so fast that neither the world roaming eastern breeze could see the dust raised by the violent wind of the horse, nor could the swift northern wind penetrate the cloud of dust created by the elegantly ambling steed of the king. It was a fleet steed which would move over the waves of the ocean without leaving any mark on the surface of the water. Its hoofs were so heavy that they would make figures of crescent on the surface of a hard rock. Sometime a wink of the rider made it race faster than the eastern breeze and northern wind, and sometime prodded by stirrup it would leave behind southern and side wind. It could stand as firmly as a mountain on the thread of silk. Even if the whip is pointed towards it, it could fly like a bird as if it had grown wings. Its arrow-like forelegs and bow-like hindlegs would fly towards the butt of the earth like an arrow shot from a bow. Even the shadow of that horse with sun-like forehead could not keep pace with it. By its fiery speed it watered the ground with the rain of its perspiration like a cloud. It neighed so loudly that the ear of the sky became deaf like that of the oyster. The dust raised by it made the eyes of the sky blind like those of the *Chargh* (a bird). Its eye-sight was so strong that it could clearly see a grain of poppy-seed even in a dark night, and like-wise

could observe pebbles in the dark caverns of the ocean. By its power of imagination it could know the secrets of the hearts and the thoughts of the minds. Its ears were so sharp that it could hear the sound of the movement of an ant moving on a stone from distance of one *farsang*. Like the gentle but swift *Buraq*, it measured the surface of oceans and the earth with the cubital of its steps in the manner of the wind. Its spear-like ears have hurt the Pleiades and the moon, and its fire-producing hoofs have injured the earth and the fish that supports the earth.

It danced like a spider on a rope in dark night. By raising dust it tied a dark veil on the mirror-like clean face of the air, and covered the shining spring of the sun with a black screen. It drew circles round the centre of the earth with its hoofs, and made rings with joints and knots to form the chain of an armour, and made strange figures resembling the breast of a hawk.

Struck by the crescent like polo stick, the full-moon-like ball outstripped the world traversing eastern breeze and the earth measuring violent wind, and ascended from the abyss of the earth to the peak of the heaven to be among stars. Injured by its strokes, the face of the sky was covered with blisters like the visage of the moon. The fire of its blows burnt the pen in the fingers of the Mercury (the scribe) like a charcoal. Struck by terror, Venus, the singer, hid her head behind the shield of the sun, (the tiger-rider). the Mars threw away its weapons and cast a cloak on its shoulder like the Jupiter. The Saturn, in the gilded dome (sky), placed its hand on the face of the silver-like moon (horse). (The Saturn kissed the foreleg of the horse and the world kissed its hoofs) the polo-stick kissed his hand, and the Saturn kissed the hoof of his horse.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE DEATH OF SULTAN-I-SAEEDUD DIN QUTBUD DUNIYA WAD DIN AIBAK

While playing polo the lion-hunting Khursau thought of changing his horse. He took out his feet from the stirrup of Kaikani bay horse to get on the back of the white polo horse. The malicious sky, in whose friendship one cannot place confidence, suddenly showed its treachery. The cruel star, whose love is not dependable, also displayed its true nature. The cruel world cast its unkindly glance at the support and refuge of the faith and empire (king) and the wily world showed signs of harshness.

In the process, the two easy-paced but spirited horses collided and the Arabian steed of Victorious Khursau tripped and the mighty king fell (from the back of the mountain like horse) on the ground.

Just as the cruel wind causes the rose to drop to the ground and tramples upon its mantle of happiness. The fury of the violent wind of times forced the bent (crescent like) form and emaciated (reed-like) body of the king to lie on bed in a state of weakness and languor, and rest his head on a pillow due to helplessness and debility, very much like the violet. His auspicious temperament lost its stability and deviated from the bounds (range) of moderation. His sacred body was stripped of the ornaments of health and sprightliness. The bright morning of cheerfulness and comfort changed into the dark evening of pain and weariness. The sun-like face of the sun of the sky of well-being changed, and the cheerful countenance of the day of health was concealed by the night of ailment. The moon of the heaven of good fortune became a hostage to dark nights.

The sun of the sky of success was entangled in the knot of eclipse. The physician with all his skill failed to successfully treat the patient and cure him.

The pen of destiny put the signature of death on the mandate of the life of the king of the world. The pure soul of the king of seven climes ascended to the top of nine heavens, and walked from this temporary lodge and house of hardships and sufferings to the gardens of love and parks of sanctity. Leaving this temporal and temporary abode he made for heavens and the garden of paradise. From this dwelling of sorrow and thorny field of suffering he left for the refuge of peace and repose and the rose-garden of rest. He hastened from the contemptible world, which is the valley of frustration, to the court of the mercy and forgiveness of God, to join the ranks of the souls of the apostles in the high heaven 'The sublime paradise'.

The body of this great and highly honoured king of the world was interred in the bowels of the earth like a treasure in the metropolis of *Lohur*, which is the destination of all men small and great and the place of pilgrimage of the pious and virtuous men, the religious-minded men. The head of the blessed tomb and sacred grave rose higher than the sky and the battlements of the palace of the Saturn.

The face of the model of bounty, who made promises and fulfilled them, turned pale due to the dexterity of the cruel time. By the jugglery of the refractory time the body of the mirror of humanity and valour became rusty. The lamb of the pasture of the sky (sign of Aries) took to causing wounds like a cruel boar. The unfriendly bull of heaven (sign of Taurus) threatened to assault like a leopard.

The Gemini, a vile body of arrogance, started quarreling

and fighting.

The Cancer, the crab, with its bent claws looked mischievous and callous.

The lion of the jungle of the sky (the Leo) got up to hunt the deer of life.

In this green rose-garden (sky) the grain of hope remained concealed in the ear like the rose in the buds. Just as a blossom drops to the ground when the wind blows, the cash of a happy life fell on the ground from the scales of the hope of this great workshop (the Libra). The sting of the malicious Scorpio caused the blood to flow from the vein of the soul. The arrow shot from the bow of the old dome (the Sagittarius) hit the butt of the body and the target of the heart. The aged kid of the revolving heaven (the Capricorn) came down in the meadow of the life of the king of the world. The bucket of the wheel like sky (the Aquarius) mixed poisoned water with the spring of life, and the oozing water of sustenance. The fish of ocean-like sky (the Pisces) turned ferocious like a crocodile.

The moon in the first ground of the third sky daubed her silver shield with tar and pitch. The Mercury in the second palace broke his golden pen in a pond of tar. The Venus in the third house of entertainment dipped her clothes of daily wear in the water of indigo. The sun in the fourth bed-chamber untied the belt of his sword which was studded with jewels. In the fifth battlement, the Mars tore away his cloak and red armour. The Jupiter on the pulpit with six steps put on the black clothes of the Abbasid caliphate. In the tent of seventh heaven, the Mars put on black trousers as a mark of mourning. The arrows of screams and lamentation went past the aim of the sun and the butt of the sky. The sound of wailing and crying rising from every house and street reached the Capella. The moon, who is the

leader of the camp of the skies, called out to the people of the world to listen to this pathetic elegy.

O! holder of the curtain, drop the curtain because today the king will not hold his court and nobody will be able to see him.

As the news of this terrible calamity and grievous tragedy, which was indeed, a misfortune for the faith and a disaster for the empire, spread, it became clear and obvious to the people of the world that the sun wearing a green cloak, has a pale face because the world is a thorny field of sorrow and suffering, and not a rose-garden of joy and comfort. The azure sky has put on blue clothes because the world is a house of fear and horror and not an abode of love and solace.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE ACCESSION OF THE LORD OF THE WORLD, SULTAN OF SULTANS, SHAMSUD DUNIA WAD DIN (THE SUN OF THE WORLD AND THE FAITH)

May God perpetuate his empire and join his kingdom to eternity

After the death of the sovereign Sultan-i-Saeed, the throne of the empire of Hindustan, acquired adornment brightness, elegance and splendour, when in the year 607 sovereign of the world, Lord of beneficence for mankind, Shamusud Dunya Wad Din Abul Muzaffar Iltatmish us Sultan occupied the throne. He was the principal necklace of kingship, the largest pear of sovereignty, the pearl of the oyster of well-being, turquoise of the crown of victory, (pearl) gem of the casket of good fortune, star of the zodiacal sign of success, the moon of the flag of kingship, the inscription of the banner of suzerainty, the title of the letter of world conquest, *Tughra* of the mandate of conquest, embroidery of the regal robes, shadow of divine mercy, protector of the inhabited world, master of the human race, a just ruler, a lord who cherishes his slaves, a king possessing the dignity and status of an angel, with the sky as his palace and court, Saturn of anger and malice, Jupiter of love and dignity, Mars in war and combat. The sun of the battlefield and the court, the Venus of the feast of entertainment, the Mercury in resolution and determination, the Moon of the flag and banner, star among servants and attendants, the great emperor, ruler of Turkistan and Iran, the king of the lucky conjunction a world-conquering warrior, inheritor of the

kingdom of Solomon, owner of the signet ring of the kingdom of the world.

The signet ring of the kingdom and empire was further embellished by the gem of the authority of his status as heir-designate and the arrangement of the relationship as father and son. The pulpits of Islam all over the world and in the vast expanse of the earth acquired charm and glory by mentioning his royal titles and his illustrious name in the sermons. By virtue of his sharp sword and musk-scattering pen he brought about order and stability in all religious and temporal affairs.

Soldiers who untie the knot of victory, and writers who paint the face of conquest, congratulated the young king (with mature deliberation) on his accession. Good fortune, the bearer of good news, spoke with sword-like tongue (opened its mouth) to offer felicitations to the king.

The body of the empire girded its waist like a pen to demonstrate its obedience: His powerful hand and authority-wielding fingers seized the hilt of the world-conquering sword and empire-adorning pen respectively. The sword of command and the writ of pen prevailed all over the country like clouds and winds: The orders issued by the royal sword were executed in distant regions as if they had been written by the pen of fate and the decrees emanating from the pen of the king were carried out in Hind and Sind as if they carried the threat of the sword of destiny.

The soldiers and scribes who had thriven in the delightful gardens of the powerful empire, had drunk deep of the ponds of the sweet water of bright days; in showing heroism could split a hair with their sharp sword; and the scribe could split hair with the sharp nib of his pen in drafting letters. Thus, in the arts of swordsmanship and penmanship they could prove their supe-

riority over their friends and compeers, and excel their equals in working wonders with sword and pen. When competing for superiority, the scribe would write enrapturing language with the sword of thought and pen that writes decrees. The soldier, with his sword, display such valour that people would forget Rustam. And the scribe would draft a theological verdict with such skill that Nauman (Abu Hanifa) would be relegated to oblivion.

The garden of Muslim law and *Sunnat* was brightened like the pupil of the eye by the head-chopping sword and pearl scattering pen. The face of the faith and the empire were adorned like the blade of the gems-studded sword by the pen that maintained order in the dominions.

In the field of wielding the sword, he proved that he was more valiant than the Mars, and in the domain of penmanship he excelled the Mercury. He displayed the sheen of his blue sword before the cavalier of the sky (the sun), and made an ambergris-coloured mole on the face of the moon with his musk-scattering pen. They so much benefited by the favours and training of the king that their laudable deed and pleasing works were chronically recorded in the memoirs of warriors and writers, and thus the surface of the blade of the sword of eminence and the pen of ideas acquired ever-lasting verdure and freshness. The foundations and pillars of the empire were strengthened by the sharpness of the lustrous sword and the fluency of the pen. The bases of the kingdom were firmly fixed by the edge of the sword as thin as pen, and by the nib of the pen as sharp as a sword. The obligations of the Muslim law and the injunctions of the faith were executed by means of the pen that wrote theological verdicts regarding the use of sword in a holy war. Indeed, it is the sword used in a holy war that lends

splendour and dignity to the pen that writes the Fatwa, strengthened the foundations of monotheism by bringing down many structures of polytheists. Thanks to the performance of king's disturbance-quelling sword and his musk-scattering pen, the world became an object of envy for Paradise. Afraid of the clank of the blood-shedding sword and the grating of the musk-scattering pen, people of the world became up-right like an arrow. Terrified by the might of the sword that moved as fast as a pen and by the majesty of the pen, that was as quick in action as a sword, the mother earth became infertile, no longer able to give birth to evil. Likewise disturbance also vanished like the griffin, scared as it was, by the crocodile of the blood-shedding sword, and by the majestic pen that slithered like a serpent. Living in peace and security ensured by the sword and the pen of the king all the people were expressing their gratitude by saying "All praise be to God who has delivered us from sorrow."

In the rose-garden, where justice and equity had been established by the sword and pen of the king, they sang eulogies of the king like a nightingale. Like a parrot (on the bough of the wild basil of sword and the lean tree of pen) they proclaimed their love and affection for the king.

The loyalists of the state made their hearts clean like the blades of swords by purging them of the black spots of hypocrisy and the rust of schism, and presented them as gems of genuine sincerity. In the manner of the pen they stood on the head of harmony, and vowed that they would abide by the terms of all agreements and accords, and then began to write eulogies and panegyrics in praise of the king.

The bifurcated nib of the pen, the ink of which is the light of the eyes of the empire, became united in expressing

gratitude and writing encomiums of the king. Even the double-edged sword became single-edged in praising and extolling the lord of the world. Jealous of the crown and canopy which possessed the splendour of Feridun, his foe sheds tears of blood like the cloud of the blood-shedding sword of the king. His adversary moans like the grating of a pen because of his envy at the throne of the king which enjoys the dignity of Solomon's throne. The ever-expanding empire of the king aroused the jealousy of some of his ill-wishers to such a degree that they became openly hostile.

WAR WITH *TURKS*

The son of *Jandar Tatar*, who was the root cause of the turmoil caused by disturbance and mischief, and was the ring-leader of a band of wicked savages, adopted the attitude of hostility and insubordination and pursued the path of oppression and rebellion, and abandoned servitude and obedience, and, helped by deserters began to massacre Musalmans. He never thought of what the ever-lasting good fortune of the king of the world could do, nor of the misfortune that rebellion and insurgency could bring.

At the head of an army of blood-thirsty Turks, he showed his ingratitude to the sovereign of the world, the lord of sword and spear, and the triumphant archer and powerful holder of pen.

These Turks were known for their valour and heroism. A vulture flying within their bowshot distance would lose its wing hit by an arrow shot by them. By one blow of their mace they could topple down a firmly standing mountain. Each one of them was a hypocritical and blood-thirsty like a double-edged sword, and double-tongued and malevolent like a pen. He was crooked like a bow, and withdrawn from loyalty like bow. Due to his stupidity he had turned away his head from the butt like an arrow. He had girt up his loins, like a spear, to display malice and enmity, like the ring of an armour, each one was confounded by his folly, and like the bits of iron of a cuirass each one was impelled by his inherent cruelty.

He became proud of the support of a number of malevolent people who stood face to face before him and were like a sheaf of arrows and pens. He was deceived by the help of a band of the rabble, who had collected like stars of gems on

the blade of his sky-coloured sword. He began to run on his head like a pen at the war-front, and the battlefield. Standing in the battle-array, where one earns name and fame, he began to raise his head proudly in the manner of a sword. While reproaching and threatening with the impudent tongue of the sword, he did not refrain from maliciously creating disturbance. Breaking promises made by the eloquent tongue of the pen, he did not shun truculence and aggression. Following the example of a sword he showed the sight of the day of Resurrection in the night of conflict. Walking in the footsteps of a pen, he traversed across the battlefield quickly like a post boy. He made a stupendous effort to show that he possessed the gift of wisdom by wielding the sword of valour. In his zeal for bragging he walked on his head like a pen in the battlefield. Like the sharp edge of a sword he kindled the fire of disturbance, and produced the sparks of hostility. Like the impetuous nib of pen he rushed forward to plunder and sack. Like a sword that inflicts fatal blows he chose to acquire eminence in the wide area of ferocity and carnage. On the narrow path of valour he moved forward as a guide in the manner of the swift light-paced moving pen.

A number of times submissions were made to the king's sublime high judgement, to the effect that since the unfortunate band of insurgents will not desist from using their swords and daggers to perpetrate tyranny and oppression, and by no means abandon hypocrisy and sinfulness, it would be advisable to voluntarily keep away from the battlefield and refrain from assaulting and fighting for a few days.

During this interval, good fortune showed the form of the right course in the mirror of the king's luminous mind. And, perforce the sword of his wrath and anger while in the

scabbard conveyed the message of death to the enemies, was unsheathed and the pen of anger and revenge erased what was written in the book of patience and the register of forbearance. He girded up his loins to fight with the rebels and insurgents with a huge well-equipped army drawn up in battle-array intrepid, capturer of enemy, conqueror of fort, winner of battles. Each one of them was like *giv* and *Bizan*, follower of Sohrab and Rustam. Each one with a heart as bright as the sheen (ش) of sword and dagger. The finger of each was as straight as an arrow and a pen. Each one was victorious and conqueror of the world like the morning rays of the sun. Each one was garrulous and open-mouthed like the nib of pen and the point of a spear. He firmly and resolutely turned towards the field where warriors fight with spears and swords. With the speed of wind he mounted the horse which was obedient like *Rakhsh*, had the body of Buraq and cautious like *Shabdiz*. He loosened the reins of the steed which was swift like lightning, and restless like sword and pen so that it may gallop fast and he may cut like a spear the arrow-like body of the enemy with his sword and dagger. His object was to give a befitting reply to the enemy with the point of spear and the edge of the sword rather than with the tongue of the pen. The army of faith and empire, which was the support and refuge of the kingdom and the nation, wearing the garments of combat and battle, proceeded to fight with swords and daggers. The victorious king was the ruler of Hindustan and Khwarizm. He was the sword of truth and faith. Without the help of his disturbance-quelling sword the star of good fortune could not rise from the horizon of divine aid. Planet Mercury, the scribe, could not adorn the mandate of conquest in *Tughra* characters of triumph and victory, without using the king's pen that writes edicts.

A group of brave warriors and valiant commanders of the time such as Izud Din Bakhtiyar, Nasrud Din Mardan Shah, Hazabrud Din Sur, and Iftikharud Din Mohammad Umar, demonstrated their loyalty to the flags of sun-like splendour, and their allegiance to the moon-like banners of the king, by girding their loins with the belt of devotion in the manner of spear and pen, and held swords in their hands to fight with the enemy. They were so brave that their sword struck terror in the heart of water and fire, and consequently the former took refuge in the heart of the stone and the latter hid itself in iron, just as the kernel of a pistachio remains secure in its shell. While the heat of his poniard, though it resembled water, yet it inflicted wounds like fire, caused the stone to melt in fire like a candle, and dissolved the iron in water like sugar. They had worn chain-armours of small rings, like the curly tresses of violet, and put on their heads helmets, which were like the golden crowns of the narcissus. Each one of them was an eager and swift traveller like the moon; as intelligent and prudent as the Mercury. He was drinker of wine and adorner of assembly like the Venus, and could wield the sword and spear like the sun. He could attack and face an attack like the Mars. In soundness of judgement and clear-headedness he could be identified with the Jupiter. He was armed with short spear, and could throw javelin like the Saturn. He was a warrior and incendiary like a meteor.

Such were the soldiers of this huge army. No one had ever seen them retreating from the battlefield. Their bodies were covered to the finger-tips.

They attacked with the fury of fire and moved like the wind. Even the flowing river felt tired when they crossed it and the paralytic earth was finding it difficult to bear the burden of their

huge numbers. This army drew up in a file in the vicinity of the garden (*Jud*) like a mountain of iron and a billowing ocean. The right and left wings and the centre were arranged with war-elephants and brave warriors.

The troops of Turks consisting of infantry of swords-men and cavalry of spearmen, gathered in the vast battlefield like motes in the sun of the shield bearing sky. All sorts of eager fighters and seasoned warriors, larger in number than the leaves of trees and stars in the sky, assembled in the ground of combat. Instead of swords and daggers they were holding maces, battle-axes, arrows, and lances in their hands. From their green scabbards they had drawn fire-scattering poniards, which appeared like blooming tulips, and took out vermilion-coloured shields which resembled red roses from rust-coloured sheaths.

Due to their eagerness to fight, they extended their hands like the leaves of a plane-tree to combat and battle. Owing to their keenness for war, they, in the manner of blossoms, set their eyes on the road to conflict and engagement. They had become pale and like the pen and emaciated like the sword due to their intense desire to kindle the fire of battle and raise the dust of combat. They drew in battle-array in front of the victorious troops (of the king) and having made all preparations to fight with the helpers of the empire started the battle.

Terrified by the sound of the war-drum, the cruel Mars set aside his sword of valour and gallantry. The fear of the blast of brass trumpet forced the pen-painter, Mercury to break the pen of his competency and knowledge. The cheeks of the air became scented with the dust raised by the hoofs of the horses, and they were brightened by the sheen (ش) of the swords of the soldiers. After drinking blood, the crocodile of the sword became intoxicated and shook as the dagger, like leaf of a

willow that trembles in the wind. The serpent of the spear was twisting and oscillating on the soil of the battlefield like the mercury-scattering pen.

Atsanqar Katta, who, with the flame of his sun-like sword, burnt the spectrum of Venus, the musician, and raised the dust of disturbance and mischief in the manner of the world-travelling morning breeze and hurricane, was captured fighting in the battlefield. His rebellious blood, which was boiling in the veins of obstinacy, was shed on the soil of the battlefield with a sharp sword. The body of that wretch was hung inverted like the nib of a pen from the main tower of the fort.

Tajud Din Farrukh Shah who had entered into an alliance of friendship and unity with the enemy of the country, just as pen is allied with ink, lacerated the face of the moon of the treaty with the edge of the sword of rebellion and the nib of the ink of insurgency. He snapped the thread of promise and string of agreement with the sword of treachery and discord. He erased the script of true friendship and, trampled under his feet the head of genuine sincerity. He loosened the tie of devotion from the waist of the pen of loyalty, and unsheathed the blood-shedding sword of enmity in the manner of the Mars and the Saturn.

He began to behave in a hypocritical (double-tongued) manner like a pen and showed signs of duplicity like a piece of paper. He walked proudly and cunningly like a lock of plaited hair. He boasted of royalty and exaltation like the black-hearted inkpot. Suddenly, like a pen, he crossed the path of a sword in the battlefield, and in one stroke, the head of that murderous man fell on the soil of ignominy and disgrace like the nib of a pen as if struck by lightning. It was devoured by wild beasts. The glittering sword turned red like a cornelian, coral

and ruby of *Badakhshan* with the blood of that mean fellow.

The son of Jandar Tatar who used to communicate with the insurgents with the point of sword and not with the nib of the pen, had been seeing dreams of the sword of victory, and picture of better days, ultimately pressed the finger of repentance under his teeth, for starting the war. In the battlefield his Hindustani sword turned out to be as ineffective as the thin gullet of a reed pen and as useless as the sword of a preacher and a pen of frail constitution.

In the battlefield before the violent wind of the king's assault, he became restless like a far-flying arrow, and faster than the wind that blows all over the earth, threw himself into the river *Jun* (*Jamuna*). When engaged in fighting, the chastising sword of the king could cause a rain of blood and heads. In the festive assembly he would scatter liberally gems and pearls in the manner of the ocean.

Scared by the lion of the royal standard of the victorious army, he fled like a fox, and ran into mountains and deserts like a leopard. He hid himself behind thorns like a porcupine, or sought refuge behind rubbish like a tortoise. Overtaken by fear, he concealed himself in thickets and forests just as sword and pen are encased in sheath and pen-case respectively.

In a while that huge army consisting of soldiers who could, with the surface of their bright sword, sprinkle blood on the body of a dark cloud, and could also cut into pieces the spear of the *Arcturus* with the edge of their Mars like (sword) poniard, perished in the fire of the glittering sword like a string of bubbles and a spurt of sparks.

In one attack they were crushed with misfortunes, distress and sorrow.

The controller of the income and expenditure of life drew

the line of death across the sum total of the best part of the life of each one of them. He settled with the peremptory argument of sword the subtle account of their mischief and evil, which could neither be chronicled nor recapitulated like the revolutions of the sky. The faces of the sword and the pen acquired fresh adornment and immeasurable charm from the gold and gems of victory; and the surface of the sun and the moon of the flag was decorated by the pen of victory and conquest.

As a result of the way, he wielded his sword the dominions were cleared of the enemies of faith, and by dint of his generous pen, the freshness of old times was restored for nobles and princes. The fear of his yellow pen erased all traces of innovation and deviation from the gilded tablet of the sun of the empire and the people. The awe of his sword, which is as bright as the sun, has rubbed off the rust of disbelief from the surface of the mirror of the faith. The signs of the glorious deeds and memorable feats of the king were inscribed on the faces of the sun and the moon by the pen of the Mercury, and an account of the great and memorable feats of the ruler was conveyed to the people all over the world. People could notice the evidence of world-conquest in the sheen of the sword of the king; and could discern the indications of taking possession of their countries on the bright forehead of the sovereign. The Huma of the royal umbrella took the entire world under its shade; in the rose garden of triumph the peacock of fulfilled desires presented the sight of the kingdom of Solomon.

While carrying out the wishes of the king, the sky put the collar of obedience round its neck like a ring dove. The javelin-throwing Saturn, vindictive like a warrior, cut off the throats of the gangs of wicked men as if they were sparrows. The Jupiter

of sincere heart made a pact of love and amity with the princes and nobles of the court as gently as a pigeon. The blood-shedding Mars hunted the birds of the souls of the enemies of the kingdom with the talons of the falcon of wrath. By the order of moon touching umbrella (of the king) the sun of golden eyes hid the wings of pheasant (its rays) in the nest of horizon. Afraid of the figure of the dragon on the royal standard, the Venus, with a voice as melodious as that of the nightingale, threw away the spectrum of joy. Mercury, the scribe, was so much terrified by the sound produced by the bow of the king when it was bent, that he put aside his pen inlaid with gold. The moon, with her silver shield, was so scared by the eagle of the lethal arrow of the king that she sued for mercy.

Hearts in the breasts of the two vultures of the sky (the constellations of the Eagle and the lyre) bled with fear at the sight of the images of lion on the royal flags. Disturbance fled from the shadow of the twisted spear, and hid its face from the eyes of the world like the griffin. The movement of his victorious banner forced the lion to make his resting place in a corner of ruins like an owl. The sweet-voiced ring-dove poured out the notes of Barbud on the bough of justice. The Ghazal-singing canary sang the song of praise in the garden house of equity In the environment of peace and security the small pheasant was able to make his nest in the eyes of the cruel falcon. While being kind and protective to the weak partridge, the cruel hawk had abandoned the habit of killing birds ruthlessly.

The superiority of justice over devotion is evident from the text, "Justice dispensed for one hour, is better than devotion of sixty years." The pre-eminence of dispensing justice in comparison with worshipping, remains unquestionable because a devotee alone reaps the benefit accruing from devotion.

Due to the reign of justice even the restless hurricane did not change its way of blowing. The gently flowing river too did not deviate from its course even when caught in a whirlpool. The firmly stable earth did not feel disturbed by the impact of swiftly running breeze. The tyrannical sky had cast the saddle-cloth of servitude and loyalty to the king on its shoulders. The hostile world had girded the belt of love for the sovereign—the cherisher of slaves, and the cruel time had worn in its ears the ring of loyalty to the king of the world

The chiefs of the world became firm in their sincere friendship and fidelity. Powerful men of the time put their necks in the loop of treaty and agreement and wore the collar of servitude and obedience. The renowned Rajas put on their heads, like a crown, the royal decree, which could adorn mandates, and before which the charm of the painting of Mani and of the puppets of *Azer* paled into insignificance. They kissed the ground like slaves before that crescent like decree.

The rulers of the world in maritime countries as well as in the land-locked ones, in remote east and remote west, obeyed the royal mandate with pleasure or out of fear.

WAR AND FESTIVE ASSEMBLY

In the field of art and culture he excelled in perfection the gallant warriors and sovereigns of the world. Whether it was a festive assembly or a battlefield, he gave proof of his power, ability, kindness and benevolence to the kings and princes of the world. The market of learning and merit had become dull. He restored its briskness by promoting merit and bestowing favours. He procured the means of acquiring eminence and merit for which no man of ambition had shown inclination. On account of the rays of the sun of king's justice and kindness, the strength and self-confidence of people in general in-

creased a thousand times. The scope of the fulfillment of needs and desires expanded. A variety of favours and benefits set in order the string of the affairs of the common man and settled the problems faced by the people in general.

The doors of benefits and favours remained open for all men, high and low, rich and poor.

The fame of the benefits and favours of the sovereign, which, the king and the shadow of God rightly deserved, spread all over the world. So much that feeling ashamed before the ocean-like liberal hand of the king, the pearl - scattering cloud began to pour sweat and tears of shame. The fragrant breeze of the royal attributes made the worthless dust as fragrant as the navel of a Chinese deer, as if it had been kneaded with pure musk. While the pestiiential wind of his mortifying severity turned pleasant wind into the breath of a snake and its fire-scattering poison. You would say his violence and malice were sparks from the severe punishment and torment of hell, while his grace and kindness were specimens of the gardens of paradise and their abiding bliss.

CONQUEST OF JALIVAR

After some time when the bright silvery shield of full moon changed into the shape of a golden sickle (the crescent) and the mirror of her target like body was bent like the polo-stick of the king in the polo ground of the sky, (a fortnight had elapsed). At that point of time some functionaries of the state made submission before the dominions adorning judgement of the king, whose judgement was the surface of the mirror of the well-being of the world, and this mirror reflected the affairs of the world. Before its splendour, the revolving mirror of the sun always placed his face on the earth like a shadow, and the mirror-holder of the moon received a hundred torches of light from the break of the day of its bright morning. Their submission was that the inmates of the fort of Jalivar were as firm as the rust on the surface of a mirror in taking revenge, and leaving the path of concord, which is brighter than a mirror, had made up their mind to wage a war. Relying on one another's support they had turned away their faces from the rectitude-showing mirror of genuine loyally. They had made the white mirror of amity black with the dust of desertion. Their evil intentions had led them to place the mirror of promise and agreement on the niche of disunity and discord. Due to their eagerness to create mischief and disturbance, they could see in a mirror only images of war and fantasies of battle. They imagined that in the battle, they had with their arrows and javelins, fixed the mirror-like golden dome of the sun on the silvery shield of the sky, the moon.

The state functionaries, had, once or twice, mentioned the

villainy and capriciousness of these people before the exalted throne. This throne is so high that its Farqad-touching legs rest on the surface of the luminous mirror of the east (the Sun) and the world-illuminating mirror of the sun hides himself behind the curtain of horizon with shame before the awe-inspiring grandeur of the king. The wind of the king's sense of honour caused the fire of his indignation to flare up, just as there is fire when the burning glass is exposed to the sun. Consequently, the dust of anger and revenge covered the bright surface of the mirror of patience and forbearance.

He immediately mounted a horse, which was like a cloud with the same dignity with which the sun occupies the chariot of the sky. His horse was as bright as the surface of a transparent mirror, restless like breeze; sprightly, and lustrous like water that moved gently on the ground. He set out on his expedition of conquest on a horse, with eyes like mirror, body like the sky, as irascible as the Saturn, with a forehead like the Jupiter, as violent as the Mars, with countenance as bright as the sun, as merry as the Venus, and as intelligent as the Mercury.

He was at the head of big army. The dust raised by the horses of the cavalry made the mirror of the skies as opaque as the dark soil of the black earth. The pupil of the eye that sees the visible world was dazzled by the sight of the concourse of the soldiers. The soldiers were larger in number than the motes in the light-emitting mirror of the king of the planets (the Sun), and more numerous than the stars in the expanse of the firmament.

A party of functionaries of the state and nobles of the court consisting of Rukunud Din Hamza, Izzud Din Bakhtiyar, Nasirud Din Mardan Shah, Naseerud Din Ali and Badrud Din Sanqar Tigin proceeded to Jalivar. All of these men were expert archers.

They could, with their bird-like arrow make targets out of the mirrors of the sun and the moon. By their superb skill in archery they could fix a mirror on the forehead of a snake in a dark night. With the point of their cuirass-piercing arrow they could make a hole in the iron-plate of the helmet, which would then look like a chain-armour. With the polisher of sincerity, they had removed rust from the mirror of love, and cleansed the surface of the mirror of friendship with the ashes of competence and ability. They put the ring of servitude in their ears in the manner of a mirror, with the result that they were soon loaded with gold and jewels by the bounty of the right hand of the mine of wealth (king) and looked like the reverse side of a mirror inlaid with gems.

His aim was to cut the jugular vein of the mean enemy by penetrating the lancet of the point of the spear-head through the mirror of the eyes of the enemy, which abounds in springs, and thus cause the blood to gush out in the fashion of a fountain. He also wanted to remove the white and cataract from the eyes of the face with his sharp spear. He also wished to wash away the dust of pride from the mirror of the rusted heart of the enemy with the water (glitters) of his fire-scattering scimitar. He also wanted the brightness of his sword, which billowed like wave on the ocean on the surface of the mirror of the blade, to be purified by the blood of the mean enemy.

On account of the paucity of water and fodder, he set out on a journey across caves and perilous places. Such were the desolate lands through which he travelled that one could not see anything except the faces of demons and ogres even in the mirror of fancy and imagination. In the preserved tablets, that is, the human minds, there was no possibility of traversing across those regions. A guide, even with the help of Alexander's

mirror, could not escape alive from those dark lands. Even a demon in spite of the light of the sun (luminous mirror of the cast) could walk on those steep mountain roads with great difficulty. Neither the eyes of the world-travelling courier of the breeze had seen even at night in a dream, a spring of mirror-like water in these lands, nor, had the globe-trotting north wind ever set foot on the mirror-like mirage of those regions.

When *Adisia* saw that the consequences of war in the conditions prevailing at that time, would be disastrous he was so terrified that the world appeared before him smaller than the ring of a mirror. He writhed in pain, like a snake, out of dread of the Huma of the royal standard, splendid like a peacock, which carried a hundred mirrors of victory in its folds. Consequently, he along with all his followers fled like rain and wind, and took refuge behind the four-walls of the fort of Jalivar. He did this in spite of the fact that in the theatre of war these men appeared with helmets, bright like polished mirrors. At the time of combat they stuck to their places, and set their feet on the ground like the nails of the feet. When forced to flee they entered the street of separation and cleverly retreated. Though they had sharpened the blood-shedding points of arrow-heads and lances and yet they moved away like rain and cloud and sought refuge in the fort of Jalivar. The fort of Jalivar was an impregnable and inaccessible stronghold. No one had ever seen even in his dream, the vision of that fort being conquered. Indeed, so long as the shining mirrors of the sun and the moon are revolving, the effort of no sovereign would prove to be a key to open its gates. The vision of this fort being captured had not been seen either in the world-revealing cup of Jamshid nor in the bright mirror of intelligence. He hid himself in that fort, like the water concealed in the mirror-like eyes of a cloud, or as the

fire hidden in the blood-shedding heart of a sword. He did so not at the bidding of sound intelligence, the essence of which could have shown the body of certainty like a mirror. Nor had he consulted sound judgement, the jealousy of whose splendour, would have forced the luminous body of the sun to wash his face with ashes.

The slaves and obedient servants of the state, more numerous than the stars in the firmament, surrounded the fort from all sides, as if the fort was like a mirror in their custody. They were so eager to fight, so keen for conflict that they were prepared to buy war and battle with silver and gold. With the dust of the battle they wanted to make the mirror of the heart-brightening day as dark as the night. They were so valiant that like a parrot they saw only the reflection and image of their own faces in the mirror of valour. On account of their extraordinary courage and gallantry they could place the mirror of their sword in front of the faces of fierce tigers and roaring lions. The Chinese mirror of the shining sun vanished behind the shower of arrows and the dust of the battle. Due to the lightning of the swords and the thunderbolt of scimitars, the armours on the bodies of the combatants became hot.

Adisia, who had gone so far on the path of deviation and error that he began to worship his own face. Due to his helplessness he made the mirror of arrogance and conceit his objects of devotion. He had seen only deceptive images and figures of hostility in the mirror of vain ambition. Soon he repented for looking into the mirror of arrogance.

He was afraid of the world-conquering king just as a lion is afraid of the brightness of the mirror of the blade of a sword. He approached the senior nobles and functionaries of the state to intercede for him and seek his forgiveness. These men were

the mirrors of the faith and props of the state. Then he sought refuge at the court of the king. May this court remain the horizon of good fortune so long as the morning reveals itself from the horizon. His lustreless star which had remained hidden in the west of bad luck suddenly shone from the horizon of fulfilled hopes and desires. In the sanctuary of royal protection and beneficence of the king, the beautiful mirror of his condition was adorned by the light of mercy and kindness. Like a mirror he showed the sign of his true faith to the king (the shadow of God) who is the sun of the kings of the world. He brought into open the gem of genuine loyalty which lay hidden in his mind and in the core of his heart. Uttering entreaties, he, with humility, prostrated himself before the king with bare-head, bare-feet in the manner of needle and mirror. The all powerful sovereign, whose sword furbishes the mirror of victory and triumph, spared their lives and also gave them the fort. Thus, he showed to all classes of the people of the world, the image of his boundless liberality and forbearance in the mirror of justice and benevolence. The Raja presented the king a large amount of costly gifts by way of tribute.

Malik Tajud Din was resting on the royal throne. He had grown proud and arrogant. He sent his messengers in quick succession to the court of the king. They said things interconnected like the pieces in a game of chess and delivered letters written in a language fluent like a torrent. These letters contained a variety of requests the acceptance of which would have brought ignominy and disgrace to the mighty empire. The powerful sovereign found the contents of these letters extremely loathsome and abhorrent.

The lion-hunting king is so brave that his strong arm could pick up the chessmen of the moon and the sun from the chess

board of the sky. On the board of the nard of a combat he could ingeniously play with the gambler of the sky with six dice. He could cast his foe in the *shashdar* (inpass) of hardship and privation by shooting the arrow straight and fast. With a stroke of his arrow, which settles down in the caskets of the pupils of the eyes of his enemies, he splits the single thread of the bent sky into three strands. With his ox-like mace he could triumphantly win the wagers of ten thousand battles from the sun (the tiger rider of the azure dome). With his long spear, which is the envy of the spear of Zulyzn (king of Yaman, noted for his skill in fighting with spear), he regards the spear of the Arcturus as the spindle of an old woman's spinning-wheel. He was naturally alarmed by the baseless contents of the communications. As the strong wind of his sense of honour raised the dust of hostility and anger, and the hurricane of the urge to take revenge stoked the fire of anger to a blaze, he immediately put on a shirt of iron (coat of mail) to overpower the enemy.

He unsheathed his sharp sword that kindles the fire of anger and got ready to shoot rock-piercing arrows which stitches the eyes of the enemies of the empire. He firmly decided to successfully conduct that campaign and drive away the enemy once for all. To this end, he put the reins of conquest on his horse that ran like a gazelle, looked like the rising sun, its eyes were like stars, it could be angry like the sky. It was a sprightly horse. When it jumped, its bow-like neck and spear-like ears rubbed the loop of the curved sky. It moved like the moon, and as it stepped in the ground its crescent-shaped shoes and Pleiades-like nails would pound up, the soft clay of the lower stratum of the earth.

He was at the head of an army which included renowned warriors. The army was so huge that neither the swift-running

courier of mind could exactly count the number of the soldiers, nor could the fast moving messenger of fancy assess its strength, in spite of close computation: All of them wearing cuirasses of Cathy like the sky, and holding in their hands shields of *Kail* like the moon.

Like the Mercury they preferred the sound of drum to the grating sound of the pen, and like the Venus, chose the beating of war drum in preference to the notes of a harp. In the manner of the sun and the Mars, they had drawn sharp swords and fire-scattering poniards from their leather scabbards. When showing kindness they stood on the lofty pedestal of the Jupiter, but when wreaking-vengeance they were in the exalted position of the Saturn.

On Monday the 3rd of Shawwal 612 A.H. the hawk of *Huma*-like umbrella cast its shadow on the city of Samana. The light shed by the sun of the bright sky increased as the sun of the banners rose from the horizon. Hundreds of moons and suns appeared in that area from the reflection of the moons of the tents of the army.

Malik Tajud Din, as he occupied the royal throne, played with stakes the chess of war with other rulers, and indulged in horse racing with powerful kings; and with the support of great warriors he placed himself in the category of the mighty men of the world. Intoxicated with his high position and the vastness of his empire he ran in all directions like the queen in the game of chess. Following the example of the tower he started moving fast, and covered seven or eight stages in one move. He thought that in this way the pawn of his foot-men would glide across many stages and ultimately become the queen. While he would establish himself in the exalted seat of honour of the king of the world like the king in the game of chess, and sitting

on the carpet of triumph, drink the pure wine of joy and luxury from the hands of the cup bearers of fulfilled desires.

On the arrival of the victorious army there, a party of the vanguard of the troops of Malik Tajud Din advanced and suddenly appeared before the right wing of the helpers of the faith and the people. They indulged in this fox-play against the lions of the battlefield in the hope that by such stratagem they would realise their evil desires, and succeed in capturing the dominions of Hind and Sind. Their feeble intellect and weak judgement had not seen the beauty of the concealed face of the bride of this truth:

The bride of the empire is all the more precious because its ornaments have been made from the *sheen* (ش) of the king's sword.

When the victorious king learnt about their queen like perverse ways, he firmly resolved to chastise them, and proceeded to carry out his resolve like the tower of the chess. He had at his command an infantry, the footmen of which could carry away the war-horse from the tiger-hiding sun. In front of his ox-like mace even a fierce lion appeared as helpless as the figure of a lion in a hot bath, and a huge elephant, as insignificant as the tower at chess. Scared by the length of his dragon-like spear, the lion of the sky (the Leo) hides itself in the ear of corn (the Virgo) and the bull of the sky (the Taurus) conceals itself in the belly of the fish (the Pisces). The awe inspired by his water-like sword renders the sword of the sun (sun beam) as useless as a sword of wood. In the same way the fear of his fiery dart makes the shield of the moon as ineffective as target of paper with which young boys play.

His troops were more numerous than the chessmen of chess, indeed larger in number than the squares of the chessboard

after they have been multiplied many times. They were in a strong position, happy with the impass created by the queen, and strengthened like the queen due to its proximity to the king who executes what he resolves to do. On the battlefield of valour, they moved fast like the water, and were eager to run swiftly like elephants to make a furious assault. At the time of combat and conflict they were quick like pawn at chess, and when there was actual engagement they moved swiftly like the tower at chess. Each one of them was flying in the air of war (eager to combat) like a falcon, and had spread their wings like an eagle to kill the enemies. Or he concealed themselves behind, their big shield like the griffin. Or like a ring-dove, wore in their necks the collar of their keen desire to fight. Or like a nightingale sat on the rose-tree of battlefield and clamoured for combat. Or like a partridge sat on the rock of arena of war with their legs and feet submerged in a pool of blood. Or like a water-fowl, dived in the whirlpool of conflict and engagement.

The royal troops were engaged in fighting people who were employing methods crooked like the claws of a crab. They had sharpened the points of their breast-tearing spears and lances like a porcupine. The royal troops took their revenge by one powerful assault and deprived the lion-hearted horsemen of the enemy of the remaining part of their life.

The king of the sublime stirrup went in pursuit of the fleeing soldiers of the routed enemy troops.

The status of the king was so high that the peacock of the heaven-adorning moon did not fly anywhere except in the air of the *Huma* of his umbrella, and the *Simurgh* of the light diffusing sun did not cast its shadow anywhere except on the hawk of the king's banner. Scared by the serpent-shaped arrow

of the king the constellation of the dragon hid its head behind green shield of the sky like a tortoise. The lion of the sky (the Leo) took to his heels like a fox before the ox-like mace of the king.

Under the shadow of the royal standard the victorious troops were arranged as centre, right and left wings, like chessmen on a chessboard in such a manner that the cavalry on armour-clad horses leaned towards the war elephants. These troops set out like hurricanes to exterminate the *Aad*-like people (who disobeyed God, and did not listen to the wise counsels of Prophet *Hud* and were destroyed by violent winds). With their water-like sword that inflicted wounds like fire, they forthwith chopped off the malicious and impertinent head of each one of those desperate soldiers who were wandering in the desert of perplexity, and though caught in the whirlpool of checkmate, ran on the earth like the wind. They dyed the shoes and hoofs of their swift and sturdy horses with the blood of slaughtered enemy soldiers. The spear-like form of the bodies of the combatant troops was bent like a bow by the wound inflicted by the cuirass-piercing arrow, and they slept on the shield of the earth. The *alif*-like (ا) stature of others struck by helmet-breaking sword, became a *dal* (د) and made the cradle of the ground their bed.

The two huge armies came close to each other. They stood like the two rows of chessmen on a chessboard. With the close proximity of the two big hordes the battlefield appeared over-crowded. The chiefs of the two sides had assembled at the battlefield like the cluster of Pleiades. Standing face to face, like the Gemini, they started the battle. Like the harp, they struck its chords with the spectrum of assault. Like a lute, they heard the clamour of battle and neighing of horses unperturbed. They girded the girdle of conflict and tied the belt of

contest like the head of a rebeck. Like a tambourine, they placed their heads on the lap of valour and the knees of gallantry. Due to their yearning for combat they shouted in a shrill voice, and made pathetic lamentations. Like a violin, they resolutely went on striking and hitting the enemy like a tambour. They had slit the front of the waistcoats of rancour and tunics of malice in the form of bells (buttons).

In the manner of a flute their heads were full of the air of pride in their boldness and shrewdness. Just as in the case of playing on *Chaghana (chaugan)*, they focussed their attention solely on striking the enemy with swords and spears.

The loud sound of the royal drum resounded in the vault of heaven and the thunders of the battle-drum shook the earth. In the billowing waters of the ocean of conflict the cuirasses on the bodies of the brave soldiers were surging like waves. On account of the intensity of the heat of the conflagration of the battle the armours worn by the valiant combatants became hot. The collyrium of the dust turned the eyes of the air into a fountain of pitch. The veil of the dust made the sun black like the pupil of the eye.

The huge elephants resembling demons and ogres moved like lightning. They resembled *Buraq*. They trumpeted like thunder. Their foreheads were like clouds. They moved like wind and were stable like the earth. They constantly strove like fire, and walked gently like water. But in a war they raced across the battlefield like wind and clouds.

They kneaded the soil of the battlefield with torrents of blood, with their tusks that inflicted wounds like fire. In comparison with the heaven-like body of each one of these elephants, a lofty mountain looked smaller than a particle of dust. Even the casket of the blue heaven in relation to the

backbone of those mountain-like elephants seemed smaller than a bead. The blood of the huge elephants boiled at the sight of the flash of the head-chopping sword. Heads of mighty warriors were rolling like balls in the battlefield where the two armies were fiercely assaulting each other. The sword changed the morning of the spring of life (youth) into the hoary old age of the autumn of death. It forced the combatants to drink the beverage of misfortune and the bowls of chastisement from its gems-laden spring of the sword. Like the wind, it kindled the fire of conflict with its sharp edge. On its heaven-coloured body the stars of gems looked like bubbles on the surface of water. Or you would say that diamond-filings have been set on the azure branch of a cypress tree, or specks of silver have been sprinkled on the emerald-coloured tablet of willow. Or the leaves of fresh violet have been adorned with dew-drops. Or a string of pearl and a necklace of gems have been broken off on the surface of fresh green herbs.

On the blue surface, blood was caused to flow like red dye. It made the azure face of the enemy yellow. It magically made the rust-coloured body red as if besmeared with vermillion of Rum. It scattered seeds of pomegranate on green silk, and spread red wine on the surface of a Chinese mirror. The dark face was painted red. The cheeks of the colour of wild willow were brightened with blooming tulips. With its fresh rose-petals, it gave a red shade to the azure face. It caused blossoms of *Arghwan* to appear on fresh green herbage. It scattered cornelians and corals on the blue floor of the courtyard. It adorned the emerald-coloured tablet with rubies of *Badakhshan*. The blood thirsty sword caused a torrent of blood to flow from the wounded bodies of the enemies. The heads of great warriors sued for mercy from its sharp tongue. In showing

promptness with which it executes royal orders it excelled the sword of the decrees and fates. Like the wind it caused the blossoms of life to drop on the ground from the bough of survival. From behind the smoke of dust, the sword showed its, bejewelled body, sometime like fire resembling water, and sometime as water resembling fire. It cast the dust of helplessness in the eyes of a set of vile men.

It tied a fiery veil on the blue face from the reflection of blood. It cured a number of base people of pride and arrogance. With its sharp edge it kindled fire in the heart of rocks and anvils. By its fire-spurting blows it caused the blood of the enemy to flow on the ground, and with the blood on their faces, their bright faces resembled roses and pomegranate-flowers. It caused red tears to roll on their white faces. It made pomegranate juice to flow on the face of the enemy which abounded in rivers of tears. It caused molten cornelian to flow on a leaf of silver, and adorned its gilded surface with shining rubies.

Sometime the heat of the sword of Yaman made roasted meat out of the liver and heart of great heroes and brave combatants. Sometime diamond like poniard of Hindustani steel opened the jugular veins of the king's ill-wishers and enemies.

You would say that the face of death was reflected in the mirror of the burnished sword, and that the pearls-laden fountain (sword) was causing violent deaths. With the help of the tongue of a lance, the spear of reed held the head of great warriors on its (mouths) point.

With its pen-like form, it (sword) dotted the face of the enemies with blood. It sowed anemones on the soil of the battlefield and grew on it pomegranates and *Arghwan*. It tore

the clothes of daily wear of their life like the cloak of the armour of the rose.

With its blow the heavy mace broke the steel helmets on the heads of the brave fighters; and the wind touching the wound, carried the dust from the heads of the warriors to the sky, and mixed with dust the brains of insurgent chiefs and leaders of the rebels. Scared by the coil of his serpent-like lasso the dragon of the sky (the constellation of the Dragon) bent its head, and terror-stricken by the twisted lasso, the lion of the sky (the Leo) withdrew to the meadow of the sky. The lion-rider, sometimes riding a swift steed, separated the heads of the brave soldiers from their bodies, with the Hindustani sword, and sometime joined together the bodies of gallant combatants by shooting arrows from the litter of a war-elephant. He would tear the tunic of the life (of the enemy) with the sharp point of his spear-head, just as the zephyr rends asunder, the tunic of the rose. With the point of the blood-shedding two-headed arrow he tore open the tunic of life in the same manner as a strong wind tears to shreds the elegant vest of the tulip.

All of a sudden, the exalted chief, Muayidul Mulk, shot an arrow, which had the feathers of eagle and which flew like falcon towards the famous adversary (Tajud Din). The blue body of the arrow-head struck the jugular-vein of that enemy and acquired the colour of red basil. The lily-like tongue of the two-headed arrow whispered into the ear of his enemy's heart that death is at hand. His mountain-piercing lance cut through the horse armour of *Khatt* as smoothly as a needle passes through silk. With equal ease did it find its way through cuirass of *Tughan*. His spear cut through the helmet with the same ease with which lily peeps out of a bunch of narcissus. It cut through the shield and *caftan* (armour) as effortlessly as a needle would

pierce the shield of rose and armour of tulip. In the night-like darkness caused by the dust, it shone like a star, and looked like a candle in the surrounding smoke and dust.

The defenders of the empire surrounded Malik Tajud Din, who was riding alone, moving, (playing) the pawn of hope like lions in their lair and camels who have broken their saddles, and flesh-eating eagles.

Although a king, surrounded by misfortunes, he was on the highway of checkmate with only one loyal servant in the world. He was a captive in the enclosure of misfortune, a hostage in the impasse of calamity. In the battlefield Malik Tajud Din, feeling safe under the protection of an elephant encountered one of the royal slaves, who was so valiant, that, though he was on foot, the horseman of the sky (the Sun) could not fight with him. At the chess of combat with the fierce Turk of the sky (the Mars), he could stake the tower and the knight in the last move. By one trick he forced this king to walk on foot, and present himself before the sovereign of the world.

The army of Tajud Din was so large that the fast moving wind could not measure the area of its camp; and the mighty earth was annoyed by bearing the burden of the arms and ammunitions of that army. Most of the renowned warriors and commanders of the army were more eager for the fire of battle and combat than a thirsty man is for limpid water, or a separated lover for the day of union. They were continually raising the dust of disaster from the swift wind.

They shamelessly kindled the fire of cruelty, and mean and wretched as they were sought to borrow feathers and wings from the wind. They would move downward like the water and leap up like fire in order to blow up the fire of disturbance with the breeze of insolence. Their aim was to ruthlessly shed the

blood of a Muslim (like water) on the ground, and perpetrate tyranny and oppression to bring disgrace to all sense of justice and equity. In one onslaught the royal army killed all these valiant soldiers with their swords which looked like water but acted like fire, and consigned their bodies into the core of the heart of the earth. The hurricane of the fury of the king exterminated the entire family of the enemy of the empire, and the fire of his anger sent the smoke of reprisal from the earth to the pinnacle of the high heaven. The king's strict administration purged the world of the progeny of misfortune, and the awe inspired by his authority, cleared his dominions of all daughters of calamities. On the day of bounty he would demonstrate his love to his friends, and when engaged in war, he would show his rancour to his enemies.

In the convivial assembly his ocean-like hand would give away precious gifts to the people, and in war his enemy-killing sword would indulge in rapine and plunder. The lights of his justice and equity adorned all parts of the world, and the charms of his perfect sense of justice lent elegance to all the regions in the east and the west. The gardens of religion and public life became fragrant with the perfume of ease and well-being and the empire and its dominions were filled with the sweet smell brought by the zephyr of peace and security.

The Hindu of the sky, who is the old man of the heavens (the Saturn) placed his head on the threshold of the king of youthful luck (good fortune). The judge of the stars, who is also the ruler of the sixth region (the Jupiter) opened his mouth to perform the duty of praying for the king and singing his praises. The quarrelsome Turk, who is the hero among the stars (the Mars) came out to lead the armies of the king. The king of the planets and the master-horseman (the Sun), holding a furbished spear

in his hand, became the shield-bearer of the slaves of the state. The *rud*-playing musician; the song stress with melodious voice (the Venus) wore the bangle of loyalty in her forearm and the earring of love in her ears.

Mercury, the scribe, a philosopher of enlightened mind drafted the mandate of victory and conquest with his musk scattering pen; and the crescent (the nocturnal courier and world travelling envoy) became the shoe of the *Buraq*-like gently moving shoe horse of the king.

Day by day the moon of felicity shone more and more brightly in the sky of power and success, and the star of victory, rising from the horizon of divine aid and good fortune, appeared more and more refulgent. The bird of happiness and prosperity came forward to meet him when he set out on an auspicious expedition. The announcer of the happy news of fate and good fortune would bring the happy tidings that the king would successfully achieve his great aims and objects. Mercury (the scribe of heaven) wrote the royal mandate of the kingdom of the world in the name of the great king on the satin of the firmament (the crystalline sphere). The preacher of the pulpit of six steps (the Jupiter) adorned the discourse addressing the seven climes (the whole world) with the splendour and glory of the royal titles.

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AN ACCOUNT OF WAR, DEFEAT OF NASIRUD DIN, AND CONQUEST OF LOHUR

ANNEXATION OF LOHUR

After some time when the sun (the ruler of fire and water) had held sway on the earth, and restless courier of the autumn wind scattered gold on water and dust in the manner of the hand of the king of the world, the office (seat of honour) of the minister was adorned and glorified by being occupied by the exalted governor Muayidul Mulk Mohammed Husna. His rank was so high that if Asaf Bin Barkhyea had been alive at that time, he would have burnt with shame with the sweat dropping on the earth. Had Sahib Ibne Ibad been living he would have prostrated himself like wind and shadow before the sun of this minister's rank. Indeed the fire-like mind of Mohammed Husna would have robbed the memories of Ibne Ibad of all elegance and freshness. The wind-like swift pen of Mohammed Husna would have poured the dust of ignominy and disgrace in the eyes of the glory of Ibne Ibad.

By superseding his compeers and leading nobles, he rose as fire and wind from the earth, and reached the top, by virtue of his sound judgement, which shone brightly like a lamp and dispelled darkness like a candle in the dark night of misfortune.

With the help of his perfect talent and the charm of his attainments, he seized the edifices of the state and the faith in his right hand, which is a mine of wealth. Thus, he wore the signet-ring of glory and majesty in his cloud-like fingers, and ultimately became famous like the four pillars (1) minaret in

Syria, (2) minaret in Yaman, (3) minaret in Iraq, (4) The black stone in Mecca.

He restored the splendour of the Hindustani dominions by good administration, without the help of which an empire cannot remain stable. He extinguished the fire of disturbance and put down the dust of rebellion with his pen without the support of which even the sword cannot be effectively wielded. He put out fire of harshness with the water of kindness and compassion with the help of the light of reason which is the mirror that shows everything in its true form. By exercising unusual patience, which is an adornment to reason and an ornament to art, he suppressed arrogance by showing humility.

His personality (may he live as long as the objects made of elements exist) had been adorned by the combination of these two qualities - learning and humility and of course no combination of two attributes is better than that of learning with humility. By possessing these attributes, the like of which nobody will see, so long as the wind will continue to fan fire into a blaze, and water will remain a companion of the earth, he occupied an extraordinary position among the great men of the world.

The fame of these laudable qualities and admirable virtues spread faster than the messenger of eastern breeze and the envoy of hurricane. Mention of his praise-worthy utterances and honourable deeds travelled across the inert earth and fast-flowing water faster than the courier of the restless north wind. The king occupies the throne of Solomon. His sword, which looks like water but possesses the property of fire has turned the earth into a garden as delightful as the gardens of heavens. The writings of the wind-like pen of his minister, who is as astute as Asaf Bin Barkhyea (minister of Solomon) has restored its past

splendour to the empire.

It was brought to the notice of world-adorning judgement of the sovereign that the standard of the ingot of gold of Nasirud Din's friendship, when tested on touchstone, had shown, so many signs of deterioration; that it has become spurious like dust. It has not come out pure from the crucible of knowledge and experience. His bond of friendship and knot of fidelity have become cold and loose like air and water. He has all at once thrown on dust old agreements as if these were draughts of water. He has destroyed the harvest of his obligations by throwing it into the wind of disobedience. He has cast old promises into the river of forgetfulness. He has burnt down the tribe of agreements in the fire of violence. He has defiled the water of the spring of friendship. He has desperately kindled the fire of war. Self-deception of victory has led him to throw dust into the eyes of loyalty. In keeping the cash account of duties he has left the quotient of generosity pending as arrear and fine. He has regarded counsels more beneficial than limpid water as worthless and insignificant as dust. He has treated admonitions brighter than light and fire as inconsequent and untenable as air.

On the other side, the enemies hopeful of victory became restless and shameless like fire and water. In order to raise the dust of misfortune like the world-traversing zephyr and the vainly blowing north wind, they began to indulge in tyranny and oppression.

Like the griffin, they concealed their wicked and impertinent heads behind mountain *Qaf* (ق) of disturbance and disorder. They saddled the horse of deceit and stratagem behind the ambush of hostility. They boldly advanced to take revenge. They felt drawn towards the whirlpool of battle like a

duck, and were seduced like an ostrich by the fire of conflict. They became self-admiring just as a peacock and pheasant are proud of their brilliant plumage. They were enamoured of their wickedness and mischief like a wolf and hyena. Although wide awake and planning stratagems, they feigned negligence.

Due to lack of prudence they mistook something crooked as if it was more straight than the arrow of destiny. They felt reassured that if the cloud of the blood-spilling sword causes a storm of misfortunes, not a drop of it would fall on the fringe of their skirts, and also that if the fire of destruction leaps from the lightning of the sharp dagger not a spark of it would reach the hem of their skirts. The dust raised by the strong winds of calamities will fall neither on the embroidery of their sleeves nor on the threshold of their homes. And when the side-wind of disaster blows, they would not be the dust-like target of the arrows of misfortunes.

Due to their weak judgement they did not foresee what was in store for them. They did not think of the consequences of what they were doing, nor could they read what was inscribed on the gem set in the signet-ring of the result. They were altogether ignorant and unaware of the manipulations of the abiding good for tune of the fortunate king. The star of his good luck was so sublime that the horse (*Buraq*) of his ambition trod upon the heads of the constellation of Eagle and Lyra and the stars *Farqads*. The meteor of his assault burnt the family of the demons of disturbance in such a way that the smoke emanating from that Fire rose to the top of the Saturn. Nor had they any idea of the sparks of battle and combat that might (at time) come out from the fire of his wrath, and the waters of his kindness and compassion might change into the violent wind

of severity and hostility and remove the earth of endurance and forbearance under which the hoards of rancour and malice have laid buried (dormant).

The intensity of the heat of fire might break the ties of genuine love and friendship. It was also possible that the clean water of good faith and, sincere friendship become turbid, and the blows of the hoofs of horses raised the dust of the battlefield above the battlements of the sky. The water of the ocean of storm and strife possibly becomes billowy. It is also not unlikely that strong winds of rage and fury start blowing from the seat of authority and triumph, and the dust of patience and forbearance is dislodged from its abode of tranquility and its natural centre.

The tongue of the water-coloured sword became poisonous by contact with the pestilential wind of the battlefield. The flash of his sword the embodiment of wounds turned into a blaze by the heat of the fire of the assault, replying to the queries of adversaries and enemies. The thought of insurgency and aggression would be removed from the airy room of the brain of a handful of mean people by the edge of the bright fire-scattering sword.

Early in *Jamadi ul Akhir* in 613 A.H., a desire to conquer the world appeared, like a ray of the sun in the noble mind of the king and an impulse to conquer territories arose in his enlightened heart like the morning beam. His aim was to kill the ants-like huge army of the enemy with the snakes of fast-flying arrows and the dragons of twisted spears. He intended to turn the morning of his enemy into evening and make the day of his ill-wishers dark with his sanguinary sword, and further give the colour of fire and red ruby to the surface of the earth with his water-like poniard.

His world-adorning judgement decided to move out of Dehli, the capital (may God protect it) under good omen and happy augury. Dehli has a salubrious climate, and its water has been found agreeable by people of differing temperaments. Its fire and air has always suited the nature of all men. In this city the fire of the dignity of friends of the empire has always shone brightly. The pleasant water of easy and quiet life has always been flowing clearly in that city which abounds in fountains. Its fragrant air had opened musk pods from the curls of violets and the knotted hair of hyacinth. This delightful place had been brightened by the reflection of the cheeks of gilly-flower and blooming jasmine.

He set out on his way to Lohur at a very auspicious hour and under a very lucky star. He had a huge army consisting of swordsmen like the sun and shield-holders like the sky. They were fighter with spears like the Arcturus and combatants with daggers like the meteor. They wore chain-armours and cuirasses like the surface of the water when the wind blows. They could throw javelins and shoot arrows like sparks that come out of fire. Like water, they could make helmets and shields from the bubbles formed by the whirlpool of the battle.

They were swift and world-capturing like wind, and firm-footed and steady like earth, high minded and exalted like fire, possessing bright judgement and clear vision like water. They were compeers of the world-traversing wind on the day of combat and battle, and firm-footed like earth at the time of war and conflict.

When the enemy came to know about the arrival of *Farqad*-touching flags and sky-like banners they became restless and began to run like wind and water on the earth. They were nervous and writhed like a fish on land, afraid of the

wound that the arrow, that struck like fire, would inflict. Scared by the serpent-like spear, they sought refuge in deep waters like a duck. It seemed that the hurricane of calamity had forced them to hide their heads in the earth like ants and snakes. Terror-stricken by the sharp Hindustani sword they ran towards hay for safety like ostrich, and towards fire like the salamander. The troops of the enemy alighted on the bank of the river.

On the bank of the river, these troops assembled like birds and beasts. They were countless like ants and locusts. Like the bees they had girded up their loins to commit aggression. Like snake they lay in ambush in the cave of perfidy. Like a mosquito they were bent on sucking blood. They had become shameless and impudent like a fly. Like the obliquely moving crab they had abandoned the path of rectitude. Like a darting fish, they had worn cuirasses of Cathay in place of silvery scales.

They were wearing chain-armours made by David instead of silk fabrics like the cobweb of a spider. They appeared hungry and predatory like crows and kites. They sought ruins like an owl, and were cruel like an eagle. They were flatterers like parrot and melodious like nightingale. They were furious like a heron and bellicose like a cock.

As regards the servants of the state, each one of them was like flaming fire in the battlefield and would walk gently like water in the ground of combat. He was quick like the wind to mount the horse, and patient like the dust when exposed to danger.

On the 14th of the month of *Shawwal* the army stood in battle-array like the pleiades on the outskirt of Lohur. The right and left wings were arranged like stars. The centre and the two sides consisted of cavalry and infantry. After all the formalities of mobilisation and deployment of the army had been gone

through and the sun-like banners and flags of victory had been raised, the army reached the fort of Chamba.

As they had already heard from the good fortune (the bringer of good news) of the lucky king in response to their query, following the light of the judgement and the brilliant counsel of the minister, gifted with the conjecture of the Mercury, and an enlightened mind, they thought it right and advantageous to leap into the ocean-like river like crocodiles. They also made their swift sprightly horses swim like fish in that deep river, in comparison with which the Tigris and the Red Sea were like deep waters in a river, and the Jaxartes and Jaihun appeared like a spring by its side.

Amir Aqsanqar Kitta, who, standing on the bank of the river, had kindled the fire of battle mounted his horse, quickly like the wind, and raised the dust of the battlefield, which became the collyrium of the pupil of the eyes of valour and gallantry. He had under his command a large company of energetic gallant warriors, with huge quantities of arms and ammunition, ready to fight.

When Amir Aqsanqar Kitta, watched how the victorious army had crossed the swollen river without using boats, he cast a glance at the blazing fire of the battle and the deep waters of the battlefield. He was utterly confounded, bewildered and covered by the dust of helplessness. Terror inspired by the sight of huge war elephants and lion-trampling Arabian horses made him flee like an onager. Scared by the dragon and lion on the royal standard, he withdrew from the battle like a fox. He traversed, as fast as wind with tearful eyes and a heart burning with the fire of anguish. Afraid of the fire of war and the whirlpool of conflict he raced across the desert with his army like a torrent. The swift messenger of wind could not penetrate

the dust raised by his army. He raised across declivities and acclivities faster than water and fire. As he was retreating he asked the couriers of zephyr and hurricane to lend him their wings to unable him to move faster. He had removed the joint of inertia from the centre of the earth. Like the blazing fire and fast moving wind he was trying to flee as fast as possible. He was running on the malignant ground as fast as the water flows on it. It appeared as if his swift steed had acquired the property of salamander and his horse that moved like the moon had been submerged like a fish, in the deep water of perspiration caused by running so fast and so far.

The enemy having been thus utterly routed, the king of the world, the shadow of the Creator at once proceeded to Lohur. He thrusted the points of his sharp spears into the chests of the enemies, and dyed the surface of the fire spewing sword with their blood. A detachment of the victorious army wearing cuirasses and chain-armours (appeared) in the battlefield resembled the ruffled surface of the water when the wind blows. The tongue of the sharp sword being drawn from the mouth of the scabbard looked like a flame of fire. By shooting arrows that inflicted wounds like fire they plugged the source of the water of rebellion. The violent wind of the onslaught threw the dust of helplessness into the eyes of the rebels and insurgents. He maintained the pursuit of the routed enemy with the speed of clouds and wind.

Ultimately they could not see even the dust raised by the horses that were running away with the speed of southerly wind. So royal standard, drum, flag, army and baggage returned. They also took possession of booties which were so large that no account-keeper could count them on his fingers, nor could a scribe record them. Even the fire-like pen which moves like

flowing water and wind could not write it out on the surface of the earth.

Malik Nasirud Din, who had fanned the fire of oppression with the wind of despotism, rushed with the speed of wind and water towards *Ajeh* (UCHH). He thought it was to his advantage to make bricks in fast flowing water, and build a house on the course of a torrent. He cast the dust of perfidy in the eyes of an old agreement. He slipped the reins of perseverance in the hands of the hurricane of pride and fire of disobedience. Like the wind, he has embarked on the path of malice and insurgency. He has robbed the market of peace and concord of all its charm and splendour; and by throwing the dust and rubbish of estrangement into the bright eyes of friendship, he had deprived them of their lustre. He had amused himself by raising the dust of battle and stoking the fire of conflict.

Now he was fleeing with the speed of wind and water towards *Ajeh* (UCHH).

By seeking the wine of war he had got nothing except the fire of suffering, and by producing the sparks of battle he had only earned disgrace. Misled by deceptive fancy he had poured the mirage-looking water of pride into a sieve. The intensity of the fire of war brought to him only regret and remorse. He filled the spring of the water of life of his wishes and ambitions with the dust of despair. The intense fire of greed in his heart was extinguished by the water of frustration. Like the air he sat with his hands on his knees reflecting on his plight.

Lohur is one of the principal centres of faith, and a great metropolis of Islam. It is the abode and refuge of learned men and jurists and the home of pious and devout Muslims.

For some time it had become a fireplace of rebellion and turmoil due to a number of calamities, successive misfortunes,

and domination of the governors and rebellion of hostile elements. However, peace and order was soon restored in that delightful city by the climate of compassion and the fragrance of the zephyr of justice; and loyal functionaries of the state again established their authority. All over the province the sermons were embellished with the splendour and elegance of the auspicious titles of the king, the opening words of which were as well known all over the world as fire and water, and which revolved round the terrestrial globe like the swiftly blowing zephyr. He prostrated himself before the Almighty God in thanks-giving for scoring such a glorious victory. So he granted amnesty to the few foolish wretched men who were captured while fighting, though they deserved to be be-headed. It was a victory which could be inscribed on the flag of conquest, and was an embroidery on the garment of conquests. Its signs will endure on the face of the world till the time when the matter, of which elements are composed, is dissolved.

To convey to the people inhabiting different parts of Hind, the happy news of the famous victory, he appointed one of the most outstanding among the nobles and functionaries of the court, one among those most close to the king. He was one from the mirror of whose sincerity the rust of doubt and mistrust and dust of suspicion and misgiving had been removed. His genuine faithfulness and noble nature was above slander and calumny. The countenance of his learning and erudition had been adorned with the ornaments of profound wisdom and sound judgement. The personality of this noble had acquired charm and elegance by virtue of his sagacity and intelligence. He distinguished himself among the capable and sagacious men of the world by his extraordinary gift of competence and

knowledge. He had earned applause by making laudable efforts in disposing of all matters whether of a general nature or of any specific category. He had shown his noble qualities so often that they no longer needed to be expounded and demonstrated. There were so many clear proofs of his charming attributes that it was not necessary to describe them in black and white or by word of mouth.

From there he set out to Dehli, a city the climate of which is brightening like fire, and the precincts of which are pleasant like water. Its air is soul-nourishing and its fragrant soil dispels sorrow and diffuses sweet smell like a muskpod. The royal flags fluttered in that direction under the shadow of triumph protected by good fortune. The loud sound of the drum of victory deafened the ears of the Jupiter and the Saturn and the sound of the beating of the royal kettle-drum could be heard in the signs of the Mars and the Pisces. The lion of the victorious standard raised its head above the sun. The hawk of the royal umbrella cast its shadow on the heads of the Mercury and the Venus. The dragon on the standard of victory made a coil round the halo of the moon.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE GOVERNORSHIP OF THE PROVINCE OF LOHUR BEING ASSIGNED TO NAWAB KHUDAVAND, SON OF THE KHUDAVAND OF THE WORLD, NASIRUL HAQ WAD DIN MAHMUD (MAY HE RULE FOR EVER)

In the early months of the year 614 A.H., the governorship of Lohur, (including remote but its well-known parts which had always been the capital of famous kings, and seat of triumphant Sultans, with well-known forts and famous mansions) was entrusted to Nasirul Haq Wad Din (May he rule till eternity) after fulfilling the conditions of deliberations, and observing the customary divination. He is a benefactor of mankind, king of

the world, a celebrated champion, warrior of the world. He is in front of the army of Islâm, a supporter of the troops of faith, forearm of religion, and empire. He is the arm of the kingdom and the nation. He is the light of the eyes of saints and fire in the heart of enemies. He is the signet ring of the sweet-heart of kingship, ruby of the mine of success, and cornelian of the crown of sovereignty. He is the middle pearl of the necklace of gallantry and the most precious gem in the girdle of fame. He is a rare pearl in the collar of good fortune. He is the turquoise of the crown of eminence, and a pearl of the oyster of mental qualities. He is a pearl of the ocean of bounty and firm like mountain in war.

From the early childhood and boyhood fragrance of the zephyr of kingship had been diffused by the gardens of his charming nature and magnanimous temperament. Signs of the potential of conquering territories and capturing enemies had been observed in his gestures while he was just a raw young man.

The star of victory rose from his auspicious countenance and from his own good fortune. The morning beam of good fortune was visible on his forehead which was as bright as the sun and the Jupiter. His kingly disposition provided ample proof and evidence that he would be a great conqueror. From his numerous talents one not only believed but was convinced that he had all signs and indications of becoming a fortunate and invincible hero.

By conferring on him the governorship, the king acted according to the text; "*God has ordered us to place everyone in the rank, one is worthy of.*" For indeed a governor has to deal with important affairs pertaining to religion and the state. It is an office of greatest eminence and dignity that God bestows

on anyone, and is the highest rank and position for any man to reach.

As a result of the necklace of governance being put round his neck the affairs of the dominions and the people were adorned with the ornament of orderliness.

Royal mandate was issued enjoining him to honour the commands of the Creator (exalted be His power), and follow the religious law as his primary duty. Next he should show respect and honour to (*Sadat*), the descendants of the Prophet, who are the leaves and fruits of the sweet-smelling tree of Prophethood, and flowers and blossoms of the bright garden of Apostleship. He should honour the arrangement in the necklace of the family of Yasin (Mohammed). These should be treated as the foundations of faith and bases of Islam.

He should think it necessary to look after *Imams*, and oversee the education of students, who from the position of seekers of knowledge will rise to the status of teachers. They learn the subtleties of what is lawful and what is unlawful, and grasp the true implications of religious laws. They have protected the path of *Shari'at* and the drinking-place of tradition from the blemishes and roots of aberration and heresy. They have adorned the hearts and minds of the people with expositions of esoteric doctrines and axioms. By their charming intonations and lucid expositions and have performed the miracle of Jesus (resuscitation of the dead). They have displayed wonderful skill in explaining the sayings of apostles and expounding the doctrine of various religions. They have entered the sanctuary of trusteeship and the sacred enclosure of the belief according to the dictum: "*The learned man is the trustee of God on earth*", with genuine sincerity. Their inner charm and perfect piety have lent elegance and splendour to

the personality of each one of them. He should also bear in mind the necessity of extending unstinted bounty and liberal generosity to all his servants and attendants according to the rank and position of each one of them. He should unite the hearts of all men, high and low, in their love and friendship for the great empire (May God make it last so long as the heavens and the earth last).

He should do his level best to provide leisure and comforts of life to the helpers of the dominion and supporters of the empire. He should bear in mind that the banners of faith and flags of Islam cannot be raised without unsheathed swords, nor will the figure of victory and conquest open its mouth to smile without the tongue of spears and the teeth of arrow-heads. The sound of the drum of victory will not be heard without the clank of helmet-smashing daggers. Without the collyrium of the dust of the battlefield the eyes of victory will not acquire vision. The safety of highways and the defence of the dominions is not possible without the help and support of horsemen and foot-soldiers, who, when they shoot their stone-piercing arrows in the battle, the sky throws away the pawns of its stars from its green chess-board. The blows of their rock-smashing maces in the battle forces the stationery earth to move like the sky.

As regards the men of letters who have surpassed even the Mercury by their extraordinary competence and abundant knowledge, he should provide each of one them with all opportunities to live happily, keeping in mind the rank and position of each. The knowledge of all the secret affairs of the dominions is as clear to them as the day. When they write with the tongues of their pens, it appears as if they are scattering rare pearls on the leaf of silver, or that they are casting from the nib of their pen precious gems on the page of a note-book.

In the field of speech-making they have excelled *Sahban Vail-e-wa'il* in eloquence. In the race-course of epistle-writing they have shown precedence over *Sahib* and *Sabi*.

He should protect the peasants and people of lower ranks from being bitten by the canine teeth of calamities, and from being trampled upon by disasters. By fulfilling their needs by the sun of his kindness and the crescent of compassion make their lives brighter and more cheerful.

By conferring a variety of gifts and favours on those who are free man, place them in the category of slaves, and by the same trick, make his slaves feel that they are free. Make forbearance, modesty, patience and sedateness his inner and outer garments and an adornment to his life. When free from work he should move fast like the fast moving mill of the sky, and at the time of being firm he should be inflexible and steadfast like the firm-footed pole star.

He should turn all his efforts and desires to the renewal of charitable foundations and observance of prayers. In Hindustan wherever there is an idol temple, or buildings of idol worship, he should remove the idols there from. He should think it obligatory to give publicity to his good work and take steps to spread his reputation as was done by rulers in the past. He should thus leave behind in the world his good name, with fragrant praise.

When the pillars of kingship have been firmly strengthened and the foundations of governance have been consolidated by means of equity and uninterrupted administration of justice, then naturally the tree of justice and equity will become fresh and fruit-bearing during the auspicious regime of the king. In the talons of the fast-flying eagle of punishment, the wings of the bird of mischief and disturbance will be clipped. On hearing

the jingling of the ankle-rings of the high-flying hawk of severity, the ruins-loving owl will be banished from the colony of the world. On hearing the loud clamour of the falcon of the royal wrath, the high-flying griffin of tyranny will find his legs-tied in mountain *Qaf* (ق) of concealment. By remaining consistently righteous and kind to the people, he would earn the happiness of this world and the next.

In all circumstances he should follow the charming and noble manners that characterise the nature of a king, and tread the straight path that rests on the words and actions of the emperor as he must have observed with his own eyes.

After disposing of the affairs of *Lohur* and ensuring peace and order in that city, the noble mind of the king who is the destroyer of his enemies, but himself is the enemy of wealth, turned from the field of combat to the mansion of bounty. His boundlessly generous hand began to give away wealth, and disburse the immense treasures, the products of land, sea and mine.

The assembly of love and merriment acquired the splendour of the sublime heaven. All means of enjoyment had been provided and the doors of happiness and delight were kept open. The ropes of the pavilion of luxuries had been tied to the dome of the Saturn (seventh sky).

The banner of joy and contentment had been raised to the top of the heaven. The gentle breeze of hope carried the smell of joy to the nose of the soul, and the heavenly breeze of the assembly removed the rust from the mirror of the desire of one's heart.

With the crowd of moon-faced beauties the festive assembly became an object of envy for the picture-gallery of China. The Mercury was the narrator of the feast and the Venus was

the musician. The sun was bathed in perspiration with jealousy at the sight of the heart-cheering cheeks of the beauties. The Mars girt up its loins to serve the beauties with Jupiter-like faces. The cruel Saturn wore in his ears the ring of love for the fairy-like sweet hearts and put the collar of slavery round in the neck of the cup-bearers with cypress-like forms and pomegranate-like cheeks. Brightness of the royal wine caused gilly-flowers to grow on the cheeks of the sunfaced beauties. By the reflection of the red wine, the moon of the face of the beauties, with violet-coloured cheeks, acquired the hue of the ruby of *Badakhshan*. You would say that the spring of the sun had risen from the horizon of the crystal glass, and flames of fire were blazing inside the goblet of transparent glass. It appeared as if the lips of the drinkers of wine were confiding secrets to the edges of the cup and the bowl. By drinking aromatic wine the mouth of the drinker had become musky like the navel of the gazelles of China.

The army of intoxication overran the territory of the mind, with the result that the reins of restraint slipped from the hands of the sovereign of reason. The drunken Turk sharpened the dagger of disturbance by arranging his curly tresses, and by resorting to *Farzin*-band of plaited hair plundered the hearts and souls of his lovers. Feeling ashamed before the sun of his face, the moon picked up her pawns from the chess board of the sky. The Mercury wrote the mandate of his down and mole on the green silk of the firmament.

In the gamble of captivating hearts, the Venus was enraged by the arrow of his powerful amorous glances. In the chequered chess-board of the skies, the sun (the king of stars) was checkmated by the master move of the king of his beauty. In the last desperate move, his fierce eye (narcissus) reduced the

Mars to the position of a chessman. The Jupiter lost his stake of charms and splendour to his charming face.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE LIGHT OF ISLAM

The light of faith came out from the darkness of heresy and the impurity of aberration, just as the sun comes out from behind the curtain of a cloud. The moon of Islam was delivered from the bond of *Ijtema'* (conjunction of the sun and the moon in the same sign), and the period of darkness, just as the sun is set free from the bondage of eclipse. The sun of the word of God cast its benevolent influence on all the dominions of Hindustan and its rays reached all the cities, far and near, of the land of the non-Muslims. The sun of the empire rose from the east of hardship, and the sun of the sky appeared from the east of splendour, and the moon of the faith and the empire shone brightly from the horizon of glory and good fortune. The sun of royal authority cast the shadow, of its kindness, as if it was a peacock's plumage on the subjects. Under the shadow of the falcon of the moon-touching umbrella, the body of the sun of justice shone from the horizon of divine aid. The lustre of the sun of justice which had so far been hidden under the feathers of the black crow of tyranny burst into splendour. Afraid of the *Huma* of the flag of the king of the world (the shadow of God) disturbance, with its face yellow like that of the sun, leapt away from the world.

In the sunshine of his powerful empire (May it ever shine from the horizon of perpetuity and divine aid) the foundations of justice were duly strengthened, and the customs of tyranny were so completely wiped out, in such a way that people would talk about it for all time to come. The fame of his perfect benevolence will cover the whole of the vast universe like the silvery sword of the morning beam; and the reputation of his

charming manners will reach all the climes of the world like the Hindustani sword (rays) of the sun. The signs of his sweet disposition will be prominently and clearly visible in the east and the west, and the tales of his pleasing manners will flood all parts of the world. The world-adorning sun came to be known the king of the planets by virtue of sharing his title. By virtue of the servitude to the king's nature, the love-promoting rose came to be known as the king of flowers. The horizon of the light-diffusing sun and the moon envied the moon of the sun-like flag of the king. The curtains of sublimity and glory raised their heads above the dome of the moon and the top of the sun.

With the determination to conquer the world, the king set his feet of eminence and authority on the heads of the Constellations of the Eagle and the Lyre and on the Spica Virginia and Arcturus, and the head of the two *Farqads* and the sun and the moon. His determination is such that the world-conquering spear of the sun carries out its order and restores elegance to the face of victory and conquest, and the moon borrows light from it for thirteen days in order to adorn the world with its rays.

The foster-nurse of royal benevolence which is like cloud, air and the sun, nurtured the children of plants in the cradle of the soil. The cypress tree of the garden of the religious law growing on the ground of proper care, was adorned by the sun of the royal grace. Owing to the whole-hearted efforts of the king, the tree of the garden of the religion became fruit-bearing. With his hand, as strong as the decrees of fate, the king, by his power and authority, tied the bright shield of the sun on the forehead of the elephant of war as if it was a Chinese mirror. By shooting an arrow he could strike down the dice of the moon and the sun from the green chess-board of the sky. He could carry the

gilded ball of the bright sun with his crescent like polo-stick. By the effort of his forearm he could put round the neck of his horse of polo a silvery collar made of the crystal beads of the moon. He could put the ring of servitude and obedience in the ears of the luminous sun and the bright Venus. He cauterised the restive piebald of the times, and the swift steed of the world with the brand of ownership and authority. With his forearm of triumph ha had snapped the necklace of Pleiades and the belt of the Gemini and loosened the knot of the head and tail of the Dragon from the waist of the sky.

The king of the world, who was so great that the sun was fit to be his servant, and the planet Saturn could rightly be a drummer at his lofty place, mounted his lightning-like horse and gave its reins to the crescent-like shoes of his steed that moved like the moon, and chased the game. The sprightly horse was racing down the earth like wind and water. The on-rushing swift steed wondered at the sight of the stars being pelted with stones. Sometime, like a coiled serpent, it would charge at lion and tiger, unerringly like death, and sometime make a sudden assault at a leopard like a killer alligator in the manner of the divine decree. Terror-stricken by the scimitar of the valiant king the lion becomes helpless like a she-fox, and the sign of Leo (the lion of the sky) trembles like the lion on the flag that flutters when the wind blows.

Hills and thickets turned into prisons for leopards and lions respectively, as they could not freely move about. The fierce lion grew wings in order to save himself from the eagle of the arrows, which were like flying serpents; while the feathers and wings of the birds became red like the coral and cornelian. The shoes of the swift horses acquired the colour of the rubies of *Badakhshan* from the heart of the fierce lion. With the canine

teeth in the mouths of lions, their mouths had become scabbards of swords and scimitars. With the blood-shedding nails, its claws had become a bundle of sharp sickles. Its pearl-scattering eyes appeared like two fountains of blood. Or you would say that red ruby has been set in yellow enamel. Or perhaps cornelian has been mixed with yellow amber and ruby with gold. It appeared that two live coals were shining from a gold-plaited dome, or two tulips were seen in a pile of fenugreeks, and red roses.

Its tail behind its back presented the sight of a dragon, forming a coil on saffron after its wings had been tied. It was as if a golden polo-stick had been raised high above a mound of orpiment. Sometime it would kindle the fire of hatred by neighing like thunder.

Sometime it would strike like a thunderbolt inspiring awe like the decrees of fate. The chain armour made by David turned out to be as fragile as cobweb before the helmet-smashing arrows of the king. The middle of a mountain appeared as brittle as silk before his rock-piercing spear. The king shot murderous eagles (arrows) like meteors from the crescent of his bow. He caught wolf and hyena in the noose of his lasso, forcing them to live in the same stable. By shooting an arrow he joined the horns of a gazelle with those of a stag. His heart-piercing two-headed arrow had opened the jugular vein of birds, and turned the breasts of beasts into quivers and their eyes into butts. His arrow tempered with poison confided its secret to the heart of the boar, and made its way into the pupil of the eye of its prey as smoothly as a ring fits on the finger. The points of his two-headed arrow pierced through the horn of the prey as if it was silk-thread, and cut through the cuirass-like skin of the wolf as if it was a petal of jasmine, and ultimately got

lost in the heart of the prey as a needle is lost in a bundle of clothes.

It entered the eyes of an onager just as a piece of thread passes through the eye of a needle. In the eyes of a lion these arrows would fall in a row like the needles of eye-lashes, and like a needle, stitch the shoulder of a leopard on the buttocks of a stag with its diamond-like edge. Like the lancet of the phelobotomist, it showed the sharpness of a needle in cutting the jugular vein of the game. You could say that as a result of the wounds inflicted by the thin arrows in the eyes of tigers and lions, each eye had become a case of needles, and the hoofs of onagers and gazelles had been sewn together by the points of the arrow-heads of steel as if these were sharp needles. Not one powerful arrow shot by the horsemen fell on the ground, for all these arrows hit the backs of onagers and buttock of gazelles covering them with feathers of eagles.

The air above, and the ground below were completely depleted of birds and beasts. The soil of the hunting ground was kneaded with the blood of the preys, and became red like jujubes and purple like *arghwan*. The hills and forests assumed the colour of Hyrcanian willow and southwood. The rocks and sand acquired the colour of ruby of *Badakhshan* and of cornelian of the colour of pomegranate. Thorns and hard stones were washed with the water of madder and Brazil-wood.

Next day the servants of the state decided to divert themselves with the game of polo. So, they mounted their horses that galloped with the speed of star and southwind. The steeds raised dust that made crown in the air and filled it with perfume. The shoes of the swift horses left prints of the crescent and the full moon on the surface of the ground.

The victorious king pushed the round ball with his polo-stick

and urged his Arabian horse to rush forward in the ground. The grey horse of the king sped faster than the green horse of the sky (the Moon), and excelled the grey horse of the day and the black one of the night in nimbleness and agility.

His dun-coloured steed as fast as the boisterous wind bore the palm of superiority from lightning. Due to the heat generated by running so fast and so long it was bathed in perspiration (was diving in the deep waters of sweat). Sometime his nimble steed would leap from the east to the west in one bound, and sometime his sprightly dappled horse would jump up and touch the loop of the sky with its forelegs.

Like the pebbles in the hands of a juggler, the ball moved fast and rolled like the wind from one end of the ground to the other. Then while glorifying God it would kiss the earth, and placed its forehead on the ground in devotion like water. By inflicting fire like wounds it would make dark specks on the body of the moon. It burnt the veil of the Venus, the songs-tress, and the crown of the luminous sun. Pushed by the crescent-like polo-stick it would roll right and left. Like a pair of compasses, it would run on its head in the ground and ascend from the centre of the earth to the circles of the heaven. The Saturn was dropping the dice of the back-bones of the enemy from the green chess-board of the sky. The planet Jupiter was, showering its blessings on the ground. Afraid of being hit by the polo-stick, the planet Mars hid its head behind the point of the sword (ray) of the sun, while the face of the horse-men of the heaven (sun) was sustaining injuries from the ball. As the horse of the king of the world leapt, it spelled out the secret of the planet Venus.

With high hopes the arranger of the pearls of the glorious deeds, and the scatterer of the gems of the necklaces of the king's high eminence and dignity, made for the sublime court

of the sovereign whose sun-like hand regards the large treasure and buried hoards of wealth as of no consequence. On the gem set in the signet-ring of the fulfilment of wishes, the writer has inscribed a variety of panegyrics and eulogies in praise of the king whose rank and status is as high as that of Solomon. He adorned the bride of his genius with the gold ornaments of the praise of the powerful empire. He has enhanced the beauty and charms of this bride by bedecking its ears with ear-rings, and its neck with the necklace of the blessing that it may last forever.

He (the writer) has brought to this assembly, as august as the paradise, presents of blooming flowers and fresh new-fruits.

If this book gets the honour of being accepted by the king, and he makes it the focus of his graceful attention, then the study thereof would add the intelligence of acquired wisdom to his inborn intelligence. The acquired wisdom is supposed to fecundate the inborn wisdom. Thus, reinforced his intelligence he would be able to understand the best and the choicest of phrases and expressions used in this book, and his perfect vision will be able to follow the brides of the finest proverbs and aphorisms, and the most lucid pieces of prose and poetry. The details of his glorious and memorable deeds will be seen by the people on paper without the necessity of being heard. This history will appear before the eyes of poets and orators in the form of a garden, and will be a source of delight to learned men and eloquent speakers. Then this history can stand comparison with the works of contemporary writers and masters, who, mounted on the horses of power carried the palm of superiority in eloquence and excellence from the people of the world.

His sublime judgement is a just ruler, a trustworthy witness,

a discerning critic and a well informed scholar. If he dispassionately studies my work, he will find that no writer among the ancients and the moderns, has for centuries written such a book the language of which, the common man understands, and the elite admire. For every pearl which has been put in the casket of this work, and has been arranged in the necklace of this book, is a bright gem of diction. Rare and marvellous metaphors, and novel and exquisite similes, that have been employed by my facile pen, would sound eloquent if read aloud, will be hardly found in the works of my predecessors. Never before has such a charming sweet heart (beautiful thoughts) has been draped in such attractive robes (words) in the embroidery shop of the mind of a brilliant genius, nor has a pretty damsel of virgin ideas has been seen in the vast world. The nightingale of the rose-tree of hope will shortly smile like a bud, and the parrot of the garden of hopes will open its beak like a lily to hold out the promise that this miscellany is going to be something very much sought after, and loved, and consequently, the fame of the glorious deeds and high ranks of the king will spread all over the world.

At the suggestion of good fortune, and under instructions from luck, the remaining part of the history of the powerful empire has been begun, and hopefully will be finished in the same manner and style, with the excellence and merits of which the royal judgement and kingly discretion are well aware. The arrangement of the matter is exactly the same, and by no interpretation will the reader find it incoherent and disorderly. The bag of mind will be full of the cash of praises and blessings and the casket of heart will be filled with the rubies of commendations and encomiums. The tree of diction will look fresh with blossoms of ideas and the sapling of speech will be

laden with words.

I have described only some of the kingly attributes and a few of the innumerable attainments of the sovereign of the world, the great *Sultan*, a second Alexander, the king of the earth, the shadow of God, the inheritor of the kingdom of Solomon. His qualities are indeed, so many that the bird of understanding has been unable to perceive their beginning, and the enumerator of fancy has failed to comprehend their end.

If by the daily-increasing good fortune of the king, the flame of the fire of my life continues to burn, and the buffets of the waves of disasters do not push the boat of my life to the shore of death, and the bird of my soul does not fly away from its nest on earth to the tower of heavens, and does not move out from its abode of the breast and the snare (captivity) of the body into the air, and leaving the narrow defile of the cage of my physical frame, it does not proceed to the world of spirits.

If, hereafter, by the good fortune of the sovereign of the world, the perfidious heaven is rendered unable to offer me the cup of the wine of death, I shall continue to write in the same manner, whatever has been left over and still remains to be written.

My work will be such a lady-love in this world that her charms will put the heavenly bodies to shame.

Many a wise men will use it to adorn the bride of their geniuses.

Book completed with the help of the Master of necks (God) in the latter part of the month of *Jamadiul Aula* 694 A.H. (1295 A.D.).

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TAJUD DIN HASAN NIZAMI'S

TAJ UL MA'ATHIR

(THE CROWN OF GLORIOUS DEEDS)